The Lack-Day.

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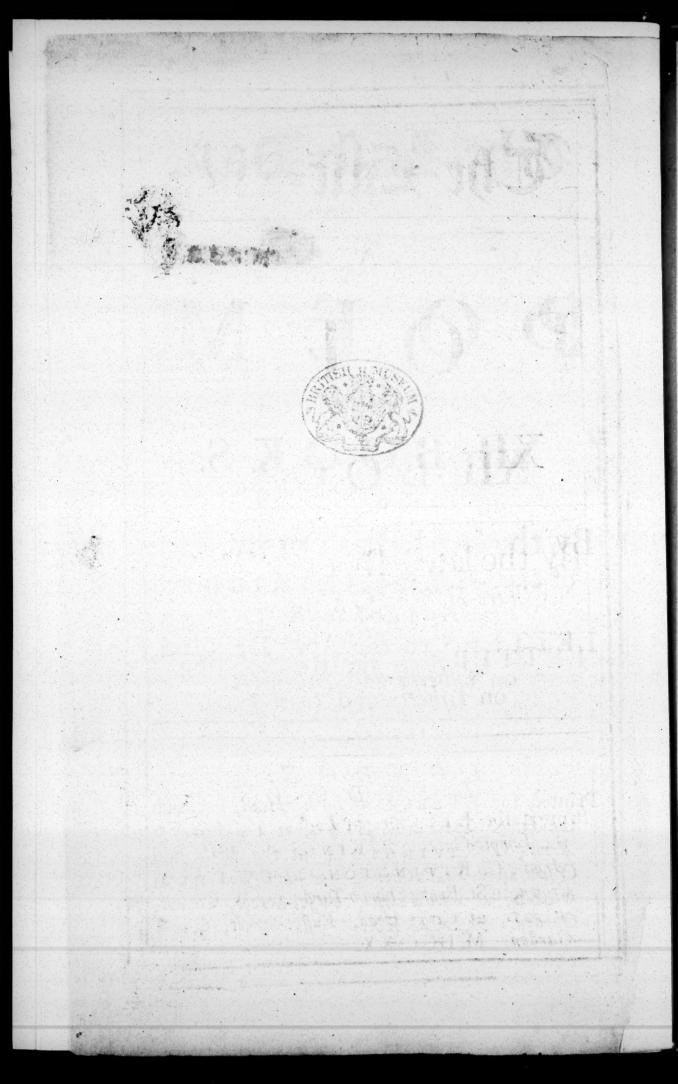
POEM,

XII. BOOKS.

By the late J. BULKELEY, Esq; of Clare-Hall, in CAMBRIDGE;
AUTHOR of the
LETTERS to the Revd. Dr. Clark,
on Liberty and Necessity.

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PREFACE.

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HERE are Men in the World, and Men of a Character, who dare not approve any Work till the Town has admir'd it; a noted Author can do nothing Amis, nor One antalk'd of any thing Good! They forget that their Reason was given 'em for a Guide,

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a Guide, and are too Complaisant to the Publick to think for themselves. If you ask 'em their Opinion of a new Poem, They will readily Answer, 'Tis Nought; Why? Because it never has come in my Way, nor been talk'd of to me: That these Gentlemen should arrogate from the Vulgar the Privilege of Judging, yet expect a Work should be brought by the Vulgar into its first Reputation! These Persons would do well to remember, That there is no greater Disgrace to any Age of Men, than to have Posterity admire what they dislik'd.

THERE are Others in the Number of Wits, who will speak well of none but their own Set; who have reciprocal-

ly agreed to admire One Another, and to disapprove of every Body else. They can judge of the Goodness of a Poem by the Name of its Author; and can Criticize a Work as well before, as after they have seen it. Would you know this fort of Person's Opinion of any new Piece? Why, the Way to discover it is, to consider his own Undertakings in Print. He thinks to be Singular is to be Wise; therefore often condemns, because Others admire. The Delight that Longinus enjoy'd when he struck on a Beauty, accrues to these Wits when they jump on a Blemish. They do not read to Improve but to Show their Sence.

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IF I own my self under a little Concern for the Character of my Friend Mr. Bulkeley, it is from fuch Authors as those; who tho' Wits, have too little of Sence to be Generous. But how can any fingle Piece put up for the Approbation of All? While some look for Wit without Reason, Others for Reason without Wit; While some read to divert, Others to improve their Minds; the most excellent Work cannot want its Condemners. This Reader runs over a Page, for an Image of Softness, a Damon on Flowers, or a Delia in Tears: while That grows fick at the gentle Whines of Love; and can alone be warm'd by Plains of Blood.

THERE are some who dislike a bad Poet for not having Sence to divert 'em; and a good One because he pretends to have More than themselves.

THERE are few in our excellent Age, who can bear to be pleas'd by a Poet; there are fewer who will own their Delight when it comes; and fewest of all who will praise the Occasion of their Pleasure.

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Our Views are narrow, mean, and bounded; We forget, that in order to live to Posterity we must live with a number of Excellers: Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Statius, sprung up together; A 3

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Shakespear, Spencer, Sidney, and Johnson, adorn'd our Eliza's Days; Cambray, Boilean, Corneille, and Molierre, arose, and will go down to Posterity, together.

THE Criticks very often deride what they cannot correct; yet as often correct what they never amend.

You tell me, there are few can Write; but are there not as few who know how to Read? If good Authors are scarce, good Judges are as seldom found.

This Author has touch'd on our Subject; He reports that our Lines are unmufical, rough, and ungentle; --- 'tis well;

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well; till I heard you dislik'd 'em, I scarcely durst like 'em my self.

How (say some) can a Person have Sence who has never been talk'd of? Or, how can He rise to a Volume, whose Brains are not spread over every Bookseller's Stall? I may answer for my Friend, that his Youth prevented his doing much, and his Modesty his being noted for That he did. The Finess of a Person's Genius, makes him at once write excellent things and doubt of the excellence of them. Our Author dyed in September, 1718; in the 24th Year of his Age; but had he attain'd to an Hundred, he'd ne'er have been famous till after his Death; for he seem'd to fly from Fame A 4 and

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and Applause, with the same Earnestness that he strove to deserve them.

YET was not Mr. Bulkeley without a large Reputation; since that is determin'd, not by the wideness of the Character, but by the Encomiums assign'd it.

WHAT little things he accidentally perform'd, were received with Applause. Near his first admission at Cambridge, the Rev. Mr. Law was Moderator there: 'Tis the Custom for Such to speak and publish a Copy of Latin Verses; the Subject was here (Materia nequit cogitare) The Genius of Mr. Law inclining rather to Disputation than Poetry, He resolv'd to pitch upon the most excellent Latin Poet

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(as is usual) in the University, to compose the Lines which he was to publish. Mr. Bulkeley (tho' a Tyro at that time) was the Person by all recommended for the Work. He undertook it; perform'd it; the Verses were read before the Learned Society of Immanuel, Master, President, and Fellows, being prefent: They were surpriz'd at the unusual Spirit that appear'd in the Lines, and wondred at Mr. Laws having so uncommon a Talent for Poetry; but He foon undeceived them, and threw their Commendation upon Mr. Bulkeley.

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FROM the Manuscript it appears, that the following Lines were the original Run of his Pen, from the first of his Thoughts,

Thoughts, unalter'd, uncorrected. Unpolish'd, as the Poem was left by the Writer, we expose it to the censuring World: For a Man of Penetration will be pleas'd with exploring the wild Paths and irregular distant Views of a rough and undisguised great Genius: Corrected by the insipid Exactness of Another 'twould afford a less manly Delight.

I Assure the Inferiour Criticks, that the Blemishes all stand Naked: It is but to open the Book, and you are furnish'd at once with Objections enough for a Volume; you have nothing to do but to set up for an Author. But what if Uncorrectness is a sign of Superiour Sence? I am sure that to me it is such; and how many

many Inaccuracies have Homer, Milton, Euripides, and Shakespear, while the Insipid Moderns have so few.

NOTHING more shows that the Work was unfinish'd by the Writer, than the frequent Use of the same Phraze; This in his hurry of Fancy was a natural Ease, and which doubtless a second Review had amended.

I MAY observe, that the Poem is call'd the Last-Day, as the usual and general Name for the Consummation, and not as if the Action included one single Day; that would be against the Rules of Epic Poetry; which, as it comprizes a series of various Events, it requires a suitable and probable

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probable space of Time; and the less violent is the Action, the longer may the Time be extended.

TIS observable, Abadon in his Speech to the Angels, makes all his Allusions from Earth (Book 1. Page 18.) As being the Part of Creation most honourable, as well as most known to Mankind; for tho' the Discourse is to Angels, we are still to remember its also to Men: We might as well say our Dialect is unfit for a Company of Angels, as our remarkable Places unfit for their Similies and Allusions. So that the Mention of Ida and Scylla can ne'er be improper in Heaven, tho' each other Scene of Creation, to Mortals unheard of, to Angels are equally known.

probable

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As for the Length of the Reign of Messiah, from Scripture we learn no Exactness: The same of Elijah's Continuance on Earth. However, if the Action of the following Poem be allowed to be longer than That of the Iliad, (27 Days) it is certainly shorter than That of the Eneid (8 Years and an Half).

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THOSE Christian Countries, who admit not the Revelations as Writings Inspir'd, would except to the Truth of some things in the Poem; as, The Angel of the Bottomless-Pit, and the New Hierusalem: We are dubious too of Elijah's Descent, and the Reign of Messiah; But as they appear to be hinted in Scripture, and

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and Opinions are various, Probability justifies the Poet; fince Poetry differs from History, as one describes what may, the other what does happen.

When our Author was now in his deepest Consumption at Kensington-Grawel-pits, where he deceas'd, He desir'd to have alter'd, with other Particulars, some of the Lines that relate to the Moderns; But the Design was too late for Performance. The last time I saw him, when he gave me the Sheets, He shook his Head, and intimated that those Papers had shorten'd his Days. He deliver'd me the Poem for my private Use; But I could not think of pulling such a Work

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to pieces, or embellishing my own Trisles with Beauties like these.

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Bu T tho' I am affur'd of the Goodness of the following Lines, I am far
from being so as to their immediate Success in the World; 'Tis easier for an
establish'd Reputation to support a Bad
Piece, than for a Good One to establish
a new Reputation. Gaining a Name is
like getting Preferment, there is something farther requir'd when you have
learn'd to deserve it.

YET there are some Men so wellnatur'd, that they are willing to be pleas'd; who will not rob themselves of the Pleasure of Beauties by their Thirst

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Thirst after Faults; but know the difficulty of Good Writing too well Themselves, to require Persection from Others.





THE

LAST-DAY.

BOOK I.

The ARGUMENT.

Jehovah declares to Messiah, That Nature now must expire, and Earth must rise in Flames: The Guardian Angels are recall'd from thence. The Almighty, from his golden Throne, bids Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, and other coelestial Spirits descend, and raise from the Bowels of Earth the Sulphure, Nitre and Bitumen; to stand ready loaden with the Matter combustible; and at his Nod to hurl it against the Earth, and to cloath the Globe in Flames. Messiah mentions the Sweetness of Sin and the Frailty of Man, recommending Mercy in the solemn Hour of Justices. Jehovah softens to tender Buildness:

The ARGUMENT.

Mildness; and, first, resolves to dismiss Elijah to charm the Earth to Virtue. Satan by Subtilty discovers the Designs of Heaven. He rages to find That his Power upon Earth must dye. Abadon, placed by Heaven the Angel o'er the Bottomless Pit, ascends, and relates to God the Allarm of Hell; That Satan furious was rouzing the Fiends to War, and the infernal Legions even then were marching to o'erturn the Frame of Earth, and prevent the Designs of Elijah. Jehovah dismisses a chosen Battallion to encounter Satan. The Damon had just laid hold of the Mountain Atlas, and was shaking the Earth from its Poles, when the heavenly Squadron appear'd. Satan and the Fiends fly howling off, and leave the World to repose. Elijah then descends in the Same fiery Chariot which caught him up into Heaven, and alights in the Middle of Africa.



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THAT Day, when golden Trumps awake And the Great Judge display's his Scales When melting Worlds and flaming Orbs augment The Wreck of Nature and the Groans of Time, I tell. Etherial Spirit, who enthron'd Sit'st upon Pleiades and with thy Skirts Hid'st Ophieucus, and Orion huge, Rife to mine Aid invok'd! Thou view'st the Years Revolv'd, and black Futurity's Abyss; Dispread thy Tempest-Wings, Sublime my Soul Raptrous, where Cherubs in the wild Expanse Chant Hallelujabs, and the convex Eye Loses th' unnumber'd Worlds; sustain my Flight, Whilst I survey those Worlds in Burning wrap'd And tumbling from their Spheres; with manly dare Exalt my Voice and touch the rifing Lyre.

Yet not unless his facred Praise I mean,
Who grasp's the Poles with mighty Arms display'd,
And weild's th' inferiour Globes, whose Ballance
Nations and warring Realms, and will assign
Horrour or Joy to all: No Angel crown'd

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4 The LAST-DAY. Book I.

Emblaz'nous knows the fatal Hour, enclos'd Unfearchable, the dread Arcanon lyes.

But when pale Nature sicken'd from her Youth, And droop'd the languid Head, th' Eternal King From Mount Imperial, where illustrious thron'd Myriads of Cherubs chanting he surveys, Rose cloath'd in radiant Splendors: Round his Seat Ten thousand Thunders watch'd and high alost Shook threatful Bolts horrendous; on his Brow Sate Pleasance mix'd with Terrour, and his Eye Darted emissive Fulgence. Strait, approach'd Messiah with unnumber'd Virtues girt Attendant, Thus th' Almighty to the Son.

- 'O Thou, in whom th' Eternal Godhead shines,
- With facred Radiation full emblaz'd,
- Who hurl'st with me the Thunders, and whose
- ' Can weild the burning Comet, From my Breast
- 'Take my profound Defigns concerning Man
- 'And you fair circling Ball that jocund Smiles
- 'With gallant Beauty: See, th' Idalian Mount
- 'The Romulaan Tow'rs, they foon must stoop
- And fink their pompous State; illustrious Thrones,

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The LAST-DAY. Book I. ' That flame with Gold and glow with Orient Jems, ' Must fade and yield to th' everlasting Wreck. But Man is from Destruction snatch'd; thou With what fublime intent I rais'd his Breaft Superiour to the Brute, the Brute compos'd Grofs of Conception and of loftier Views Incapable: To fav'rite Man I gave An ample Soul, to mount o're Nature's Bounds, Spurning the fordid Earth, and entertain Godlike Ambition Uncontroul'd; And why? If but to fume and fret for eighty Years, To manage the short Stage of frantick Life, Meer Pageant-Dream, perplex'd with Senfeless Mock'd with unreal Hopes, and then to fink, Arm Swallow'd in Death and Chaos unrepriev'd? hose 'Who then my Glories should admire? Long since, reast. From the bright Confines of immortal Bliss, We hurl'd the Pow'rs Apostate, far remote From the fweet Radiance of unfully'd Day; So far, that Hyades thrice fev'nty Times Circling it's ample Orbit might furvey

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The LAST-DAY. Book I.

- 'E'er the keen Light'ning's speed from Heavens
- 'Issuing, would reach that direful dreaded Shore.
 - ' Yet, lest my Praise should sleep, the quick'ning
- Gave up a Man, of pure Seraphick Joys [Earth
- Susceptible. And lest Uproar and War
- 'Again lay hold of these pacifick Realms,
- 'And shake th' Etherial Battlements, We fix'd
- 'In State inferior with Temptations chauf'd
- 'The frail Probationer. For which, we call'd
- From darksom Chaos that Majestick Globe,
- ' Palace for Gods, and Man the Lord proclaim'd,
- "Up-rear'd his Front and nerv'd his mighty Arm,
 - ' My Purpose reaches higher; If his Soul
- ' Maintain's unshaken Virtue, On a Throne
- " Of burning Topaz shall he Empires sway,
- ' Pow'r in his Hand and on his Head a Crown.

Th' Almighty Thund'rer from his golden Mount Spake, Like the Noise of spacious Seas Up-tost By Rage of Dolphin's Jaw and o're the Shores Impetuous foamy hurl'd, his Voice appear'd; Publishing Wonders. From their facred Heads Twice Sev'n illustrious Elders pluck'd their Signs

Book I. The LAST-DAY.

Of Majesty, and hung their shining Fronts, In Token of Submission. Then arose The Filial Wisdom, in a scarlet Robe Of blushing Light array'd. The God began.

- 'O Sire! what Accents shall thy Praise proclaim!
- 'That Man be Summon'd to the Clouds is just;
- ' Just, that the Reprobate be tost in Flames,
- ' And howling born to Realms of fiery Wrath.
- ' But Oh! how foft and eafy is the Path
- ' Of vicious Pleasure; in a thousand Smiles,
- ' Trappings of Gold and all the Sweets of Sense,
- ' She decks her lurking Poison: Oh how rough
- ' How thorny is the Form of Virtue, pale
- ' And dead she seems to Comfort: Mortal's Eye
- 'Is made to gaze at gaudy Toys, to leave
- ' Substantial Bliss for guilded Scenes of Woe.
 - 'Yon gorgeous Sun Full-Orb'd shall waste profuse
- 'His golden Show'rs, and Ocean Chafmy lav'd
- ' Yawn on th' astony'd Day; but void of End
- ' Rivers of Bounty from thy treasur'd Stores
- ' Pour forth redundant; yet's thy copious Palm
- 'Still ope to blooming Mercies: How in Heav'n

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- ' How shall arise that Day when all thy Saints
- Establish'd on Seraphick Thrones shall tune
- ' Each his bright Orboe, and in Confort join
- 'Immortal Hallelujah's, while the Spheres
- ' Advance th' extatick Accents; Hell shall sound,
- 'And distant Chaos Eccho to thy Praise.

 Messiah spake, with Majesty and Grace
 Attemper'd sweet; as Blush of crimson Cloud
 Soften's the splendid Pomp of Morn, and smooth's
 Aurora's humid Cheeks, the Face of Day
 Tinging with Gold: Fair Emblem of Delight.
 When with more solemn Process thus advanc'd
- ' Shall Justice veil her Head; I'll drag to Light

The Universal Monarch. 'Nor in Hell

- e Reluctant Fiends from boiling Lakes of Flame
- ' Sulphureous, Each shall knashing wrathy Jaw
- ' Howl at his fiery Doom, and haul his Chains
- 'Clashing to Seats of Torture, and th' Abodes
- Where Shrieks and Yells distract the smoaky Void,
 - Advance my Robes cælestial, To my Palm
- Reach the Monarchal Globe, and Summon quick
- Th' Etherial Habitants, Proclaim we here

' The Moment of our Purpose. Earth no more

· Shall dance away the guilded Hours, no more

· Shall Pleasure deck her in luxurious Plumes,

' Smile in her Charms or court the foft'ning Heart.

' No; Time shall droop its Wings, and gay Delight

' Sicken to Paleness; when the Trumpet cloaths

'Yon Earth with Flames and falling Empires dye.

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The Monarch thus. The Heraulds Tempest-Who stand array'd in Light'ning, strod the Blast. Swifter than *Titan* hurls his golden Flame, Thro' Heav'n they ran amain impetuous; thrice Winding th'Arch-Angel Trumpet thro' the Cope Empyreal, lofty Accent! To the Voice Thunder re-eccho's, and the huge Domains

Sound Brazen-lung'd; 'Haste, Hierarchs (they cry)

' Guardians Terrestrial, Dominations, Thrones,

'Revoke your bright Batallions! Earth no more

' Must smile with Meads or pride in golden Thrones

' Nature is fick, her Pomp must fade; attend

' Jebovah's Voice and hear the folemn Fate!

Etherial

Etherial Pow'rs (that far above the Spheres Of Constellations rove, to guard the Ways Of Creatures different from Man) observ'd Th'immortal Trumpet and the Voice of Heav'n: Others that lodg'd in Tow'rs of blazing Gold, And Opal Citadels, by lavish Art Rear'd on the Frontiers of seraphick Bliss Heard, and assembled: Guardian Angels left Earth's Consines; from the facred Soil they sted Of Idumea; Th' Holy Empire rov'd Erroneous, guardless; Gaul's luxurious Meads, That smile to distant Regions, knew no more Their blest Director; Belgium's helpless Plains Rude Ocean with expanded Arms subdu'd.

These, and unnumber'd more, with rapid Wing Measur'd the clear Immense; and now, behold! The Portals huge Heav'n's awful Dome unfold, And let out dazling Splendours, with the Blaze Of Crystal Thrones and Crowns of orient Jems. To the Eternal's Seat, where Thunder stands,

Black

Black Centinal, and Light'ning copes around,
The Spirits flock'd and veil'd th' angelick Blush
WithWings that breath'd ambrosial Sweets around;
Not less in Number than the Stars that guild
The Galaxie, and bind with lucid Zone
The spacious Sky; around the Sun they rowl,
Disperse their paly Streams and please the Sight.

Such grand Refort th' Imperial Palace charg'd' Illustrious; crown'd with Splendours sate the God, Sate unapproach'd. Inferiour to the Pow'rs Hierarchal, thousand Demi-gods await, Nor move, until the Nod supream directs. Gently th' Eternal King his Scepter wav'd. Strait, the immortal States their Thrones assum'd Order o'er Order rising, like a Range Of Constellations lustrous. From his Throne, Founded on Diamond Rocks, Majestick spoke Th' Almighty Emperour: That solemn Hour, Each in his Orb the planetary Worlds Pauz'd; and th' attentious Potentates sublime Awe-struck upon th' important Accents hung.

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Heav'n, Chaos, Hell, deep trembled as he spoke.

- · Empires, and Principalities and Thrones,
- · O Progeny of Heav'n! Cælestial Forms!
- 'Know my Decree; 'tis past; to judge Mankind
- We have decreed; and who fo bold shall fay
- ' Hold! or arrest our Arm? In ancient Days
- Before in ample Hand the beauteous Earth
- I rounded up, and form'd it to a Ball,
- 'Th'apostate Dominations fondly deem'd
- 'To plant their Idol-Monarch on our Throne,
- " Our holy Mount; but with their boaftful Prince
- " Fell roaring thro' the baleful Deep, enwrap'd
- "In Hurricanes outragious, frantick Storms Rage
- · Of Fire; where now they ghastly curse their
- Extravagant and favage, curse themselves,
- ' And still shall curse: Such Prize for ever waits
- 'The Disobedient; nor shall peccant Man
- ' Escape my Wrath; they happy who shall rise
- 'Firm in Allegiance; dreadful shall that Day
- " Awake to Rebels, I have vow'd, It shall;
- And still I am Jehovah. Angels, Guards,
- 'And Cherubim, descend to Earth, and drag

- ' The fulph'rous Bowels thence; with torrid Flame
- ' Stand loaded, bearing each on Arm a Mass
- · Of Fire wide-blazing; till at fignal firm

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- ' Each hurls against the Earth his ragged Flame.
 - ' Raphael, then toss from off its Axe the Globe;
- ' Michael, evert the Cities, Hills, and Rocks
- ' High into th' Flame, and dry the fable Deep
- ' Hissing: Then swift to the Tribunal drag
- 'The Wretches howling. Heav'n's Supream has Straight, at the fearful Moment of his Word Impassive Virtues trembled, and their Forms Cælestial faded; when in gentler Terms The lofty Thunderer his Speech assum'd.
- 'Yet must I soften gracious; Man's my Son,
- ' My darling Son, for whom upon the Void
- 'I rear'd that spacious Platform Earth; my Wrath
- 'Melts at his tender Frame, unskill'd to bear
- ' The Thunderer's Vengeance. Mercy, free as Space
- ' That bosoms in its capable Profound
- 'The univerfal Frame, embraces wide
- · Creation. Let this Day evince my Love
- To fav'rite Man; for lo! to Earth I fend

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- My Minister of Grace to warn the World
- ' Of our Designs, and guide the lively Soul
- ' In Ways of Providence; from him shall Realms
- Learn and adore their great Redeemer's Love-
 - ' Elijah, thee mine Herald I ordain,
- 'To publish beauteous Peace upon the Hills;
- 'Thy flaming Chariot scale, with Whirlwind speed
- ' Re-visit thy terrestrial Globe, and ope
- The Charms of Virtue to th' admiring Earth.

Such was the high Command: The Sons of With Acclamations laudible alarm'd [Morn

The jocund Ether, in melodious Peals

Hosannahs met Hosannahs high in Air

Rapt'rous; aloft the Tumult reign'd of Joy.

Louder than when the Lawrel'd Squadrons ride From Bray of Clarions and the Clash of Shields,

Haughty victorious; when in every Eye

Conquest foft Dances, and the Smiles of Joy

Brighten each Afpect; while with Transport grim

The youthful Hero laughs yet fcorns to laugh.

Thus Hallehijahs rose; the solemn Blast [bound Rowl'd round the Concave huge, with big Re-

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Book I. The LAST-DAY.

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Triumphant Eccho's shook the pompous Dome; Strong as the deep-voic'd Hurricane that scopes The Hadriatick stormy Main; yet sweet And pleasurable as the soft'ning Breath Of Shepherd's Pipe, that in an Ev'ning Calm, Sounding from shaded Streams, attemp'ring meets The Bleat of Lambkins and the Linnet's Song.

When, thro' the Air a mighty Clangour rush'd, Like Sound of Chariots, that to warlike Plain Drive rapid. Th' Angel of th' unbottom'd Pit, Hight Abadonn, with pond'rous Pennons beat The cloven Ether, in the Air his Plumes Flutt'ring sonorous. Deep Importance sate Grim on his Front, and Anger mix'd with Fear His Aspect form'd. Now Expectation holds The Hosts attentive. Abadonn began, Eternal Monarch hear! You, Virtues crown'd, Attend my fatal Speech! as on my Guard I watch'd the Lake Tartarick, and the Flame In boiling Gulph preserv'd, a horrid Noise, Rowl'd thro' the Chasms of Hell. When lo! around The

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The Furies rose at once, their Fetters clash'd, And shook their snaky Scalps: Rebellion rose Array'd in Night and Tumult stalk'd aloof; Satan the Legions headed. For his Wiles Reach Heaven; in an Instant he perceiv'd Th' almighty Resolution to arraign The World, and spoil his Kingdom, by the Voice Of blest Elijah: Starting at the Thought Of Earth converted to the Rays of Truth, Fierce from his Arm he shook the scatter'd Fire, And Light'ning ghaftly in his baleful Eyes Rowl'd horrible. At Satan's stormy Rage Hell shook, Howls rent the Smoak: Around the Fiends lowring flock'd; more num'rous than the That rouze the Barks of Scylla, round the Crag Beating, when th' Aquilonian Blast enrag'd Rides raving o'er the fable lowry Main, Up-turning the profoundest Flood from Womb Of Ocean fatal; 'Arm! Th' Arch-Fury cry'd,

· Your Arms snatch vengeful! this accursed Day

' Destroys on Earth our Empire: First let Fate

Break me on burning Wheels! Elijah's Voice

" (Ohhated Sound!) converts the World; my Blood,

'Yes my Heart's Blood I'll spill e'er he shall touch

'Yon Globe I've rul'd so long: No, Fiends, e'er

' Perceives his Tread, I'll from its Axis hurl

' The howling Ball, I'll in Confusion mix

'Sea, Earth, and Hell, I'll toss from Hinges firm

'Subverted Nature groaning. Must I lye,

' And fneak and cringe, confin'd in these Abodes

'Unsuiting Soul like mine? No; First, ye Seas,

' Arm me with Rocks! ye Clouds upon my Hand

Emplant your sablest Thunders! Yes, I'll snatch

' From Arm Almighty I will fnatch the Bolts

' And crush the dying World. See! here my Heart

Beats to Resentment, and proclaims you King

' Superiour not in Brav'ry but in Place.

' Have we establish'd o'er the fairest Realm's

'Our Kingdom wide from China to Tangier?

'Have we rear'd Mah'met high to gorgeous

'The God of Empires and the Gaze of Worlds?

'The Whore of Babylon's empurpled Vest

'Have we expanded o'er a Thousand Towns?

'And shall Elijab from our rising Pow'r

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- This Bosom, I will rend Earth's shatter'd Frame,
- 'And fall amidst the Ruins. Satan spoke, And tost around the fiery Waves in Wrath.

The Furies, when they heard th' Intent of Heav'n Terrifick bellow'd; dreadful as the Voice Of Whirlwinds beating off the woody Top Of Ida Forrest-crown'd. Now slys the Fire Broken around, the Sulphure rowls, and Hell Sound's with the savage Hubbub. When behold! Legions of Fiends appear, tremendous arm'd, Chawing Revenge and grating on the Smoak. Some snatch'd the slaming Waves in Palms profuse.

Rearing 'em high among the Clouds of Fire;

Some, Loads of Salamanders grasp'd, and swung
The fatal Snakes around, horrisick Arms!

Others from deep Foundations groaning root
Important Mountains burning, and the Force
Of red-hot Rocks, which thro' the Ether thrown
Th' astonish'd Sky distort and scorch th' Expanse.

Book I. The LAST-DAY.

19

Thus arm'd, all hover round the Tyran, dire As Comet wraping round the howling Earth Its Tail emblaz'nous. Now thro' Hell they stalk Shaking the stormy Cauldron, and the Roof Burst horrible, as thro' the crackling Sky Undaunted Thunder break's. Satanick Breast Burnt glowing like a red-hot Mountain; high A Crown of Ebon lowr'd upon his Front.

The rebel Pow'rs Gigantick, who in Pfide
Affail'd cælestial Tow'rs, and swoln with Rage
Proclaim'd Desiance; whom th' Almighty Arm
Hurl'd bellowing headlong wrap'd in horrid Flames
From Mansions of Etherial Joy, then whelm'd
Deep in the sable Bowels, Dwolm profound,
Of Gulph Tartarick, on their welt'ring Forms
Heaping prodigious Load of Rocks, the Weight
Of thrice three Planets: These enormous Fiends
Direful, perceiv'd the wild Uproar in Hell
And Satan marching Prince-like. 'Neath the Press
Of sturdy Mounts they sweat, out-hurl'd their
Of siery Substance, shook the Loads aloof
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And struggled off to throw the pond'rous Weights; Vain Effort! In their Bosoms burnt their Hearts With Love of panting War; they heard the Noise Of crested Legions, Bray of Clarions, Clash Of warlike Helmets and Habergions grim. Groans, such as Chaos groan'd when from her Womb The blazing Sun was pluck'd, from sulphry Throats Th' apostate Angels publish'd; in their Eyes Light'ning awoke, and each his sable Tongue Knaw'd in Resentment: Battle was their Aim, Nor Freedom wish'd they but to rise to War.

Still Satan and his rough Battallions drive
Their torrid Course amain, beneath their Hoofs
The Champain burning sounds; from fiery Limbs
Huge Sheets of Light'ning drop as 'tween the Stars
They march, amazing Worlds and scorching Realms.

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^{&#}x27;Cease! cry'd th' Almighty interrupting, cease!

^{&#}x27; Man is my Pupil, nor shall Satan touch

[&]quot; His beauteous Mansion. Draw thy Squadrons wide,

^{&#}x27; Michael, assume from my Eternal Thigh

^{&#}x27;The Royal Sword unconquer'd, haste to Earth,

^{&#}x27;Repulse

' Repulse th' invading Pow'rs, preserve the Fields,

'Stillmake the Meadows smile the Streamlets slow!

Jehovah spoke. His Chariot Michael leap'd.

Now thro' the Air th' embattled Armies rush'd,

And stamp'd the sulgent Sky; Shields blaz'd on

And Light reslected Light; as Stars around [Shields,

The Sun rowl constant gorgeous, and adorn

The gay Expansion; so to Battle rode

Th' angelick Squadrons, Michael in the Mid'st.

That Instant to the Earth arriv'd the Pow'rs Satanian; like a thousand fable Clouds
The Legions in the Atmosphere appear'd,
Shading the Earth from far; th' affrighted Earth
Howl'd to the Atmosphere. In hollow Mounts
Men hid their Fears, invoking lefty Rocks
To fall preservative. Th' Insernal Chief
Alighting from impetuous eager Wing
Bellow'd tremendous black Destruction wide
Over the Provinces, and from his Front
The burning Curls shook back, he seiz'd the Earth
By Atlas, sturdy Hill, and sure had torn

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22 The LAST-DAY. Book I.

From groaning Axis, and projected far
Down the deep Chasm, Abyss capacious, where
Infinity surveys his huge Domains;
Had not the vengeful Damon distant spy'd
The Pow'rs Calestial rushing Whirlwind-wing'd
His Legions to assault. With horrid Howl
He left the Earth and thro' the tortur'd Clouds
Fled roaring horrible, the tortur'd Clouds
Bent to his horrid Flight: Nefarious Yells
Rowl'd thro' the Ether, and a sable Road
Of streaming Sulphure left each Fiend behind.
Planets and obvious Constellations huge
Their rapid Flight o'erturn'd, and down the Space
Of huge Infinity revolving plung'd.

Satan with vast ecclipsing Pennons beat
The driven Clouds aside, and thro' the Void
His weildless Bulk heav'd slow: The other Fiends
Their formidable Weapons left and fast
The liquid Ether scour'd. Gogmagog's Form
Enormous vaunting strode from Star to Star.

High up beyond the Sphere of blazing Hearts And Constellations, where the Convex aid Of Tellescope forbears to pierce, there lies A Region wild and strange; ten thousand Worlds Lye jumbled rude together, Rocks of Ice Swell the terrifick Scene and grimly shine In glittering Confusion; Loads of Snow Huge as Plinlymmon, Appenine and Alps, With hollow Chasins arise, and Sheeted shroud Enveloping: For these remote Domains The Rays Titanian reach not chearful. Here The Realm for Witches lies; here Murder stalks Array'd in Blood; hence Rebels are difmifs'd To haunt the Earth and stain their native Soil With Gore: Those Kings, whose vain Ambition The Cry of Orphans and the Mother's Tears, Fetch from these Regions their pernicious Souls.

Th' Arch-Angel scorn'd to chace; he stop'd and At Pow'rs Tartarick slying; on his Brow Sate blended Pleasure and Contempt. Then back C 4 With

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24 The LAST-DAY. Book I.

With Sound of Symphonies and Lyrick Strains Harmonious, they return: The Accents sweet Melt sot'ning into th' Air, and gentle Voice Of Dulcimer and Tabret charm the Shades That in the Ether bay and o'pe their Wings To silver Streams of Moon-light. Michael rode On Jasper Chariot with resplendant Stars Burnish'd; it blush'd with Gold and with the Rays Of Diamonds light'ned; all the Pride of Jems Blaz'd on its Front; the Canopy distain'd With Hues cælestial furl'd i'th' nectar'd Air.

Now to the Sky ascends the gorgeous Host.

A mighty Flash of Light'ning rapid bursts
Th' Etherial Portals, with Cyclopian Force
Ope-thrown capacious: Thro' the Chasm immense
The rising Pow'rs mount to the Voice of Joy.
Before the Throne august their fair Success
The Cherubim relate, recover'd Earth
In blooming Peace array'd, and deck'd again
In all the Charms of Pleasance and Delight.

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Book I. The LAST-DAY.

25

Th' Eternal Emperour, with regal Nod, Approv'd their Conduct, and on each a Crown Of radiant Lustre fix'd: His last Commands Then gave Elijah, Harbenger of Peace.

His wond'rous Convoy, and with godlike Mien Stood on the gorgeous Front. Of folid Flame, That fame Empyreal Substance which compil'd Heav'n's mural Battlements and arch'd the Seat; Of Monarchy Supreme, his Chariot shone, Wide-blazing, and out-brav'd th' ambitious Sun Rob'd in Meridian Glory; long it lay Treasur'd remote from th' Armoury of God, In cavern'd Alabaster, from that Hour When young Elijab left the low-hung Earth Mounting the starry Pavement; for in Days Of elder Record, and in Israel's Realm, Of human Seed the God-like Seer was born.

Long he convers'd on Earth, and Deeds perform'd Amazement strange to Mortals; thence before Febo-

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26 The LAST-DAT. Book I.

Jebovah, righteous above human Race,
Approv'd his steddy Faith: The Evening Calin
Smil'd on the florid Earth, on Jordan's Bank,
On ancient Jordan's Bank the Prophet stood,
And rearing his thrice-hallow'd Mantle high,
Smote on the headstrong Flood, the headstrong Flood
Retreating left his Channel bare; between
The massy Waves like two transparent Rocks
Dazling the falling Sun, on solid Ground
Undew'd, he pass'd and gain'd the distant Shore,

When stooping on a gentle Gale, behold!
With flaming Equipage a Chariot girt
Embrac'd his mortal Steps, and wasting bore
Thro' the clear Abient; Israel's Sons beheld,
And lifting their expanded Arms pursu'd
With Outcries and strange Hubbub; soon he clest
The polish'd Sky; the Man alone, to whom
Was granted to behold in human Flesh
The ever-living Monarch, and converse
In Banquet with the Gods: But now appear'd
Th' important End to which th' Eternal King

Book I. The LAST-DAT.

27

Exalted his terrestrial Mould; for now Elijah glad embark'd to bear his Will In human Shape to Mortals; shod with Fire, Caparison'd in Fire, th' Etherial Steeds Champ'd on their golden Snaffles; like the Mouth Of fulphurous bowell'd Cannon; volly'd Flames Thick-pouring stretch'd their Nostrils huge; Chariot, and Charioteer, and ramping Steeds, Wrapt in a Blaze; beneath their founding Road Th' immortal Champain burnt; swifter They pass'd a thousand Emperies and Realms And spacious Provinces, and thro' the Gate, That conscious open'd to their solemn March, Like burfting Thunder, rufht with torrent Main; Like Thunder Tempest-wing'd, that at the Nod Of angry Justice leaps impetuous forth Rowzin his Iron Pennons and demands Vengeance aloud; before his hideous Drift He rowls the black-fwol'n Clouds, and drives his Thro' Ruin and large Havock; from the Gate Of Loftiest Heav'n such Tempest bore aloof Those starely Coursers thro' the Sev'nfold Sky, Regions

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28 The LAST-DAY. Book I.

Regions immense! where various Orders dwell. And manifold Degrees of Spirits reign, In Prospect of Superior Bliss; from thence, Quite from the uttermost Chrystalline Sphere, Into the boundless Uniform, they hurl'd The fiery Car, and at one dauntless Plunge O'erleapt the Space, which Titan's beamy Waine Measures each Day above you Azure Roof, From th' Eastern Barrier to th' Atlantick Goal, Vaulting enormous; Dost thou not behold Direct in View, those haughty-courag'd Steeds Launching at length a-cross th' Etherial Main? The wide extrav'gant, disproportion'd Vast Was but a narrow Field; with bold Difdain Shaking their flaky Manes, at large they range Thro' Worlds, and Systems numberless of Worlds, Which the magnifick Architect of old Built on the Marble Firmament to speak The gorgeous Potence of his quick'ning Arm.

Asthro' fome vast wide-straggling Forrest Scene, Where Cedars tall and lordly-branching Oaks Perplex Perplex the distant Vision, they discern'd
This Globe remote within the numerous Orbs.
In Prospect, like the narrow Speck at which
The dextrous Archer, priding in his Skill,
Directs his level Aim: Thence tow'ring swift
Unbated, at the Ninth prodigious Bound,
They reacht the lucid Hyaline, whose Wall
Circling includes this Universe immense.

Th' Etherial Envoy curb'd his pompous Carr, Surveying this Terrene; the gaudy World Revell'd in Luxury, the mad Uproar Of frantick Glory reign'd, when fudden, lo! Spreading between the Scorpion and the Scale, A dreadful Inundation all on Fire Invelopt wide the Hemisphere; to view As when (dire Image of a World in Flames) A Comet huge (its horrible Extent Most like an ample Torrent from the Pole Wide-stretching o'er the burning Line) bestrides This Horizontal Cope, a thousand Realms Tremble and pray, lest its disastrous Sweep Whelming

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30 The LAST-DAY. Book I. Whelming involve this wand'ring Globe dif-orb'd, And drive her flaming down th' Eternal Void.

Such was the horrid Semblance, on this Earth Pointing direct its blood-shot Beams; at once Horror and dire Amazement shook the Souls Of simple Mortals, breathless to and fro They hurry all aghast, with hideous Moan, Howling and shrieking, like unhallow'd Ghosts Scap'd from their torturing Mansion, glaring wild Their stiffen'd Eye-Balls rowl. For even now Each Moment they beheld the globous Earth, Forrests, and rowling Seas, and Hills sublime Deep swallow'd by th' insatiate Flame; but soon Such Tumult ceas'd, and milder Thoughts ensu'd Of Joy and Gratulation to their Hearts.

Elijah from his gorgeous Height survey'd The Nations variously disperst, and Tribes Of Mortal Men, darting a sudden Glance From Pole to Pole, and onward mov'd his State.

Book I. The LAST-DAY.

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At his Approach the Tempest-teeming Clouds Headlong retir'd, and stood on either Hand Like Mountains rowl'd on Mountains; opening Their unobstructed Road; serene he trod [large Th' unquiet Fields, where salvage Whirlwinds play Their horrid Game, and lawless Thunders roar.

In Lybia's torrid Center wide a Plain
Dilates its fandy Bosom; Titan tow'rs
With blazing Pride above, and from his Locks
Off-shakes the bright Resplendence. Golden Dust
The Desart guilded and luxurious Streams
O'er Silver Pebbles slid; their turgid Rage
The Cataraets compos'd and Atom-Hills
No more leap'd circling into th' stormy Winds.

Heav'n's Envoy here from his effulgent Carr Descended, cloath'd in Lustres: Wide his Breath Diffus'd ambrosial Fragrance, like the Groves Of Cinnamon and Cassian Spice; his Vest Op'ning to th' Sun-Beams light'ned on the Morn With gorgeous Splendours and adorn'd the Day.

End of the First Book.

Book L. The LAST-DAR. 31.

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BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

The barbarous Nations of Africa flock around Elijah. He alights from a guilded Cloud to the Top of a Mountain, where he begins his Oration to the Heathen Natives. He illustrates the System of the Jewish Religion and displays the Wisdom, Mercy, and Justice of Jehovah by a Recital of all the remarkable Stories in Holy Writ. The Creation of the World. The Planets and Consiellations roving wildly, are appeared by Messiah, and receive their ever-during Laws of Motion. Man rises from the Earth: He sinds a semale Associate: They solace in the

34 The ARGUMENT.

the Shades and form Arborets together: Both eat the deathful Apple: A flaming Javelin drives 'em from Paradice. Their Posterity fills the Earth with Men and Sin: The general Deluge: The Rain-Bow. Noah being preserv'd, a new and beauteous Race arise from him: The Fairness of the Virgins: The Sons of Heaven behold and enjoy them: By Such Conjunction is produc'd a Race of Giants: These mighty Men attempt to build Babel: The Al. mighty confounds'em, but encourages the Virtuous. Lot is settled in the fairest Part of the Earth; but he repairs to Sodom: The King of Sodom, with Lot, marches forth to War. Lot is taken Prisoner, he is rescued by Habraham, who attacks the Enemy's Camp in the Night. Two Cherubs accost Lot at the Door of his Tent. Lot's Wife metamorphosed. After this, Abraham and Lot enjoy their Lives in Serenity. But Abraham's Wife exposes Hagar and her young Son Ishmael. The Boy is preserved by an Angel: He travels to Egypt. Moses is there born Pharaoh's Daughter takes him forth from the Flags. Pharaoh chases bim. Is overwhelm's in the Red-Sea.



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Smiles on the Meadows, Araret and Ide
Breathe with enamel'd Flow'rs that foft diffuse
Unbosom'd Sweets around, while fair Euphrate
Shines with the guilded Day. Not less adorn'd
Th' Evangel radiant glow'd, yet disarray'd
Of that Resplendance which Cælestial Choirs
Environs blaz'nous: In his Palm he bore
A Silver Wand, the Colour of his Beard
Graceful dejected; from his Eyes a Stream
Of chearful Light'ning flow'd: NoEarth he touch'd,
Aloof supported by a guilded Cloud.

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These Wonders, mixt with Softness, call'd the Yet rude approach forbad. Where Hottentotes Rove in the savage Thickets, where the Wilds Of Lybia stretch obscene, and Cotts grotesque Monopotapan, rise; from every Part The Ethnick Natives bring their sable Limbs, Lowring horrisick: their dissected Skins Show'd Hieroglyphicks, and their Yells declar'd Their horrid Worship. Monarchs born sublime

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36 The LAST-DAY. Book II.

Kneel'd to the golden Sun, Imperial Palms
The filver Pow'rs with guilded Pride uprais'd.

All rapid round th' Etherial Herald throng,
As round terrestrial Globe, with Tow'rs and Thrones
And Temples proud adorn'd, the Welkin wraps,
Cloud beyond Cloud. Attentive so remain'd
The Lybian Audience. On a beauteous Hill,
With Dews empearl'd and Flow'rs ambrosial
Elijah tow'ring stood; his balmy Locks [cloath'd,
Oft as he wav'd, nectareous Sweets around
Flow'd odoriferous; his rosy Vest
Cælestial Hues reveal'd, from Show'ry-Bow
Drawn gentle or the Blush of Mattin-Cloud.

While spoke th' Almighty's Herald, Nature pauz'd, Titan seem'd musing sixt, th' attracted Main
To Cynthia ceas'd to yield, and sooth'd th' Uproar That soams the rising Billows; Whirlwinds rude Arm'd with Typhonian Rage their curling Force Sooth'd into Slumbers and their russed Plumes Assway'd pacifick; Earth's revolving Frame By sweet Enchantment sympathizing slept.

Th' Evangel thus began. Hear God-like Man, Attend ye Lords of this inferiour Globe! Febovah's Off-spring! Heirs of sacred Blis! Behold! th' Almighty's Harbinger I come, Who from tumultuous Atoms vain and wild This beauteous Orb awak'd, who fwung it round The blazing Sun with circling Arm distraught, Biding it wander thro' th' amaz'd Expanse, Till his Command furceas'd. These gloomy Times He wink'd at earst, but Knowledge now proclaims. Virtue must blooming stretch her lovely Arms From East to West and to the liquid Clouds Uprear her starry Front, e'er blazing Earth Guilds the affrighted Ether and absorps The hiffing Waves of Ocean, to disclose Th' horrendous Chambers of the filent Deep.

E'er that terrifick Day th' Almighty Pow'r By me vouchsafes to visit human Race, And guide to Godlike Truth. Attend my Voice, No more vain Tales regard, my Voice unfolds Religion and th' Eternal Works of Heav'n.

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E'er Titanlearn'd to show'r his golden Streams, E'er Clouds adorn'd the Air or Stars the Void, Nature droop'd dormant, in the Bosom lost Of savage Chaos; all her Beauty slept And burnish'd Charms were dead. Profuse and wild The frantick Scene arose; loose Whirlwinds play'd; The Thunders rov'd unchain'd, and molten Hail Beat on the Cataracts; the fiery Waves, Up belch'd by unctious Vapours, hurl'd aloof Rude Rocks, mishapen Hills, and Globes unform'd. When rose th' Almighty Love from Throne sublime That glow'd with burning Jacynct, veil'd opake With shrowding Plumes angelick: Thus th' Etern Bespoke Messiah. 'Mount thou Son of Love,

- 'Thy radiant Chariot mount! You Chaos win
- With me. Behold! its bold tumultuous Waves
- 'Th' Etherial Basis shake; its Storms shall find
- · A milder Face, from yon Uproar I'll raise
- A beauteous circling Ball, and cloath it round
- With smiling Flow'rs, the Pride of vernal Groves
- The Breath of Zephirs and the Chant of Birds,

'To view my Works, my Praise proclaim, I'll form

' A Creature God-like eminent : His Hand-

· High o'er the Brute shall bear Imperial Sway.

' None shall be miserable, happy none,

'Yet some shall think 'em blest and more accurst.

' To Prince and Peafant equal Pain I'll share,

' To Peasant and to Prince an equal Joy;

'That shall in Rags and this in Grandeur sigh,

' This in a Court and that in Cotts be pleas'd.

'I'll give in Health and spare in Riches, give

' External Cares with natural Content.

' Thus shall vain Man for Pleasure sume and fret

' Tho' Providence the golden Urn directs.

But this Man must not credit, he's design'd

' An active Being with a lively Soul.

Thus spoke th' Eternal Pow'r, the rowling Sounds

Th' Etherial Portals shook, the Jasper Roof

Empyreal, wide refounded, and the Throne

Sweated amaz'd: Messiah leapt sublime

His flying Chariet, in Majestick Palm

A burning Sun he bore, capacious Shield; While rattled at his Godlike Back the Bolts,

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40 The LAST-DAY. Book II.

Huge Thunder-forg'd. Paternal Essence pure Rode cloath'd in Scarlet Light'ning, high sublim'd On Whirlwind tipt with Fire; yet radiant Love Sate in his soft'ning Aspect and his Looks Smil'd with a Mixture of seraphick Bliss.

Now on the Borders of Chaosian Marl
Arrives the bright Assemblage; o'er the Waves
Combustible and Deluges of Flame,
By rising stormy Ruins choak'd profound,
Stalks withhigh-vaunting strideth' Almighty Pow'r.
Beneath his mighty Feet Combustion groan'd
And dying Uproar rear'd its Arms in vain.

Forth from the Tumult th' everlasting Arm
Drag'd the wide-blazing Sun and high aloof
Up-rear'd the burning Mass, Fire follow'd Fire,
And Flame shot Flame around: Th' Eternal Might
The pond'rous Load reluctant thro' the Void
Drove furiate; biding it in huge Expanse
Hang moveless Fulgent, till th' Almighty Nod
Bad it descend and quench its burnish'd Streams.

Book II. The LAST-DAT. 41

Next, dread Jehovah urg'd his mighty Arm
Down fiery Gulph Chaosian, and up-drag'd
The shapeless Earth; sulphureous lagged Flames
Round hanging ghastly: But Jehovah smooth'd
Th' unpolish'd Surface, and with beauteous Flow'rs
Th' ambrosial Glebe array'd; he bad the Boughs
Clitter with Dew, and every blooming Grove
Drop balmie; Nestar in the guilded Streams
Glided luxurious; every Bush with Grapes
Swell'd jocund, and the Thickets joyous blush'd
With Pomp of Roses proud, expanding wide
Their lovely Bosoms fragrant: All the Earth
Breath'd soft Perfumes and curling Zephirs play'd
Over the Smiles that deck'd the grotto'd Meads.

When lo ! convulsive Earth with pregnant Throes Swells anguish'd like a boiling Furnace; straight, Burst thro' the slying Surface mighty Beast, Bekemoth: Startled at the burning Sun, He lash'd his Limbs to Gore, and planar Earth To Mounts uprooted, to his horrid Rage Ide and Olympus rear'd their clouded Fronts.

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42 The LAST-DAY. Book II.

The fiery Streams that from his Bellowings flow'd, From East to West o'er Lybian Desarts rowl'd, Scorching the Glebe adust: His sulphry Wings, (Huge as Gagoian Whirlwinds) Atom-Mounts, Floping tremendous, rear'd; and wild Uproar Wak'd on th' Atlantick Plains, where Niger pour's His Billows foamy and the Rocks assaults.

Now swell'd tumescent the aspiring Sea
From Florida to Herculaan Gap;
Capacious Cope that grasp's ten thousand Floods.
Straight, from the darksome Concaves of the Deep
Mov'd leisurate Leviathan, his Tail
With golden Scales empail'd, his fatal Teeth
Were Ehon burnt, a Light'ning-Blaze his Eyes.
Amaz'd at Prospects new and strange (as yet
Untam'd, untaught the Laws that rule the Main)
Boistrous he rode on Waves from Sea to Sea,
The Tuscan Billows Iash'd, and o'er the Shores
Drove the wide-rowling Foam; his slinted Jaw
Uprooted from Foundations black the Isles,
And toss'd 'em to th' Egaan in an Heap.

Then came the Angel of the liquid Plain
Born o'er the Surface on a Whirlwind huge;
His Voice appeas'd the stormy Deep, his Hand
Snaffled the haughty Swimmer, and restrain'd
The Arms of vaunting Ocean. Dolphines fought,
And huge Monoceros the frantick Deep
Tempested, till with rowling Blood distain'd
It gorey Waves hurl'd suriate to the Clouds.
The Angel nodded. Peace uprais'd her Head,
And o'er the watry Plain dispers'd her Smiles.

Strait from the blazing Sun horrifick sprung
Ten thousand Salamanders wrap'd in Fire,
And shaking far around the ragged Flame
Wide-sprinkling. Ocean with the scatter'd Wrath
Hisses appall'd, and Groves begin to blaze.
The Angel of the Earth, with Trident huge,
Smote on the Ground and smooth'd the rudeAlarm.

Now had th' Eternal Monarch with his Arm Capacious, from the boiling Flames profound, Abyfs Chaofian, with falubrious Smiles Rescu'd a silver Globe, and in his Palm

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Ample contain'd it, beauteous Moon. His Arm Then drew a Circle round the spacious Earth, Biding it wander there: Its Surface pure Titanian Beams illustrate, Mountains rise, And Oceans sink (he cry'd) and Creatures rove, Inferiour to my Fav'rite Man. He spoke, And round the Earth the lucid Oval spun.

Now wrap'd inveloping a fable Cope,
Huge Atmosphere: Where horrid Whirlwinds play,
Burst thro' the cloven Clouds their siery Road,
And dash the slying Vapours; Thunders there
Stalk unreprov'd at large, and o'er the Earth
Bellow Desiance. Yet th' Eternal Arm,
Ev'n here, with Terrours mixt Delight; at Eve
A rosy Blush soft stains the watry Skirts
Of pendant Show'rs; and waking Morn, his Head
Jocund uprearing, guilds the Clouds with Gold.

Next, to their Spheres unnumber'd Stars of Size Prodigious, leapt; the lucid Hyaline Up-lighting beauteous; Constellations bright, Flanets, Satellites, in decent Range

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Book II. The LAST-DAY.

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Supply the liquid Void and praise their God. But Horror! what behold I? what appears, Drag'd by fulphureous Tail thro' roaring Waves To fill th' aftony'd Waste with sulph'rous Flames And fcatter o'er the howling Worlds beneath Tumult and ghaftly Pestilence? 'Tis call'd A blazing Comet. Th' Everlasting King Gripes the portentous Blaze in hollow void Of Hand capacious; then around the Worlds

(Each Orb beyond, where wildly roves at large Infinity) commands it to describe Immutable Ellipsis; where the Earth

May rarely see and fear. Jehovah spoke,

And rowling wide th' Emblaz' nous Wand'rer tour'd.

Now the black Thunder the Almighty Pow'r Rowz'd from the boiling Lake, and on his Arm Defensive wore: The Stores of Hail and Snow

Size He treasur'd in an Opal Tow'r concise

Neath Adamantine Bars and Locks of Gold.

Then from the fable Den, where Furies howl, Allarming Chaos, rose, in Splendours cloath'd, Jehovah: Fair Messiah, who with Pow'r

Aiding

46 The LAST-DAT. Book II.

Aiding attended, left at once th' Abodes
Infernal; Cherubs o'er their shining Heads
The golden Plumes dispread, ambrosial Sweets
Diffusing thro' the Ether; Beams of Light
Play joyous round and in the soft'ning Air
Harmonious Sounds melt rapt'rous; while the God
Trod on the Winds and walk'd the bending Sky,

Now the cælestial Choir with tuneful Hymns Had hail'd the fifth-day's Eve. The Sixth arose, Clad in a purple Vesture. Heav'ns Supream Arrives where Earth her Virgin Charms display'd.

Soft was the Mattin Breath, the twinkling Light Glow'd in the Dew, and from the bloomy Trees Nectar and Honey still'd. Th' Eternal saw And blest the Sight. Yet wherefore Earth so fair, If none regards but Brutes? Why blush the Clouds? [Sun? Why smile the Flow'rs? Why decks his Plumes the Behold! fro' golden Chariot, bright aumail'd With Emerald and Jacynct, and with Stars Emblaz'd illustrious, th' Everlasting Prince

Descends;

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Book II. The LAST-DAY.

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Descends; Beneath his quick'ning Hand a Heap Of Earth awakes to Life; aspiring Man Rose vaunting godlike, and the pendant Dust Shook from his graceful Limbs, the trembling Earth Sounded beneath his Stride; his lordly Heart Beat in his Breast and scorn'd th' inferiour Brute. His spacious Mindtour'd thro'the Worlds sustain'd Sublime, And dauntless view'd the Rowling Blaze.

Th' Eternal Architect in golden Scales
Determinate, had not emballanc'd yet
Nature's firm Laws: The Elements were loofe
And Planets wildly play'd; Orion rowl'd
Juftling on Hyades, Etherial Fire
Met Fire, and Waves flew hiffing thro' the Void;
Impetuous Mars Saturnine Orb unhung
O'rebearing Veh'ment; Ophieucus torn
From groaning Axis, down th' unbottom'd Space
Rowl'd horrible; Satellites purfu'd,
Augmenting strange Uproar: Confusion rais'd
Its thousand Scalps, thro' frighted Nature's Course
Bellowing; the Sun discuss'd his stery Locks,
Sweat

Sweat at the Broils and chang'd to liquid Blood

Messiah saw and started from his Seat

Of Crysolite and slaming Gold; His Eyes

Like ever-burning vestal Fire: He call'd

An Hyperborean Whirlwind, and his Feet

Cælestial bad it 'brace: Th' obsequious Storm

Circled its Pow'r and bound His godlike Steps.

Dread Logos thro' the stormy Wild, when Disorder'd broak, Arose: One ample Foot Immoveable on crusted Earth he fixt, The Other on the Sun; his waving Vest Shaded the Worlds beneath. Th' unruly Globes He snatch'd with mighty Arm, and each his Law Of Motion dictated. 'Ye Planets rove

- More various; You, O Constellations, know
- ' A firmer Course! You, Gallaxie, connect
- ' Sociable Orbs, and to the distant Worlds
- ' Show like a lucid Path! And you, Oh Stars,
- " That grace the Frontlets of Infinity,
- Appear not to inferiour Man, Compleat
- My Store of rowling Worlds and please the Eye
- Of wandring Angels, Ev'n beyond the Bounds

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The LAST-DAY. Book II. 49

Where Angels know to wander! Round 'em all

' (For I Infinity can grafp) a Zone

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· Of curling Ebon mix'd with rofy Flame

' Curve round the Space and bind th' included Messiah spoke: the journeying Globes observe

The Voice restringent; at his awful Nod

Leap to their Spheres and Ether's face adorn.

Thus rose Creation, and the liv'ning Worlds Leap'd from their ancient Chaos. Which fo fair, So blooming Youthful as was Earth? where Streams of fuch Argent Lustre? where arose Such Smiles of vernal Grotts, empearl'd with stain Of changing Dew, still fairer as it chang'd? Yet Man, hight A D A M, Desolate and Dull Rov'd thro' the Melancholy Scenes, Grotefque And defart. Ignorant that, during Sleep, Th' Almighty from his Side a beauteous Shape. Of Novel Sex, compos'd; the liv'ning Clay Glow'd 'neath his Hand, her lovely Limbs display'd Celestial Features; In her Eyes the Gems Wak'd brillant, on her Lips the Roses bloom'd ands And

50 The LAST-DAT. Book II. And quick'ning Blushes o're her Visage stray'd.

Adam with manly heat th' accel'rate Buck
Hunted o're Dale and Hill; his graceful Curls
Wav'd in the balmie Zephyrs, and his Cheeks
Majestically fair with Ardour slush'd.
There was a little Valley cloath'd in Flow'rs
And all the Pride that sparkles on the Spring;
With Leaves Ambrosial in the Ether play'd
The Trees, and blush'd with Orient swelling Fruit
Of palatable Gold; the Birds were pleas'd,
And view'd their shining Plumes, then sip'd the
The liquid Silver from th' unbosom'd Flow'rs.
In the sweet Vale the lovely Female lay:

In the sweet Vale the lovely Female lay;
A balmy Sleep crept gently o're her Limbs,
Soft'ning her lustrous Eyes; the Breeze diffus's
Sweets wand'ring o're her Bosom, playing look
And touching soft her Lip: Flow'rs smiling lay
Round sprinkled, nor her naked Beauty hid.

Adam with eager Stride and rapid Heat.

Traverst the shaded Groves. When (blest suprize)

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The LAST-DAY. Book II.

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He fpy'd the beauteous Sleeper; Sweet Amaze Swam in his Eyes, and in his Bosom beat. He touch'd yet trembling touch'd her lovely Shape, Gaz'd at her Arms and with his own compar'd. As when a Lambkin dyes, the Skin's impos'd Upon a Cade, to teach th' uncautious Ewe To love another's Offspring; Joy'd the Dam Smells the young Fondling, scarce believes it Owns the lov'd Skin, withdraws and hates it's Pushes, relent's, and scarce can hate or love.

Thus Adam dubious stood. For an Embrace He pants, yet starts from Object new and strange. O'reher he hung with Looks of tend'rest Love, Yet scarce durst tender be. When to his Sight The Image woke: He, frighted, distant sprang; The Female leaping up ran rapid off, Piercing the darkest Thickets. Lordly Man Assum'd his Soul, and thro' the Flowery Grove Chac'd the affrighted Fair: As 'tween the Sprays She fled, the Blooms and Flowerets in her Hair Hung catch'd neglectful, while her glowing Limbs H Flush'd E 2

Flush'd with invading Heats; her snowy Breast Panted and met th' Ambrosial Zephyr's Touch. The novel Male pursuant, ne'r had spoke, But Nature now directed. 'Where, he cry'd, 'Where sly'st thou heav'nly Picture! stay, o stay The Flood's at Hand, why wilt thou brave the Thy Feet are stain'd with Red.--- Think'st thou 'I'm like thy self. Some innate Impulse leads, Bids me cares thee: I could tear my Locks Ere wrong thee, dearer to me than my self. Oh! quick desist; I dare not chace, lest Harm

'Should meet thy Race, yet can't forbear to chace The beauteous Vagrant from the melting Sound Fled panting. But her eager Haste out-stript The tender Power of a Virgin's Force. Breathless she fell upon a Bed of Spice And Aloes silver-dew'd. With suriate Leap The hunter seiz'd her soft unguarded Charms. His Innocence and Virtue call'd the Nymph,

And o're their Joys (unfully'd by Remorfe)
Her golden Veil fair Piety dispread.

Their Time flow'd big with Bliss. Peace ever

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Book II. The LAST-DAY.

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There easy Slumbers soften'd; every Day Pleasure and Joy drove round the circling Hours.

Adam beside the Streams, Sky-painted, fram'd Aspiring Arb'rets, in the Pride of Spring Taught to exult. Soft Eglantine and Panse Breathe in luxurious Odours, Spice and Myrrh The Pavement forming with their golden Dew A varying Scene compose; th' aërial Choir Raising the Voice th' etherial Zephyrs charm.

Eve by her Confort fate; beneath her Hand The gathering Chaplet grew, and proud difplay'd It's circling Shape in Curls. Her flowing Locks She fometimes plaited with the fpringlet Herbs; Jessamin's Sweets and Periwincle's Pride Adorning Beauty. Sometimes in the Stream, Painted with Flow'rs, impending she admir'd A lovely Image, wonder'd at the Scene And grasp'd the watry Picture; vain Desire! The watry Picture flys th' imprudent Grasp. Oft-times she'd bay her Features, fair and fresh,

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54 The LAST-DAY. Book II.

In purest Stream of liquid Crystal, strew
The Rivulet with Flow'rs and guild the Flood.
Then on the verdrous Bank, where Spices rose,
Rowl on the balmy Grass; or smiling play
With her young Cade, her caded Lamb with Smiles
Answer'd her Love, and lickt her dainty hand.

Adam, with Spear new-form'd, and Jav'lin, chas'd The fugient Beast. His Consort in her Hand The rapid Arrow bore; athwart her Breasts The silver Bow descended: Thro' the Groves They pant and conquer on the slying Game.

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When Ev'ning from the fainting Sky descends, Array'd in Gems, and o're the Vales and Plains Her blushing Veilet draws, th' unvestur'd Pair To softest Shades retire, where Nature breaths In all her Fragrance; gentle Slumbers seize Their loosen'd Limbs dissolving easy Cares.

The new-created Souls thus liv'd, thus lov'd.

Their Joys are told, their Miseries remain.

A Gulph there lyes, where fiery Whirlwinds play

Tempestuous

Book II. The LAST-DAY. 5

Tempestuous, and the boiling Sulphure swells, With Rage expansive. Here the Stripes of Ghosts Sound o're the Marl adust; and frantick Howls Beat on the burning Roof: Fiends gnash their Teeth The Sulphur grind, and shake their snaky Scalps.

Here Fever, Pestilence and Cholick stalk
With vaunting Pride, and from their Arms aghast
Shake Pangs and fatal Tortures. Here profound
'Neath blazing Mountains wild Rebellion roars,
And restless heaving shakes Tartarick Gulph.

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High on a blazing Ebon Rock, that bears
The Dash of liquid Fire and rowling Waves
Assaultant, Vaunting sits in Pride array'd
Sathanus horrid King: A Cope of Smoak
Consolidate envelops high aloof
His Obeliscal Looks; the fatal Frowns
Low'r thro' the Gloom, while in his Palm he shakes
Serpentick Scourges, and from squallid Voice
Disperses Groans and Ejulations round.

Down with enormous stride, portending Death,

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56 The LAST-DAY. Book II.

He touring from the fiery Mountain mov'd;
Hellshook her thousand Chains: The Keys of Fate
Hung at his spacious Back. As thro' the Fire
He bursts his torrid Course, the burning Waves
O'restriding surious, To his squallid March
Th' Infernals bellow'd thro' a Million Domes.

Breaking thro' craggy Taurus, on the Earth He stood destructive. Thrice he howl'd Revenge, Thrice shook the Keys of Fate, and from his Arms The pendant Sulphur scatter'd. Howlo Earth! And change to Blood thou Sea! Th' Infernal Prince [Coast, Stalk'd o're the Rocks and Plains, towr'd Media's And Fields of Paradise the beauteous Fields.

Soft thro' the Smiles of Eden curl'd a Stream, It's limpid Crystal priding in it's Name Waters of Life, and o're the golden Sands Heaving it's Nectar. Two illustrious Trees Adorn'd each Bank, expanding; o're the Waves Shaking their burnish'd Product. One bore Life, One blush'd with blooming Knowledge; Both were But Death was 'neath their Rind, who taste must

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Sathanus, fable-clad, dismiss his Form,
And in the cunning Twines that wreath the Snake
Hid his horrisick Countenance. He found
The amicable Pair all-loose display'd
Within a lovely Celadine that scim'd
The Waves of Life: Adorn'd with vernal Pride
The sloating Grotto pierc'd the vap'ry Glass.
Hyacinth and soft Narcissus from the Blush
Of swelling Citrons peep'd; the liquid Gold
Glow'd on the flow'rets and the Fruits adorn'd.
In loose Array reclin'd, they social lov'd
The blissful Hours away. Ecstatick Joy
Liv'd in their Smiles and sparkled from their Eyes.

Th' Infernal Circler, fraught with fatal Wiles, Crept to the Fair display'd; he in her Ear Whisper'd the Beauty of the Fruit, the Gold Smil'd to her Fancy, while th' Ambrosial Taste Work'd in her eager Breast: She quick adrest Her Steps to th' lovely Tree and laid her Lips Smiling to th' guilded Death, Then turn'd in fear Her beauteous Face away; then, in her Hand [blush'd, The shining Globlets weigh'd; She sigh'd, and

And

58 The L AS T-D AT. Book II.

And cropt the burnish'd Apple. Trembling Sweats Thrill'd thro' her Limbs, she soften'd to a Swoon, Yet sinking was not careless to her Heart To grasp the sweet Forbidden. Heav'n declar'd, Who eats must die, our *Parents* eat and dy'd.

His pristine shape Sathanus then assum'd, Cloath'd in sulphureous Horrours; Down his Back From burning Shoulders rattled pendant Locks Of Orcan Wire, and in his sable Eyes Rowl'd siery Deluges of sparkling Wrath.

The fallen Pair behold, to Thickets gloom'd Urging their frighted Course. There, grim Remorse Array'd in squallid Spleen, their Bosoms chaft, And stung their throbing Hearts. Now lo! from A vengeful Angel stoops; his Looks declar'd Impending Havock; Everlasting Wrath Sate ghastly low'ring on his Front; while Swords Of burning Steel wav'd fatal in his Hand. Down from the blissful Regions, tow'ring Height, He drove th' astony'd Couple. Dire Despair Work'd in their Hearts: oft turning they survey'd

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Their fair-form'd Bow'rs, their tended Herbs and Of foft Repose. Reluctance is in Vain Furiate the Cherub drives; the burning Sword Glow's brandish'd in his Hand. TempestuousFire, A rifing Zodiac, circling 'brac'd the Plat,

Now thro' the spacious World, where Ganges Or fierce Orontes, these Abandon'd Souls Rov'd Desolate. Their num'rous Offspring shar'd The spacious Earth and till'd the Glebe jejune No more luxurious grateful. Media's Soil The vagrant Herds usurp'd, and Syrian Fields Everted fwell'd with Grain and shone with Flocks. As Mortals, Crimes encreas'd: Oppression

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With Fetters groan'd: huge Earth her ample Arms Meadowy expanded; yet for larger Room Th' Inhabitants contend. Then from the Tow'rs Etherial, flam'd with Topaz, Elohim gaz'd On fretting Man below; his empty Grasps tht, Ambitious, his unfix'd and wanton Aims Displeas'd th' Eternal Architect; his Frowns ey'd Gloom'd the resplendent Mansions; Howls aloof

To

60 The LAST-DAY. Book II.

Flew thro' the Winds, th' Etherial Empires quak'd.

To the third Region now th' Imperial King Descended in avengeful Light'nings cloath'd. Destruction on his Brow sate thron'd; his Arm Glow'd horrible with fatal Thunders weigh'd. His Chariot thro' the Ebon Portals burst, His Chariot girt with Fire. Sublime he stood, Striding the spacious Azure; 'neath the Arch Capacious, lay a thousand subject Worlds. Then in his mighty Palm, prodigious Cave, He grasp'd the Sea Atlantick, Thuscan Waves And Floods Evan. In the Clouds he hung The sable Liquid coping round the Earth.

Mortals in frantick Gaiety profuse
Revel delightful. Some on golden Downe
Or Ivory Couches softning melt their Years:
Others in smiling Meads and Arb'rets fair
Toy the soft Hours away; Luxurious Ease
Rose on their Cheeks and batten'd in their Looks
Here the big Glass drove jovial Joys around;

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Book II. The LAST-DAY. 6

There, various Meats reviv'd the Taste decay'd. When o're their Heads, portentous Sounds! they Unufual Roar of Whirlwinds; Thunder stalk'd Clapping his Wings aloof, and Light'ning, cloath'd In Flashes, thro' the sable Vapours flew. Mortals aftony'd flart, the Face of Earth Envelop'd low'rs. As once when Israel's Seed Induc'd the Curse o're Ptolemaic Realm. From Nile to parch'd Numidia folid Dusk Beat on the ghaftly Natives, and the Land With horrid Howls and Ejulations shook. So now to Rocks cavernous, wrap'd in Fears, Thro' the wide Earth Men skulk: Their Shrieks Nature disturb'd. In vain the Monarch mount's His Throne of flaming Gold, and Waves repells With scepter'd Arm in vain: For now the Floods Down with impetuous Rush tempested rowl, And dash upon the Mountains foam'd: No more The Earth restrains the Seas; Monocero's With mighty Dolphins tofs the Waves aloft, And root away the Shores. Huge Woods up-torn Down the strong Tide are carry'd, and commix

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62 The LAST-DAY. Book II.

With Froth and Domes and huge everted Craggs.

Michael in Palm capacious grafp's a Cloud, And dashes 'genst the Earth; Around the Flood Breaking, disperses; Tow'rs and Fanes must yield

Here a fond Mother with most fost Concern Weeps o're her harmless Babe, whose tender Years Smile innocent and fcorn th' impending Fate. In Arms the catches It, and with her ALL Flys, the rude Waves pursue, The Infant's Shrieks Pierce her with thrilling Cares; in vain aloof She bears the tender Fondling; Floods oppress, She grafp's it to her Heart and yeilds to Death. As when a gentle Lamb, in Thicket caught, Stands bleating helplefs; for her young concern'd The Dam walks to and fro, relents, and bleeds At Heart, Unskill'd to Aid: The Innocent Without Complaint or Moan stands Hunger-nip'd Till pining Death approaches: Griev'd the Ewe Forgets to eat, and even feems to weep, For help; too late the tardy Swain arrives.

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Book II. The LAST-DAY.

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No Place from Floods exempted, save the Jaw Of Etna, that forth belches Flame and Smoak, And rocky Fragments. Up it's burning Sides The rising Surge ascend's, the rising Surge It's burning Sides repell; the Plains emparch'd His horrible; the Billows scale, but back Rowl wrap'd in Foam. Yet now the surge behold! Mount's to the Mouth of Hell; 'twould sain descend, [The Jaw But must th' Infernal Lake be quench'd? Back belches every Wave and satal groan's From inmost Entrails; Flame and burning Crags Meet the descending Surge; Fires mix with Waves Hot Rocks thro' Billows rowl, the Souls beneath Hear the foul Hubbub Sulphur-chaust; their Chains Tremendous shake and groan their Pangs around.

Behemoth yet stood dauntless, O're the Flood Rearing superior Front: Around he gaz'd, His sparkling Eyes sierce lighten'd 'ore the Surge. Not so the siery Dragon; soon he saw His Den invaded by the rowling Flood, Wrath'd horrible. He lash'd with slameful Wings

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The LAST-DAT. Book II. 64

The Billows hiffing, and in parched Throat Swallow'd the Waves refiftless: Oft he sprung High from the Surge, oft duck'd and beat the Storm. Vain Efforts! weary with the War, he falls A Prey to Waves: His burnish'd Scale and Tail That knew to break down Oaks; with horrid Plunge All tumble Lifeless into th' Flood; he strikes His dying Limbs, and gulphs the Surge in vain.

High on the top of Ararat and Alps Affrighted Souls fled bellowing. Temples high And Battlements with crowding Mortals groan'd The Angel of the Sea, superior Height, Stalk'd thro' the flying Waves, which rose sublim To th' golden Belt that Zon'd the mighty Pow'r. His Trident rooted up the Mounts, and tost Ararat, Ida, and Olympus huge Far from their first Foundations; with the Crowd Of howling Mortals thro' the Floods they rowl'd Mo Now one transparent Globe of Water shone Earth Vapour-cloath'd, And to the Planets show'd, And Lunary Inhabitants, a vast

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Book II. The LAST-DAY.

64

And mighty Drop of Wet, that in the Air Hung shining beauteous, as the burnish'd Rays Reflected from it's Surface: Long remain'd The pendant Ball in Azure Space empoiz'd.

l'invok'd Thus fell the Race of Man, whose Crimes Heav'n's awful Rod, and from the vengeful Clouds Bad Ruin and Destruction rain. Yet One With his Domestick Train escap'd, But One Found Virtuous: In a Floating-House he brav'd Th' inferiour Flood, and o're the liquid World Rov'd Conqueror. A Dove declar'd th' Asswage Of Billows by a Lawrel Branch produc'd.

From this Man Virtuous forung an Offspring Beauteous the Females shone, a modest Air Their Beauty sweeten'd; In their Eyes the Gems Brighten'd ecstatick, and upon their Cheeks crowd The blushing Roses bloom'd: Each Virgin fair owl'd Melted in foft'ning Accents, as the Voice Of Philomela charms the Shades of Eve.

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From his own Vesture of celestial Sweets
Nectareous Hues; such Hues as in the Gems
Sparkle, the Sapphire, Jasper, and the Stains
Of Emerald and Jacynet: To a Bow
He curv'd the lucid Vapours fair embloom'd;
Then in the Ether hung it. Token sure,
Forbidding second Flood. The beauteous Dies
Vary enamel'd and their Charms reveal.

This the gay Virgins by the limpid Streams Solacing foft, observe; or where the Meads Expand their flowery Bosoms; For the Nymphs Of Earth were fair, serenely fair; the Sons Of Heav'n beheld and lov'd. From Love so pure Platonick rose a godlike Race; not limb'd Like vulgar Mortals, stil'd Gigantick Wights:

Their Arms could grasp the Poles, their haught Shook the poor abject Earth despis'd, while high Over the Clouds their mighty Frontlets rose.

These you Geryon and Briareus name,
Who laugh'd at Thunder breaking on their Limb
And dasted with prodigious Arms the Sheets
Of Lightning back. These scal'd th' Etherial Wall

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The LAST-DAY. Book II.

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Crystalline Battlements, and in their Palms Grafping the Doors of Heav'n, shook wide around The Sky with all it's Stars. Fove fnatch'd in vain The Planets for defensive Shields, and rear'd High o're his Head huge Worlds; in vain the Sun Shot Fire ejaculate, and ragged Flames, Till the vain Thund'rer, wrap'd in Whirlwinds Millions of Comets by fulphureous Tails Amazing grafp'd; Then fatal in the Air Swinging around th' horrendous Masses, hurl'd Dire-dashing on the Rebel-Throng: Wide flew The Fires recoiling from their Shatter'd Fronts, pur And Scorch'd th' Etherial Waste. The smitten Astony'd reel; A second Mass of Brands Repeats the Shock; Down bellowing wrap'd in [Strick ught They rowl from high, and curse their wild Attempts. high

Thus You romantick tell; vain Dreams of Bards, Who Scorn for golden Dreams the godlike Truth. WHEN from the Sons of Heav'n and Maids of A mighty Race arose whose spacious Palms Wall could like a Sail the Clouds drive to and fro,

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The LAST-DAY. Book II, 68

They took up from the Earth the Mountains, Alps, Athos and Ida, threw 'em to a Plain Together, and the deep Foundations laid Of Babel, Town more ample than a Realm. Then thro' the Sea Eoan foamy way Took rapid, from the Ocean's groaning Womb Tearing the Rocks and Islands, which across The shaking Earth they bore beneath their Arms The vast Mechanicks with Cyclopian Nerves Beat the huge Mass together; every Stroak Shook the Terrestrial Globe, and burning Gulph Tartarick dire allarm'd; the shocking Blows Rattled the Chains, and drove from Shore to Shore Huge Ocean rowling. Now the City fwells Haughty sublime; Crystalline Towrets proud Blaze on the fiery Sun: The Gates arose Superior to the Clouds, of Jasper, star'd With burnish'd Topaz. Battlements that zon W Th' aërial Walls bore Pastures circling fair, Forage for Beafts that journey'd to the Top. Fo High o're the Clouds the Region-Structure roll T And prest the wandring Earth. At top sublim

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The LAST-DAY. Book II. 69

The Giants tow'ring stood, and rais'd their Fronts Among the Stars; Here Hesperus revolv'd, There Hyades came rowling by their Heads.

Th' Almighty faw revengeful; in his hand He fnatch'd ten thousand Thunders from the Of fiery Chaos, and began. 'Behold!

- You rifing World behold! Ambitious Man!
- Am not I God? then wherefore to affault
- My bright Domains intend they, and contemn
- Th' Inferiour Earth? My flaming Jav'lins reach!
- Descend we instant! from their proudest Height
 - I'll hurl 'em howling thro' the cloven Sky.

Dread Elobim spoke, and in his mighty Wrath Bent the firm Welkin and came down. Before, Terror stalk'd ghastly, and Destruction rode Array'd in Blood behind: A fmouldring Fire Forth from his Nostrils isfu'd, and his Belt Wide circled with a Blaze th' Eternal Pow'r.

See! 'tween the Stars the God his rapid Course Forces avengeful; dafting fierce afide

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70 The LAST-DAY. Book II.

Th' Imperial Monarch fate, the pallid Moon His godlike Footstool: Frowning dread, he grasp'd Narrow Arabia, while in Indian Main And Crimfon Sea his Fingers mixt; then shook The Plains of Earth, dire swerving to and fro The mighty Structure Babylonish; till With horrid Noise it tumbled, Tow'rs and Domes And Giants plac'd at top; Howls rent the Sky, All from each Other in Distraction fled, [World Nor knew the Voice of Friend. They spread the And Each a Nation, Each a Language form'd. But where fo fair the Earth, the Soil fo rich As near illustrious Salem, and the Stream Of ancient Fordan? Habram there engrasps The fertil Meadows, And the num'rous Herds Of Lotus wide expatiate; where the Walls

Till Berah, Birsha, and the force of Zoar Rose upon Arioch, and assail'd the Prince

Of Sadom circ'ling rose. The virtuous Heart

Serene and peaceful liv'd; he void of Fraud,

Knew not to do nor fear th' Effects of Wrong.

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Book II. The LAST-DAY.

71

Of Helam, Chedorlaomer. Haughty strede
Nine mighty Kings to War; their Targets huge
Rattled upon their Shoulders, and their Swords
Embrandish'd seem'd to blaze agenst the Sun.
Each Spear rose horrid like an Oak, their Hearts
Revengful beat their swelling Breasts, while Fire
[Brows.
Flash'd, from their Eyes: And Fury lowr'd their

Deep in the Valley of the Briney Sea, Hight Siddim, met the Warriours; on their Swords Destruction rode, and from their haughty Arms Horror and Death they shook: The Hills around Groan'd with the Clash of Swords, the spacious With Regal Blood distain'd, the Ether choak'd With reeky Vapours. Berah with a Rock Rear'd high, ran howling thro' the Field, his Arm Wide-slaughter'd all anear, and heap'd the Plain With gasping Lives. Him Chedorlaomer met, Whose Breast-Plate was of Adamant; he scap'd The fatal Blow, and Berah by the Throat Caught furious, tearing to the shaken Earth The mightyKing hurl'd prostrate: There in Groans And F 4

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72 The LAST-DAY. Book II. And Blood the Chief forth-vomited his Life.

Like as a hungry Lyon, rob'd of Young, Traverses fierce the Wood, Each obvious Branch Breaking, Each Thicket bursting, Till he meets

A Drove of Tigers, there like Thunder hurls His Rage around, disperses Wounds and Death,

Till with his Rage the founding Forest bleeds:

So Chedorlaomer drove thro' Flame and Swords,

Gnashing his wrathy Teeth; till fast his Foes,

Birsha, Shenebar, and Zeboim's Lord

Fly his destructive Sweep; Tormenting Yells

The Welkin tear. Near, Slime-Pits op'd their Jaws;

Down bellowing tumbled num'rous Warriours;

And sprinkling Blood distain'd the black Profound.

Here Birsha, Berah, and Shenebar stoop

To base Captivity; nor stood exempt

The virtuous Lotus. Habram heard his Fate,

Refolv'd to rescue, and as Light'ning breaks

Thro' crystal Sky, Enfuriate slew to Aid,

Arming his Household. When the silent Night

Lead on her melancholy Watches, told

By dire Night-Raven, Habram on his Foes

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Set fatal; Tumult bellow'd thro' the Camp,
And Uproar wildly stalk'd: They leap from sleep,
And snatch their Spears at once, to cruel Steel
Exposing naked Bosoms; Vain Attempt!

Habram Victorious rose, his Foes dispers'd,
Fled thro' the Shades of Night, and Lotus lest.

Now godlike Lotus from the Plains of Blood Return'd triumphant to Sodomian Walls, Nefarious City. Heats Meridian fcorch'd The panting Earth, and drove to Shades and Groves Salacious Mortals, on the verdant Flow'rs Expanded. Strait, the Evining cloath'd in Dews Descended on a rosy Cloud and jem'd Tbath'd The Meads with sparkling Liquid; Swains em-In Streams of cooly Nectar; Lovers walk'd The blooming Grotto's Philomela's Voice To hear melodious, and to taste the Sweets Of chearful Talk. This Season, filent, foft, Lotus before his Tent of filky Gold Sate musing: When, behold! two lovely Youths Of Shape celestial, bloom'd with Beauty's Pride

74 The L AS T-D AY. Book II. Descended thro' the Air; their nest'ral Breath Persum'd the Zephyrs, and their soft Array Blush'd with Etherial Gold. A pleasing HAIL Lotus afforded to the Sons of Heav'n; Inviting to his Tent. Then rose the Town, The Youths requiring, but requir'd in Vain.

From Town fo horrid, beastially desil'd,
Th' Angelick Shapes divine the virtuous HEART
Warn instant to retire, Nor turn to view
The Fate of Sodom. Curious Woman fail'd
(Woman for Curiosity renown'd!)
She turn'd and gaz'd, and saw the siery Domes
And blazing Curls Combustible; when lo!
She feels her moveless Feet take Root, and sees
Her hard'ning Hands grow Stone; In vain so
To rear her pond'rous Arms, her marble Heart
No more could heave it's Load, could beat no more
Amaz'd she went to Shriek, but found her Tongs
Oppress'd with shinty Chains. Her Fate remain
To warn the curious Female from Offence.

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Mean time Febovah, riding o're the Clouds, On Tow'rs Sodomian hurl'd his fiery Wrath, Sulphureous blazing. Howls of frighted Souls Alarm the Sky; to Rocks and Holes they flee Draging their Wives and Infants. Vain Attempts! In rowling Volleys pour the Liquid Fires. Domes crack, huge Temples blaze, and Havock Over the burning Structures: Heav'n aloft Glow'd golden, while the rifing Flakes commix'd Among the hiffing Clouds. Sultanian Lords And gorgeous Princes thro' the Blazes drove, And beat aside the Fire; till torrid Death O'rewhelm'd their black'ning Corps. Arms youth-Lash'd the red Storm, and finding they must fall, Their useless Limbs distore, and curst their Fate. Thus Sodom fell. Gomorrab, black with Crimes more Of equal Poise, an equal Fate sustain'd. Congu In the Dead-Sea upswallow'd swift they sunk. email

Then Habraham and Lotus were at Peace, And in the firmest Ties of Friendship knit

Their

76 . The LAST-DAY. Book II.

Their focial Lives. None lov'd he more than Lot. Save Hagar. Her Saraia with her Babe Expos'd to wander thro' the Defert Earth, And seek their Food from far. Devoid of Rest. The forrow'd Mother rov'd; her Feet with Blood Stain'd the rude Way, and on her paly Cheeks The Hunger spoke; yet more her Infant-Care Concern'd her; He was Innocent and Pure, Yet dy'd with cruel Drought; his little Hands Caught up the Flow'rs and fuck'd the Dew, and Would fatiate Nature: 'Tis in vain; his Lips Are wan, yet still he Smiles, his sick'ning Eyes Begin to close, he calls his Mother foft, And scarce can call. She sees her dying Son, And hunts in vain for Water, tears her Hair, And beats her harmless Breast. The Boy she plac'd Beneath a Bush, to dye; and hid her Face From Sight so sad; she now withdraws, and strain Returns; Unable to forfake her Child, Yet more Unable to be near his Cries.

At length, she distant sate her by a Shrub. To see his Body, yet not hear his Moan.

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Book II. The L AST-DAY.

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Down from her lovely Eyes the Tears distill'd, And bathing stain'd her Bosom, Ioose her Hair Dishevel'd careless stutter'd in the Breeze. When lo! a radiant Cherub, wing'd with Gold, Call'd from th' Etherial Roof, and to a Stream Pointed the Female and her tender Babe.

Thus was the Boy, young Ishmael, sav'd. His Rose with his Youth: He rov'd the Hills and Heaths Chacing the savage Boar, and with his Darts Transsixing Tigers. Thence, to Pharaoh's Realm, Where Nile redundant bathes the fatten'd Glebe, He takes his wand'ring Way. The silver Streams The Meadows ting'd with Flow'rs, and all the That blooms the rosy Spring and decks in Smiles Th' ambrosial Grotto's, He admir'd: But more Th' engaging Females pleas'd his rapt'rous Eye.

Lively the Virgins shone like waking Morn,
Yet tender as the Breath of Eve that waves
The Blossoms to and fro; Their Cheeks with Fire
Glow'd amorous, and Amazonian Warmth
Melted their Hearts at once to gentlest Love,

And

78 The LAST-DAT. Book II.

And rais'd to active Brav'ry. Maid so wild So gallant the young Archer love's and wed's.

This firtil Realm, in bright Virago's rich,
The Sons of Ishmael, and great Israel's Seed
Posses, the Fields of Goshen and the Plains
That stretch from Nilus to Numidia; yet
In Slav'ry they possest: Till Moses freed
The Fav'rite Care of Heav'n, and broke their
Moses, by Craft in floating Ark preserv'd.

'Twas at the time when Cynthia pearl's the [Voice]
And Blooms with Dew, and wake's the gentle Of Ev'ning Nightingale; when Swains and Nymphs Soft follace in the Shades by filver Streams, Or stick their Bosoms with the Rose's Pride, Or Chaplets weave to grace their golden Locks; When Pharoah's Daughter, bright as Queen of May, Walk'd with her Virgins thro' the myrtle Groves That breathe Ambrosial Spices, To a Stream. There, as her Custom was, she bath'd her Feet, And dabling in the cooly Netar, strow'd The twinkling Waves with Aloes and Myrrh.

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Book II. The LAST-DAT. 79

Anon, among the Flags conceal'd she spy's A little floating House. Her Maids reveal'd The clos'd Devoid; when, from the Dark Recess Isu'd an Infant's Crys: They view'd the Boy, His shapely Limbs, his snowy Skin, and Cheeks With living Roses blush'd. The Royal Maid Pity'd the weeping Innocent, and made The Child her own, and for a careful Nurse Sent; 'twas, unknown, the Mother of the Babe. Joy'd she receive's her Charge yet hides her Joy. Now she is kind nor fear's from Kindness Death.

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For when the tender *Matron* from the Rage Of *Pharoah* could no more preserve the Babe, She on a Stream conceal'd; there weeping left The little Helpless to the care of Heav'n.

Here Moses liv'd and Israel's favour'd Sons
'Till high Jehovah gave his Mandate firm
To pass th' Egyptian Sea. To th' East they March;
The Waves obsequious cleave, and rise to Heav'n,
Resplendent Battlements of gorgeous Pearl.

Pharaoh, array'd in Pride, their Flight perceiv'd.

His

His Chariots, Phalanxes, and warlike Steeds
Leap'd to Pursuit; the dusty Plains resound
With Clash of Helmets, and the torrid Stamp
Of Coursers pawing on the chaussen Marl
And shaking golden Trappings. Pharaob rode
High on a Vehicle of blazing Gems;
War lowr'd upon his Brow, and keen Revenge
Flash'd from his Eyes: a mighty Jay'lin, stain'd

Flash'd from his Eyes; a mighty Jav'lin, stain'd With Blood of Foes, swung fatal in his Hand.

Thus terrible pursu'd th' avengesul Lords; Death rode behind, And in the squallid Van Stood Terror vaunting. Down with rapid Plung They leave the Shore and drive into the Vale Late spread with soamy Billows. Israel's Heirs Affrighted view the chacing Charioteers, The burnish'd Haberge, and the Crest of Gold, Terrisick Pomp of War; their Shrieks empiered The Skies attentious. Heav'n's Eternal King Gaz'd on the Pride of Man, and gave the Nod To th' Angel that directs the Liquid Plain.

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Straight lo! the cryftal Battlements sublime Down from on high with Plunge Impetuous fall Whelmin

The LAST-DAY. Book II.

Whelming the fiery Squadrons. Chariots rowl On Chariots, Coursers drive o're Coursers, Souls Bellow amidst the Wreck. With haughty Arms The Princes dash the Billows, and disdain Death fo inglorious. Pharaob, with his Pomp Of gaudy Vests supported, rode the Waves, And howl'd to th' diftant Shore. The crimfon Flow's ting'd with gorey Foam, and high aloof Toffes it's Surge above the liquid Clouds.

Ocean was troubled, from th' Atlantick Vaste To Shores Eöan where Brasilian Hills Are cloath'd with Myrrh, and Trees distill with What Wonder? when the dauntless Coursers paw'd The Surge tremendous boiling, thro' the Flood Driving their lufty Courage, and the Waves Belching from fiery Throats? when Champions Lash'd with Cyclopian Armour, Helms and Shields, The turgid Storm, and rowl'd their wrathy Eyes. Vain Aims! They ghaftly plunge the cloven Main, To th' hollow Chambers, where the Mermen stalk Over the fable Rocks: Yet dying Arms Grasp'd Uncontroul'd their Swords, and ev'n in

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82 The LAST-DAY. Book II.

Each gnash'd the Jaw, and seem'd to chaw Revenge.

Leviathan his mighty Features bask'd

Besides a Rock, but started in Surprize,

And o're the Billows gaz'd: He saw the Wreck

Affrighted, tost the Seas, and with his Jaw

Uprooted Crags, and hurl'd the Waves to Heav'n.

The end of the Second Book.





LAST-DAY.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

Elijah proceeds to relate, How the Law was deliver'd from Sinai with Thunders and Lightning. All revere it, but Corah, Dathan, and Abiram: They are swallowed up alive. Jehovah promises to drive out the Nations with fiery Arm; yet Ogg and Basan buge Giants oppose the Israelites; They are slain. In vain also Jericho resists; Joshuah's Speech to the Soldiers before the Walls; they tumble down at the Voice of the Trumpet. Ai burnt; Men, Women and Children are butcher'd. Then Jephtha leads the Israelites to War; his rash Vow; slays bis only Daughter. After Jephtha's Death the Philistines prevail, till Sampfon rises; His mighty Power; he finds Dalilah in a flowery Vale asleep after bunting: Her Beauty ruins bim: He burls down the Structure on his

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bis Foes and Himself. The Philistines revenge the Slaughter of their Nobles on the Israelites: Goliah threatens'em. David conquers him. Saul envys the Victorious Youth; and, applying to the Witch of Endor, calls up the Shade of Samuel. Saul despairs and rusbes on his Sword. The Glory of David's Reign. Amnon and Joah are bis Generals. Amnon ravishes bis Sister Tamar. Absalom treacherously slays bim for it. David's Sorrow. He diverts bimfelf by walking on the Leads of his Palace: He Spys from thence Bathsheba bathing: Enjoys her Beauties. Heaven resenting this Crime, renders bis Armies under Joab unfortunate. That General without Success besieges Rabbah. Absalom raises a Rebellion: His Beauty: Battle: He is flain banging in an Oak. David laments bim; but soon turns his affections on Solomon his other Son. Solomon proclaim'd King. The Glory of Jerusalem. It's Sin. Jehovah looks down, and sends Nebuchadnezzar to besiege it. He carrys the Jews into Babylonish Captivity. The Behaviour of Daniel there. He is expos'd to the fury of the Lyons; Escapes. He delivers Susanna from the Treachery of the two Elders. At length the Jews return from Babylon: But are again conquered by Antiochus. The Mifery of the Hebrews; till Mattathias rebels and beads the Jews. Maccabeus succeeds bim. After bim Jonathan is King of Judea, and a numerous Succession of Monarchs, 'till Herod is plac'd upon the Throne of Judea. THUS 1.

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dea. US HUS Moses 'scap'd, and with him Israel's (by Day Thence by a Fire by Night and Smoak Journeying directed o'er the desert Plains, They lofty Sinai won. There Elohim, wrap'd In Terrours, from the Holy-Mount appear'd.

Profit all Contained Profit of

Sulphureous Thunders, and the Lightning-Blaze Allarm'd the pale Spectators; O're the Hill A fable Cloud envelop'd shrowding; loud The golden Trumpet spoke, and shook around The Realms and Rocks adjacent. High aloof The smoak empall'd the Clouds; when lo! appear'd febova on the Mount, to Moses Ears The Law imparting, That exalted Law Which I in Characters of burnish'd Gold Deliver'd to you for Perusal close.

Moses and this celestial Law rever'd
The Sons of Jacob, save the Triple League
Corab and Dathan and Abiram black
With Crimes of deepest stain; the sacred Arm
They dar'd affront and scorn'd superiour Pow'r.

G 3 Anon,

86 The LAST-DAY. Book III.

Anon, the tortur'd Bowels of the Earth Convulsive groan, the bloated Sulphur swells, AndWhirlwindsroar profound, the heaving Ground Pants in its Surface; when behold! the Jaws Of sable Earth distretch unfolding dire A Gulph of horrid Darkness: Houses, Beasts, Infants and Men, down-swallow'd, from the Dwolm Bellow their black Amazement, and dismiss Horrendous Ejulations: O're their Heads The Grave her Mouth recludes. Yet some remain'd With equal Vices tainted: These a Flood Of unctuous Fire swift walking o're the Plain Enwrap'd resistless, and the howling Gang Drove from the Consines of Terrestrial Globe.

Thus was th' Affembly, purg'd from fquallid Guilt,
Pure and unspotted. From th' Etherial Realms
High God descended, and their ways survey'd,
Approving, and directing. Who so stout
Heav'n's Fav'rites to oppose? So mighty who
To rear rash Arm, and stand the stubborn Shock?
This Land (Jehovah said) This Land is thine,
That

Book III. The LAST-DAY. 87

' That flows with Honey, whose ambrofial Meads

Breathe Spices, where Balfamick Branches drop,

And Nature decks her in luxurious Smiles.

Dread Elobim bounteous spoke. Yet spacious

Arose, and 'gainst the chosen sacred Seed

Defiance hurl'd Defiance bold, and shook

The vengeful Arm in Scorn. Ogg, Giant huge,

Whose Stride the Mountains mov'd, whose Arm

The Cedar'd Forest from the Brow sublime

Of Lebanon or Oreb, Scorn'd the Pow'r

Of Facob's Sons; His Bed was built of Ir'n,

Huge as a Valley. Sihon too affail'd

The chosen Seed. Vain Efforts! In their Blood

Weltring, they prostrate fell and shook the Earth,

Gnawing their Lips and rowling Blood-shot Eyes.

Yet Fericho, in Gold and Pearl array'd,

Withstood th' Etherial Legions: From the Walls

Aspiring, Scoffs they breath'd. But Israel's Sons

Advanc'd Majestick solemn; in their Palms

The mighty Jav'lins trembled, and the Crefts

Nodded horrifick. In a brazen Coat

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88 The LAST-DAY. Book III.

Of Mail resplendent Jericho's Supream

Stood vaunting on a Tow'r of Rocky Pearl.

Distant, the chosen Progeny beheld

The wrathful Monarch, and his furiate Eyes
Light'ning across the Plains. Then paly Fear
(Brows
Their Bosoms thrill'd, and from their haughty
Faded the Majesty and warlike Pomp.

Then Joshua, Hero brave, their Souls awak'd, Replanting in their Eyes the Martial Fire.

- Fardon me, Gallant Friends, that I detain
- ' Your active Spirits from the Instant Rush
- ' Of War impetuous. Ill will yonder Walls
- Sustain the Shock where high Jehovah nerve's
- ' The potent Arm. Yon Regal Pride shall gnaw
- ' The Glebe in Death ignoble. If a Soul
- Among ye diff'rent thinks and dreads th'
- · To hostile Walls, retire he to the Tents,
- ' And hide his Coward Head; fuch Man's unmeet
- " To touch th' heroick Spear or gaze thro' Steel.
 - ' For us, we'll grasp at Glory: Death's our Fate
- ' Now or hereafter. 'Tis a Trifle then
- To tremble at the Thoughts of Death: We fcorn

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To loll at Ease Inglorious, or our Hearts
Soften to melting Pleasure. Call to Mind
Your gallant Conquests, But your Fame must fade
Or bloom with new encrease: 'Tis better dye,
Dye in your present Plumes, while Glory's fresh,
Than seek to lengthen Life when Honour's lost.
(Voice
Bid then the Trumpets breathe, and wake the
(Friends,
Of lostiest Drum! Revenge your murther'd
That hover in the Air and call Revenge!
Exalt Jebovah's Name, your Own secure!
The General spoke, and as the Thunders rouse

The dreaming Lyon to furprize, and bid
His Fury lash the Woods, so wak'd the Host
To Bray'ry ardent: Each his burning Sword
Grasp'd and his Shield embrandish'd: On their Breasts
The Helmets glow'd horrendous, and the Crests
Hung shading ghastly, like the Grove that crowns

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Parnassus; and th' adjacent Meadow shrowds.

The Enemy beholds th' advancing Force,
And hurls Defiance: Fragments huge of Rocks,
Wide-blazing Brands, and red-hot Irons flung
Scorch high the Clouds. But Joshuah's Pow'rs sustain
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The L AS T-D AT. Book III,

The horrible Affault. Now lo! from Sky Descends th' Almighty Thund'rer, deep array'd In torrid Fire, and in his Palm aloof Shaking the Bolts fulphureous; rapid rowl'd, The Clouds obeisant to his March recede.

The Ferichoians prided in their Strength Of Marble circ'ling round the spacious Domes, And Gates of folid Gold: The Tow'rets swell'd With Adamant to th' Clouds, and sparkling Gems Adorn'd their beauteous Fronts. They Lordly flood Vaunting superiour, and the battled Plains Subject furvey'd contemptful; In the Sky Their Swords describ'd horrendous Curves, and They shook the Silver that aumail'd their Vests.

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When, (dire to tell!) the fatal Trumpet spoke, A Sev'n times it spoke, at the terrifick Noise The pondrous Marbles sweat, the Zone sublime Im Convulfive shook, the Turrets bow'd their Fronts, In And melting Stones 'gan foften from their Force Bel Anon, as thousand Warriours grac'd the Heights, Th Down rowl'd they with tremendous Plunge Shaking

Shaking the distant Plains: Shrieks rent the Sky From indigested Heaps, where Hero's howl Oppress'd in fable Ruins. Nature groan'd.

Heav'n's Fav'rites o're the favage Fragments The naked Town allarming; to and fro All howling run aghaft, to Fanes and Domes Of impotent Retreat. Men, Beasts, submit To murdrous Blades. The Virgin's Shrieks are The Matron's Tears, in vain the hoary Sire His trembling Palm extends: The Infant smiles When to it's Throat the fatal Steel's advanc'd.

Thus Slaughter stalk'd aloof, and down the Horrible rowl'd huge Tides of fable Gore.

Ai, not warn'd by this difastrous Stroak, poke, A Fate severer felt. sulphureous Fire Swept o're the Ground, and thro' the Structures blime Impetuous Passage forc'd. Unnumber'd Souls ronts, In Cittadels and Tow'rets hid their Fears Force Bellowing; but strait, high o'er their Heads behold The cracking Structures blaze, and pondrous Roofs

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Fall fiery overwhelming: Royal Youths
Stalk thro' the flaming Ruins and the Sheets
Of Fire beat off undaunted, till opprest
They groan their tortur'd Spirits into th' Air.

Mean time, huge flying Clouds of Sulphure
The hissing Ether, and with golden Tinge
Aumail'd the burnish'd Sky: vast Globes and Spires
Down tumbling rowl'd emblazing thro' the Winds,

But laureat Fortune on the favour'd Seed Showr'd not her Smiles perpetual. From the East Th' Ammonians march, the Palestinians joyn The potent Phalanx, and with nocuous Sweep Prostrate whole Towns and Provinces destroy.

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Is plac'd upon his Arm. Yet none accepts
The Regal State. Till Jephtha's gallant Heart

Beat for the War: 'What mean ye, Sirs, he faid, 'Why stand ye thus, as if unskil'd that Fame

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re said,

(Shield? Is wort hier far than Life? where, where's the Give me the stoutest Dart, by Heav'n I'll Rush Where blackest Danger sweats! my Life's a Toy, When my blest God and Country bid me Dye. Thus Fephtha faid, and instant Rule supream Assum'd heroick; then to bloody War March'd plum'd in eag'rest Hopes. ' Jebovah, hear! Hear Heav'n! he cry'd: If thou direct mine Arm, That o're the Foe I triumph, what proceeds First from my Habitation, to my God Shall bleed, a Sacrifice of Gratitude. Jephtha thus vow'd, and drove into the War His mighty Courfer, whose intrepid Stamp Shook wide the putrid Plain. The Foe array'd In shining Gold, th' impetuous Shock sustain'd Long: Then with horrid Ejulations left The dusted Champain drench'd in foamy Blood. cry'd Jephtha, and Jacob's Sons, with lawrell'd Pride mand Return'd Victorious, on their Arms they bore The gorgeous Splendours and the Spoils of War.

Mean

Mean time the only Daughter of the Chief
Sate with her Virgins, like to Flora deck'd
In smiling Roses and the Pride of Spring.
Soft in her Looks bloom'd Beauty, on her Lips
The Rubies blush'd, and o're her lovely Breast
Lillies diffus'd their Whitenesses: Her Wit
Surpass'd her Charms, and Innocence her Wit.

Quick, as she heard the Breath of sprittly Drums, Eager and slush'd with Joy and clad in Smiles, She ran to meet her Sire, and soft as Air Flew sleet into his Arms: Her Sire, surprized, Stood Thunderstruck; the Maid in Ecstasie Enquires his Welfare, he his Face averts

To hide the trittling Tears; She takes his Hand And lays it in her Bosom, but her Sire

Withdraws it, yet can scarce withdraw: Then Broke from her Eyes, no longer she could hold, But fell upon her Knees-----By all her Love, By all her silial Duty, by the Care

He brought her up with, by the dying Charge

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Of her dear Mother dead, she beg'd to know The Crime that held her from his loving Arms Then fell poor Jeptha on his Daughter's Neck

And wept aloud; as Tears afforded Room Thus fpoke he, kiffing her. 'Oh cruel Heav'ns!

And I a more cruel Father! O that Fate

Had left me breathless in the Field of Blood.

And fav'd my Child alive! Ah fatal Word! ---

Thou little think'st, poor Heart, that rashly I

Have ruin'd thee; I've cropt this Tender Budd

Just as it bloom'd! Then was there, facred Pow'rs,

None for my Sword, but her alone I lov'd?

Why dost thou grasp my Hand? I am thy Foe,

Thy Murd'rer, beauteous Innocent. I've vow'd!

My Child must Butcher or affront my God.

But here I Sware ne're more to tast Delight,

Or know to live when thou art gone from Life.

The Hero spoke, and with his gushing Tears

er beauteous Bosom stain'd. Then thus the

Wherefore this Grief? Alass my dearest Sire,

Those Tears more wound me than a thousand

What is my Life? Oh, grieve not at its Loss!

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- You gave it and are free to take it back.
- Only this boon I beg before I dye,
- 'That I may wander on the Mountain Tops,
- With my Companions, two revolving Moons
- 'My Virgin State to wail. She faid and rov'd The Hills and Defarts with her *Playmates* fair, In loofe Array, like gentle youngling Fauns.

When from the spicy Mountains she return'd In Innocence array'd, before her Sire She kneel'd, fair Sacrifice; her sluttering Hair Persum'd the Zephyrs with ambrosial Flow'rs Embraded beauteous. To the Sword She op'd Her lovely Bosom. Oft to strike the Sire Attempted, and as oft the Dagger drop'd, Fierce catching in his Arms the lovely Maid.

. Alas my Daughter, why so pleas'd, he faid;

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- " Why op'ft thou to my Sword that lovely Breaft
- 'That is the Cause I cannot, must not strike.
- ' Oh, that my felf could dye thy Life to fave
- Brought I thee into th' World to end thee this
- 6 G cruel cruel Father! Smile no more,

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' No more look pleasant on Me; for oh how, · How can I kill those Smiles? Thrice strove the To strike the pointed Steel, as oft withdrew, And wip'd th' obstructive Tears. ' Before you go, For ever go, oh chear me with thy Voice, Once let me hear the sweetness of thy Tongue, Which I no more must hear! One dear embrace At parting, then adieu! --- yet one --- and now No more! He faid, and thro' her bleeding Breaft Transfixt the Poigniard. To the Earth she funk. And smiling fixt upon her frantick Sire Her dying Eyes. He caught her in his Arms, And bore her pale athro' the Croud; then bath'd Her Body with his Tears; a thousand times He kist the fatal Wound, and wip'd the Blood. Alas! he cry'd, is this my Child? are thefe The Lips fo oft have call'd me Father? thefe The Hands so oft have taken mine in Love? Breaf How wan these Cheeks, tho' blush'd with Roses How dim these Eyes where lately twinkled Stars! to fave e thus Where are, alass! the pretty Lisps, the Talk, That won the Aged to praise, the Young to love? Wither'd

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Wither'd like Dew that from the Meadow fades.

Thus o're her hanging mournful Jephtha fpoke, As from her Limbs the melting Life dissolv'd.

This Warriour long 'genst Palastinian Pow'r Oppos'd not slaughtrous Arm. The Heathen World Rose wrathy, and defying Jav'lin shook At Israel's Offspring. High the plains were heap'd With mangled Limbs, and Rivers foam'd with Flow'd overcharg'd, and stain'd th' adjacent Meads.

'Till Sampson rose destructive; on his Brow Sate Resolution and Contempt of Death Dwelt on his Arm: He tost his Locks behind, His Locks Etherial potent; as he walk'd, The bending Earth deep trembled to his Stride.

Wide was his Fame dispers'd. So mighty who To cope with his intrepid Nerves? or rise Hardy Antagonist? Upon a Time A Lyon roving suriate for his Prey He spy'd, and by the sturdy Jaw the Beast Of Regal Potence seiz'd; Nine times he roar'd, As oft the Champion smote; the ghastly Blood

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Sprung from his Limbs; thro' parchen Throat he His Life, and grov'ling rowl'd in fable Gore.

Thus prosperous liv'd the Champion, sear'd and 'Till on a Day when sultry Heats intense Each shady Grotto recommended sweet,
The Hero wander'd thro' the cooly Groves.
At length a Vale he saw, with Flow'rs adorn'd,
And all the smiles of Spring. A beauteous Nymph Soft in the Valley slept, while Zephyrs breath'd Over her lovely Features, and her Vests
Flutter'd i'th' balmy Breeze. He pleas'd advanc'd,
Gaz'd and admir'd. Quick o're her snowy Limbs
His Eye ran raptrous: 'neath a slender Silk
Her Breast was seen to heave, her tresses wav'd,
And Cheeks calestial glow'd; a modest Smile
Heighten'd her Beauty, and her Charms adorn'd.

Anear her lay her Quiver and her Bow,
And all around the scatter'd Flow'rets breath'd
Blown from her Locks and Bosom. Sampson now
To gentle Dalilah advanc'd: Her Hand
He trembling took, and laid it to his Lips;

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Then stole a Kiss all-tender, as the Sweets
Of Zeplyr breathing sooths the Evening Dew.
Then, he embrac'd her lovely Shape, yet fear'd
To wake the Fair; the Fair in fear awoke.
But sweetly he, her Terrours soft'ning, smooth'd
Each rising Apprehension. Then his Limbs
By her's display'd upon the rosy Bed.

Thus was great Sampson's mighty Heart subdu'd, That Heart which brav'd the World, and to the A bold Defiance hurl'd: No more his Arm Cracks with the brandish'd Jav'lin, but a Shape Much softer circles; his undaunted Eye No more rowl'd Terrour, but to gentler Turn Melted; each Frown upon his Brow dissolv'd; Calm was his Bosom, and his Helmet slept.

Oft hand in hand they rov'd the Groves, the Cool bowring, and the Streams with filver Pride Warbling melodious. Roses o're their Heads Display'd their crimson Blushes, and their Paths Were strow'd with springy Youth of Infant Blooms. She with his curling Locks plays smiling, He

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Adjusts her waving Tresses, and the Breeze Chides. Gentle Dalilah the Arb'rets charms With Songs melodious soft, with evening Voice Of Philomela vying. Sampson's Heart, Open and brave, suspected not the Bait, With guilded Poison spread; nor Ruin fear'd So gayly deck'd in Pleasance: Loose he lay, Courting luxurious Ease, and from his Head Permitted Dalilah his Strength to cut.

Then faded Ifrael's Glory, and the Pride
Of Vict'ry flept. The Philistines with Chains
Of Brass restrain the Hero, and his Eyes
Stamp from his anguish'd Head; then place to
In Mill laborious. Now his idle Love
Too late he curses, beats his chaffen Breast,
And breaths envenom'd Rage, 'Now curst, he
'Curst be the Day, and curst the fatal Hour
'When to tame Love my Brav'ry I resign'd!
'O Woman, worst of Woes! whose fatal Smiles
'The noblest Courage ruin. Hapless Wretch,
'Who softens to the Fair! their Charms are Death,

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- And he who gazes dyes. Oh why, ye Pow'rs,
- ' Was Man, else Godlike, frain'd with tame desires,
- ' Ill-fuiting his fuperiour Form?' Tis vile,
- 'Tis womanly and vile, O! I could tear
- ' This coward Bosom, was I made by Heav'n
- ' Heroick, in a Female's Lap to loll?
 - "Where is the Honour now I gain'd? Oh Hell
- ' Drag me to Lakes of Fire! my Fame wide-blaz'd
- ' Rowl'd thro' the spacious Earth: But I am safe:
- ' Mine Enemies, the Philistines, have time
- My Follies to deride --- Lash Furies, Lash
- My Soul, I'll dye, I'll rend my Coward Heart!
- They cry, A Woman's smiles have broke his
- Which none could break. It is too much. --- are
- 'These the nerv'd Arms that heap'd the bloody
- With howling Foes, and made the Streams
- Run red? -- They now must grind. He spoke, and His Body on the Ground, there tore the Earth Speechless. The Philistines by various means Russle the Hero, and his Hours molest.

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High on a gorgeous Pedestal, adorn'd With light'ning Diamonds and the Blush of Gold Stood Dagon, Ethnick Deity: A Fane Of ample Circuit, to his Glory rear'd, Shone pompous in unnumber'd Collumns proud.

Hither conven'd the Palestinian Lords,
To celebrate his Festival: The Wines
Each Bosom warm'd to Merriment: Delight
Smooth'd o're their Aspects, and their Smiles awak'd.

Then to the Hall Sampsonian Strength was call'd,
Diversion to augment, that Dagon's Praise
Triumphant might resound. The Structure's Roof
Twice sifteen hundred Souls sustain'd; beneath,
Princes and Nobles sate, Spectators proud
Of conquer'd Sampson's Shame. Oppres'd and
The blinded Hero enters; wide around
The Temple shakes with Shouts. The Champion
Each Pillar leaning. All to see his Height
And Bulk, now helples, laugh'd. When lo!
The Columns break, the Structure cracks, and high
All see the Building down with horrid Plunge

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Rowl on their Heads: Tumultuous Death amidst The Ruins stalks, and Ejulations rend
Th' affrighted Sky. The Croud that weigh'd the Fierce bellowing falls from high. With murder'd The Hero groan'd away his hated Life.

The Palestinians curse this fatal Chance.
Crys thro' the Regions fly, and fierce Despair
Walks bloody-ey'd. The Champions, dire with
Traverse the Towns, encouraging; 'Revenge

' Revenge (they cry) your flaughter'd Friends

Drench deep in hostile Gore! Their Walls we'll

' Driving avengeful, and the dastard Foe

' Hurl from the Realms of Light; for Life's a

When dear Revenge thro' Danger bids us rush.

Thus spoke the Hero's; then to sable War [Steel, March'd furious: Plains with Blaze of burnish'd Lighten'd terrifick, and the driven Dust Choak'd high the Hemisphere with rising Clouds.

Yet Israel's Progeny their haughty Force Repuls'd intrepid, and Defiance hurl'd

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Back in their Teeth. Till rose a mighty Soul. Goliab hight, who rear'd his Arm to Heav'n. And beat the roaring Winds: His Spear was torn From top of Oreb, mighty Cedar; broad Blazon'd his Shield, a burning rock uprear'd Resembling. He against the chosen Seed. Touring superiour walk'd, as Atlas swells High o're the Hills of Sand. He curst their God. The God of Heav'n, and brandish'd in the Air His Jav'lin Thunder-bruiz'd. His Foes behold, And fly his horrid Frowns. 'What Man, he cry'd, This Arm opposes? Chuse you one so stout;

He, if he Conquers, shall our Regions sway,

If I'm fuperiour, you to us shall kneel.

Then Saulus, King Judaan, thro' the Host Proclaim'd Goliah's Speech; 'Who ventures Fight,

My Daughter wins, and high with Us shall sit

In Dignities and Favour. Saulus spoke.

There was a little Lad his Father's Flock Tended, and fate beneath a bloomy Shade, Tuning his Oaten Pipe, while o're the Green

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The Lambkins stray'd, and crop'd their slowery
Fair was the Stripling with engaging Grace,
His Eyes were sparkling as the Day, his Cheeks
Display'd the smiling Roses and his Locks
Open'd cælestial Gold; as Lith as Lark
He rose, and left the gorgeous Sun to rise.
His sleecy Care he quits, and of the Vales

A lasting Farewel takes. 'Adieu (said he)

' Ye foftning Shades, where I so soft have sate!

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- 'Adieu ye tender Flocks! and you my Lamb,
- 'My Fav'rite Lamb that in my Bosom lay,
- ' For ever now adieu! To Plains of Dust
- ' Jehovah calls me, and to guilded Crowns.
- ' No more these calm Amusements shall I taste,
- " The filent Ev'ning and the Voice of Bird.
- Farewel my little Quiver and my Bow,
- Dejected lye ye there; to higher Joys,
- ' Not greater I repair. The Shepherd thus.

Now to the bloody Champain hasts the Youth, Offering the King to try an hardy Hour With stout Goliab. Saul distrusts the Boy,

The LAST-DAY. Book III. Yet likes his jolly Heart. ' A Lyon feiz'd A favour'd Lamb, faid David, and I flew · The cruel Beaft; Goliah fo I'll flay. The Monarch smiling, with the warlike Steel Arm'd his young Limbs. His Brothers mock'd the Converted to a Champion; David heard Their Taunts regardless, and the pondrous Steel Flung from his Limbs. Then tow'rd the mighty Foe Defenceless march'd. Goliah, when he saw The Boy antagonist, the Host of Heav'n amb, Curst, horrid Frowns his Frontlets plough'd, and He smote his swelling Breast sonorous; like The Opposition of two justling Clouds, That from their fulphry Entrails fquallid burft afte, Tremendous Thunders. David from his Cheeks Of rofy Blushes tost th' ambrosial Curls, And thro' the Ether hurl'd his Swing, a Stone Cutting the Winds the Giant's low'ry Front Smote; to the Ground the roaring Champion And curst his wayward Fate; he tears in Wrath Youth, The Glebe adust, distain'd with sable Gore. As when a Turret undermin'd and fap'd,

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Far hanging o're the Main, from fatal Height Plunge's tremendous into th' cloven Sea, Wide rife the Waves around, to distant Rocks Huge Ocean shake's and leap's the froathy Shores; So fell the Shape Gigantick in his Gore, Helmet and Haberge and the Cedar-Spear Shaking the Hills and distant Plains around.

Th' Hebreans shout, the Palastinians sty,
Chariot o're Chariot tumbling, Shield with Shield
Clashing unhostile; Hero's, stery Steeds,
In Death rowl undistinguish'd. Far the Sons
Of Israel chace; and, all along, the Road
Distain with Marks of Blood and mangled Limbs

Now the young Stripling is by all carefs'd With Acclamations joyous. As he pass'd Each Matron blest him and each Virgin lov'd. But Envy, sable Fiend, the Royal Heart Of Saulus chaff'd, and black suspicion gnaw'd His Breast tormented. From his furious Rage The harmless Shepherd 'scap'd, from place to place Chac'd Fugitive. The Monarch's gen'rous Son

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The Innocent from royal Vengeance skreen'd. All aggrandize the Glory of the Youth, Comparing with the King, the King to no Comparison submitting. Spleen arose From hollow Concaves of the fable Deep, Cloath'd in the Shades of Night. The Monarch walks With folded Arms among the filent Tombs And folemn Temples. Melancholy rowl'd His forehead, and his Eyes were streak'd with Blood. Why was I born to Emperies and Thrones, He faid, if Rule and Wretchedness are one? The Ruftick lyes diffolv'd in Slumber's Arms imbs. While I the Twylight traverse, tost in Woes. The poor alone by Poverty are prest, While Cares of Kings in various Shapes arife. This Tomb my Grandfire hides; he fleeps in Peace; Why am I not at rest? Oh Youth divine! Thou wak'st my Woes! yet why's the Youth law'd He's innocent, he's generous and brave; Rage Yet must I hate him; wherefore must I hate? o place He's nobler ev'n than I. Lye still my Heart, Son Nor fwell my heaving Bosom! Heav'n or Hell

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- Shall drive me from these Pangs! I'll slay the
- 'I'll flay my felf, destroy this worthless World!
- But fost; I'll to th' Enchantress, and require
- ' The shade of Samuel to ascend; the Seer
- 'Who rais'd me to it can secure the Throne.
 The Monarch, wrap'din Spleen, thus low'ring spoke,
 Deep traversing the Concaves of a Vault.

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Besides a Hill a squallid Village stood,
Hight Endor: Baleful Yews their sickly Sweat
O're shadowing wide dispers'd; the Fowls of Night
Shriek'd fatal Portents o're the Cottage wild,
And Ravens croak'd forth Pestilence and Fate.

Here was a Cave, the Mouth with Bushes clog'd, Chain'd Where Toads their Poisons nourish'd, Hemlock The Soil with paly Faintness. Deep in Earth Th' Enchantress horrid liv'd. Each time the Moon Rose crescent, on the Mountain-Tops she crop'd Herbs amuletick, and with philtrous Words Devoted'em to Sathan. Winds she rais'd, Call'd Cynthia from her Sphere, and to a Rock

Book III. The LAST-DAY. The Foe of Mankind howling bound. The Day She rarely faw; and when she faw, she curs'd. Hither came Saul disguis'd. The Hour it was, When Robbers haunt the Glooms, diffain'd with Blood, When Witches ride the Air, and meet on Heaths To torture Babes in fympathizing Wax, oke, While sheeted Ghosts the Jaws of Death ope-burst, And run distracted shrieking thro' the World: That folemn Hour it was the King repair'd To th' Cell horrendous dusk'd. Th' Enchantress grim veat Appear'd, and shook the nighted Hills around. Night Black was the Moon, the Welkin chang'd to Blood. Strait from the Earth a venerable Shade ate. Rose Eminent, a Mantle pendant cloath'd olog'd, His Shoulders, and the filver of his Beard emlock Resplendent glow'd. The Apparition spoke. arth Wherefore, OKing, haft thou disturb'd my sleep, Moon Call'd from the filent Chambers of the Earth? rop'd Know then, thy Happiness is dead; I tare This Garment as thy Happiness is torn. Know more; thy Thread of Life is fpun: The Foe Rock To Morrow shall distain thy Plains with Gore,

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'To Morrow thou shalt be with me. Farewel! Thus Samuel's shade; and gath'ring up his Cloak, Melted dissolvent into th' Dews of Night.

Now Fate o're Saulus hangs. His Squadrons sink, And stoop the fainty Knee. Destruction sweeps, Like Boreas frantick, and the spacious Plain Reeks with the Blood of Legions, that in Hills Lye mangled and their Souls in Curses breathe.

Saul rapid flew from Fate, yet scorn'd to fly; But Palestinians urg'd. 'No more, he cry'd,

- ' No more base Life I'll seek, but hide my Shame
- 'In filent Death. Yet shall no Foe behold
- Great Saul expire, or triumph o're the Pomp
- ' That once fo lively flourish'd while it's Shade
- The Neighbouring Nations hid. The Monarch And resolute upon his Jav'lin rush'd.

Now Eccho's joyous and egregious Shouts

David supream proclaim; the Realm resounds

With Acclamations, Fires triumphal rise,

And Bells their Clangour publish. David's Heart

Was mild yet gallant, affable the brave.

Peace in his Time uprais'd her rofy Head,
And open'd all her Charms: From Ophir Gold
It's Blushes brought, and Lebanon sublime
Resign'd her Cedars. Palastinians mourn'd

The Force of David's Arm, while stain'd with Orontes flow'd, and Fordan's mighty Flood.

Amnon and Joab, Hero's Thunder-Arm'd, Steer'd the impetuous Battles. In their Hands The Jav'lin tepid smoak'd, and horrid Crests Shaded their Aspects trembling with Revenge.

Amnon was open, generous and brave;
Returning from the Wars, his Arms in Blood
Drench'd, and his Helmet bruiz'd with fatal Stroaks,
His Sister tender took him by the Hand,
And led him smiling in; then sooth'd his Wounds,
And gently kist his Cheek. 'Alass, she said,

' Alass my Brother, why will you in Wars

' Harrass your tender Flesh? Enough remain

' For Fight; Your Life's too precious sure for Blows;

I beg you go no more; at home are Joys,

'Nothing but Blood abroad; then go no more!

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Thus gentle *Hamar* to her Brother spoke, And wip'd his Wounds, and stroak'd 'em as she wip'd.

Now Amnon to his Royal Couch repair'd,
Calling foft Sleep; but foft'ning Sleep refus'd
His kindest call, he tosses Discompos'd,
And in his Slumbers, Oh my Hamar! cry's.
Gay Morn returns, and sows the Plains with Pearl,
Yet ne're returns his Peace: The Shades he seeks
Where Shepherds tune their Pipes; and silent roves
With folded Arms along the silver Streams.

At length, he found 'twas Love, resistless Love, And started at the Thought: A thousand Ways He strove to Wave her Image from his Mind, As frequent it return'd. He slys to Sports, To Sports fair *Hamar* follows: In the Wars He trys to lose the Thought to Wars pursues; Her Picture with his Heart. 'Alas! he cry'd,

- Where does my Fancy bend? fhall I perform
- 'The fable Crime? -- No, first transfix me, Heav'n,
- ' With hottest Bolts! Shall I disgrace my Sire?
- Dye, Amnon, dye! Shall I affront the Maid

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Alone I Love? She's kind and will forgive;

Her Nature's foft and gentle; Ah, my Soul,

Beware! where driv'st thou Unawares! Oh Heav'n,

Were she less beauteous form'd, or I more blind!

Oh, that she were in distant Regions born,

That I might rove, and at my Journey's End,

Throw round her lovely Neck mine eager Arms,

And guiltless rest me weary'd on her Breast!

Oh Ecstafie of Blis! Supportless Joy!

But she's my Sister; not a Wretch that breaths

But's happier than I; for he may hope.

She is my Sifter; Hum! Oh happy Brutes!

You mingle as by Nature lead! And why,

Why should her nearness place her more remote?

Direct me, facred Pow'rs! The World will blame.

It shall be done. She must, or Death, be mine.

Thus Amnon in a folitary Grove

Walk'd pensive, rack'd with Love and guilty Flames.

The Youth then feign'd Distempers, on his Couch Reposing sickly Limbs. Let Hamar tend

My Body indispos'd, he crafty said.

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The Maid Administers with tendrest Care,
And wakes the Power of Herbs, but Herbs alass
Resign their Pow'r in Love. One silent Night
When all the House in silken Arms of Sleep
Were loose dissolv'd, save her alone whose Heart
Could restless Amnon ease; When Quiet spread
Her Plumes o're all, The Maiden to his Bed
Addrest her rich Confections; then to eat
Requested, and concern'd enquir'd his Health.
Then thus the subtle Prince: 'Come near my Child,

- Why pant those little Breasts with soft Concern?
- · Fear'st thou thy Brother's Life? Alass, my Love,
- ' My Mind much more than Body's ill at ease,
- And thou the Cause of both. -- Why weep'st thou
- Thou canst as easily cure as cause my Pain.
- These lilly Arms, those rosy Cheeks, and Eyes
- 'That glitter like the Gem, were form'd for Love'
- Will't thou not guess my Meaning? There are Joys
- Mortals were made to taste. Why start you off,
- Fear you my touch? Forbear to rend thy Velt
- By wrapping it so close! One harmless Kiss,

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Or you shall ne're depart. -- Thus Amnon mov'd To Act nefarious. He at length the Deed Bestial perform'd, where Nature crys, 'Tis black!

But Absalom's Resentment boiling rose,
At Hamar little Innocent desil'd
In Way so barb'rous. To a splendid Feast
Beld Amnon he invites; nectareous Wines
Sparkled alacrious, and luxuriate Meats
The batt'ning Hero's pamper'd Amnon loos'd
His Soul to Bliss, and Pleasure in his Eye
Rowl'd jocund; round he drove the jovial Mirth:
When hidden Russians fally, and Assault
The thoughtless Prince; down welt'ring in his Blood
He drops, and gasps his Spirit. All the Sons
Of David sled and fear'd an equal Fate.

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Then mourn'dthe King, his little Daughter stain'd, Abfalom sted, and Amnon drench'd in Gore.

The melancholy Shades he haunted, Scenes
That cherish stable Musing, where the Voice

Of black Nightraven on the Fate of Man

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Calls ominous. Grim Sorrow to repulse, The Monarch wakes Diversions, Tabret, Harp, And Dulcimer enliven ev'ry Hour, Augmenting facred Mirth. But what Delights Can David miss? a spacious Realm obeys His regal Nod; Unnumber'd Females grace Splendid Seraglio; Legions wide diffuse His growing Fame o're Earth. His Palace high Each neighb'ring King's furpass'd; the gorgeous Topaz and Jasper blaz'd, out-glist'ring Gold.

Once on a Time upon the Airy Leads He folitary walk'd, to taste the Breath Of rofy Zephyrs that perfume the Sky. 'Twas when the touring Sun from pompous Height Sick'ning declines and guilds the sprinkled Dew With beauteous Paint; when Philomela bays In Shades, renewing levely Plaint; when Swains Soft by their Lambs up-pent display their Limbs On flowery Turf, and gentle Chat begin, Or Tune their Pipes agreeable to Air, Idispreads. That breathing Whispers Sighs and Sweets

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'Twas at this filent Hour that David high Ascended pompous Palace. By the Ray Of Glim'ring Twylight he defcry'd a Nymph Of lovely Features bathing. Joy'd he gaz'd Over her Snowy Limbs, her Limbs like Snow Dishevel'd Locks conceal'd, that graceful flow'd, Bright Ornament. The Monarch long his Eye Strove to avert; the more he would forbear, The more he wish'd to gaze. A soft'ning warmth Thrill'd to his Heart, and in his Blood a new And rifing Pleafure danc'd. He fcorn'd to yield To Love, but Love's resistless. For the Nymph He fends the Royal Herald, and enjoys The blissful Pleasance of her Beauty's Pride.

But high Febovah on the guilty King Rain'd Wrath avengeful from th' etherial Sky. Joab, intrepid Hero, to the Walls Of Rabbab fierce approach'd. His fatal Sword Blazon'd Refentment, from his Shield he shook Terrour and Fate around. 'Advance, he cry'd, Prostrate these idle Walls, your Fame augment,

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' Exalt the Name of Salem's King! the Chiefs Ammonian fee your loit'ring Steps. Review ' Your Vict'rys past, support the Dread that still Attends your rapid Course. Remember, Death With Glory's better than a Life difgrac'd. Undaunted Foab spoke. To Rabbah's Walls All rush resistless; fire upon their Arms Bearing, and Death difperfing. Courfers proud Neigh'd for the fight, and with intrepid Stamp Shook wide the Plains of Blood. The Warriours fcal'd The Walls fublime, on Danger stamp'd, and rush'd Where Tumult hottest reign'd. Huge brands of Fire Flew flaming from the Walls, and scorch'd the Winds, Horrible Prospect. Loud th' Ammonians roar'd, Shouted, encourag'd, curs'd, defy'd, while pour'd From high vast Fragments of destructive Rocks, Dashing th' Opponents subject. They contemn The Show'ring Havock, and with Rush too rash Out-brave the Black Destruction; 'till the Plain Arose with mangled Israelites, and Blood Rowl'd to the Vales in Currents; Slaughter stalk'd High-vaunting, and with stride enormous wide Tour'd B

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Tour'd o're the gorey Field, that 'neath his Stretch Lay subject. Then the Gen'ral from his Crest Of Expectation sunk. For Thousands groan, Ten thousands gasp in Death, the Prime of Youth And Flow'r of all the War. Appall'd the Chief Survey'd his Error satal, and surpriz'd Trembled at thoughts of David's stern Revenge.

But Joah's Herald to the Monarch thus
His Ambassy deliver'd, 'Scorning Death,
'Too near the Battlements we rapid rush'd,
'And lost the Field unlawrell'd. Thousands rue
'Our eager Courage on the dusty Plain
'Gasping; but Bathsheha's devoted Spouse
'Uriah too is slain and lyes in Blood.
This the King's Rage dissolv'd; to mildest Toughts
He melted, Love usurp'd the Seat of War,
And Bathsheha in all her Charms array'd
Stands Figur'd on his Heart, he seems to feel
Her pleasing Voice, and taste her spicy Breath,
Tho' absent; her engaging Shape possest
His Soul, and still her Kisses on his Lips

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The L AS T-D A T. Book III.

Dwelt nectrous. For the lovely Fair he fent; She had his Heart and should divide his Crown.

In beauteous anguish the Distrest appears,
Joy'd she accepts the Favour, yet her Tears
Commixt with Joy, and down her rosy Cheeks
The melting Sorrow trickled; Grief and Bliss
Thrilthro' her Veins at once and heave her Breast,

But was Man form'd for Ease luxurious? Heav'n
Beheld and disapprov'd. This added Crime
Rouses th' Almighty's Arm, and David stands
The Mark of Vengeance. The belov'd Effects
Of Lust unfacred to th' Eternal's Wrath
A Victim falls, and rives the Parent's Breast.
The King forbears to eat, forgets to Sleep,
Dull is the Day, and tedious rowls the Night,
No Pleasance have the Groves, the chearful Voice
Of Birds no more can sooth; Life grows a Load,
And he's uneasy at the golden Sun.

Yet more disastrous stroaks remain; his Boy, Loveliest of every Boy, convenes the Force Of

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Of Juda, and on fable Plots intent
Wake's black Rebellion, On the Throne his Sire
Refolv'd to shake or dye. The King alarm'd
At Abfalom's intrepid Brav'ry starts,
Summon's the Chiefs and turgid War excites.

Fair was young Abfalom with comely Grace, And Pride of springy Bloom; thro' all the Earth None equall'd him in Beauty and his Locks Lustrous his Beauty heighten'd. In his Shape High Heav'n it's Art display'd and in the Mould Of Cherubs form'd him: Nature proud might cry I made the Youth! The Hearts of Israel felt His wining Accents, and his silver Smiles Drew'em from David: Multitudes compose At Hebron pow'rful Legions and defye Great Salem's King. Now dauntless both prepare Their bright Battalions for intrepid War.

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Yet David fought reluctant, dear he lov'd His Absalom, more dear than prosp'rous Life. To win the Field is Woe to lose is Grief. Proceed, he cry'd, my Warriours; yet the Youth, Hurt not the gentle Youth, for David's sake,

" Whose

- . Whose Life is wrap'd in his; who harms my Foe,
- This Bosom pierces; true, he is my Foe,
- ' Yet still he is my Son. Deal gently then;
- ' Conquer him, but, ah, kill him not! his Life
- ' Is dearer to me than ten thousand Crowns.

 The Monarch spoke. To th' Plains the Warriours

And Ephraim Forest is the Scene of Blood.

Now rose the Battle, and in burning Plumes
Array'd sprung Slaughter: Clarions bray, and
Roar thro'the broken Sky; Helms meet with Helms,
And Shields on Jav'lins clash: From Chariots high
Hero's are prostrate hurl'd, and tear the Ground
In Ecstasie of Ire: Fierce Coursers toss
Their Fronts aloof, and trample into Dust
Champions display'd. Stout Foab, swoln with Rage,
Leap'd from his gorgeous Carr, and with his Sword
Tempested wide the Plain: From place to place,
Like Whirlwind rude he rush'd, and where he rush'd
Bore Havock and Consuson. Squadrons selt
His Fury Lyon-like, and sled aghast
The sweep Destructive of his pondrous Steel.

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As when the Regal Beast among a Herd
Of lofty Oxen drives, his Hunger tares
This to the Ground, that flying grasps, a Third
Throat's fatal; scarce he instant feed forbears,
Yet less can bear that any should escape:
The slaughter'd Bulls roar horrible, the Foam
Up-toss, and lash with mighty Tail their Limbs,
And scow'r across the Plain: The Conqueror hurls
Their mighty Bulks to Earth, that shake the Plain.
They belch huge Floods of Gore from parchen
Strike on the Marl, and bellow out their Lives.
So Joab labour'd lest a Soul should scape
His murd'rous Blade. Huge bloody Drops of Sweat
Trckled fast down his Limbs upon the Glebe.

Absalom's General, bold Amasa, drove
With no less Slaughter: Deep his Arms in Red
Were stain'd, and cruel Dints upon his Shield
Sunk honourable. On a Courser proud
He rode revengeful; o're the heated Bands
Rowling his blood-shot Eye; his Arms aloof
Tost Thunders. Strait, behold! he meets the Face

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Of Foab drench'd in Gore, as thro' the Foe He fwung his mighty Jav'lin; Quick he leaps As Light'ning from his Chariot and accosts The Gen'ral: Joab stop'd his eager Rush, Surveying fierce Amasa, from his Eyes Fiery Resentment shot. Like mighty Seas (The Isthmus broke) they met: Enfuriate Rage Sparkled in Fire from clashing Helms; their shields Yield to the whirlwind Stroaks, and to their Stamp The shaking Earth recedes. Amasa's Sword Great Foab's Breast-plate split, whence flowing Issu'd in Currents, but the torrid Chief Contemns the Wound, and with a bolder Rage Reeling Amasa Smote, and from his Front The lofty Crest broke fierce, displaying bright His Face and all the Frowns. But Foab's Sword Redoubling Blows, in thousand Fragments snap'd Wide-flying. When Amasa saw the Chance, His Jav'lin he rejected: Hand to Hand, And Breast to Breast they joyn: Amasa seiz'd Superiour Foab's Throat, and to the Ground Shaking, hurl'd proftrate the egregious Lord, Curling

Book III. The LAST-DAY. 127

Cursing his squallid Fate, to human Arm So sunk inferiour. But Battallions sprung To th' Gen'ral's Aid, and from the Jaws of Death Snatch'd. Joab rose with warmer Wrath. The Men From brave Amasa sunk, and in the Wood Their Fears conceal'd. But Joab's Squadrons chase And stain the Trees with Blood, the Trees distain'd Crack with the sierce Pursuit, and hold from Flight Absalom's Warriours in the Hour of Fate.

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The beauteous Prince from Slaughter rode, yet In view of Foes to ride; among the Boughs Shrowding he urg'd his Steed; when cruel chance! His Silver Locks fast fluttering in the Air, Catch'd on an Oak; between the Sky and Earth Hung helples Absalom. Him Foab saw, and with a Dart transfixt his bleeding Heart.

Mean time the Hostile Father at his Gate expectant sate, and from afar descry'd breathless Herald, 'Is the young Man safe, Mine Absalom, he said? Anon approach'd second Messenger and panting brought

Tidings

Tidings of Joy. 'How fares it, (David cry'd)

With the young Man? is Absalom in Peace?

The Herald told his Fate. The Monarch's Heart Then paly Grief oppress'd, his Sick'ning Joynts Loosen to tremblings, from his Cheeks the Blush Fades. To his still Apartment he retires, Nor speaks his Ail: But softly to himself,

- ' Oh Absalom! my Son, why forc'd you me
- · To flay mine only Joy? would I had fall'n
- ' Thy dearest Life to save! He curs'd his Sire,
- When cruel Joab strook: That I'd been there,
- Sure in mine Arms I would have catch'd my Boy,
- ' And Inatch'd from Joab's Blow! why fent I Force
- So flout? my Son was tender, nor could cope
- With stubborn Joab's Arms. Oh! could I see
- ' His Face once more, and hold him to my Breaft
- ' He only wish'd to Rule, alas poor Youth,
- Was that so bad a Wish! But now all-pale
- ' He lyes among the Slain. Oh, Absalom!
- ' My Son, my Son! Would I for thee had dy'd
- Oh Absalom, my Son! Thus griev'd, withdren

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Book III. The LAST-DAY. 129

Yet Solomon, to chear his Age, remain'd, Not less belov'd. The Monarch to the Throne Destin'd the Sage-like Youth. Then Salem rose Swelling with fairest Pride. His reign was Peace, And Plenty smil'd around. The Silver lay, Contemn'd like Pebbles, and Ophirian Gold Shone Regal thro' the Realm. Then Sheba's Queen Presenting Cinnamon and Casian Spice, And all the Fragrance that the Orient breathes, To Solomon address'd her Beauties; wide His honour blaz'd; the Curious Empress rov'd His Voice to hear, she heard his Voice and blest. Thus swell'd Ferusalem to th' noblest Pitch Of splendid Glory. Monarchs on her Pomp Gaz'd, Princes wonder'd: Tow'rs of Fasper rose, Unnumber'd Gates of Gold their blushing Pride Thrust to the Clouds: Jehovah's Temple rose High eminent, superiour, and out-brav'd The Domes of State less gorgeous. But the stain Of fable Crimes foon blacken'd all the Pomp, Deaden'd the Glory and the Charms effac'd.

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130 The LAST-DAY. Book III,

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Nebuchadnezzar, with his Cohorts fierce
Advances, and with nervous Pow'r the Walls
Shakes dreadful. Now the lofty Turrets fade
Their blooming Grandeur; Temples, Domes fublime
Tremble with all their Pride, and shake the Earth.

Israel's brave Offspring from their noble Hearts
Sicken, and stoop the Crest; no more they gaze
Undaunted, but to Babylonian Walls
Walk captive. Hanging Heads declare their Shame

A little Boy there was, fed every Day
From royal Table. As his Years encreas'd,
His Wisdom ripen'd; for Jehovah steer'd
His virtuous Steps, and shaded him from Harms
The Stripling on a time was cast a Prey
To hungry Lyons: Fair he was as Flow'r,
And blush'd with rosy Sweetness; Innocence
And Pleasance in his Aspect danc'd: Yet Tears
Down on his Bosom trittled, as he saw
The surly Lyons, and their satal Roars
Heard dire. But why should Innocence have fear

Book III. The LAST-DAY. 131

The Lyons at his fight to mildest Terms
Melted Innocuous, all their Rage dissolv'd
And soften'd into Love: With friendly Paws
They stroak him gentle, and upon his Knee
Repose their easy Heads. He dreadless now
Feels'em delighted, views their mighty Fangs,
And Teeth of burnish'd Marble. Pleas'd, the King
Sees Daniel safe, and Daniel's God adores.

Then to the Regal Beasts the Favirite's Foes
Are all expos'd; the Lyons sierce distort
Their shatter'd Limbs, and in their Jaws the Bones
Cronch; the revengeful Beasts insatiate rowl
Their Bloodshot Eyes, each Mouth distain'd with

Now to high Splendour and egregious Pomp Heav'ns Fav'rite grows. He sways the golden Scales Of beauteous Equity: He dryes the Tears Of Orphans, and the Widow from the Gripe Of proud Oppression skreens. Susannah's Fate He ballanc'd, and from wrongful Period snatch'd. Soft was Susannah with engaging Grace, Her Soul all-spotless as her Person fair;

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132 The LAST-DAY. Book III,

A modest Smile fate lovely on her Lips, And gentle Innocence her eafy Looks Soften'd to fweet Composure. At the Hour When Lambkins lick the Dew, and Flowerets ope Their bloomy Lips to feel the Zephyr's Breath, The Lady to a fecret Grove umbrofe Retir'd, to bathe in Evening Impid Stream Her Features fnowy fair. Upon the Grass The fits, her bosom opes, and to the Touch)f gentle Ereeze exposes all her Charms. ler naked Beauties radiant to observe wo Senators skulk'd crafty in the Leaves, y Boughs conceal'd: O're all her Features stray heir raptrous Eyes, and feed upon the Sight. These antiquated Sinners from the Shade eap furious, and in eager Arms the Prey atch ardent. Trembling with indecent Age, nd fault'ring in their Speech, her Love they beg, equire, Demand; 'Yield!inftant yield, they cry, Or Deaths your Fate! nay more, your Honour We'll blast you as for Lewdness. -- But no cause For Threats like thefe, I guess; your love alone,

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An eafy boon we beg; 'twill pleafure us, Nor injure you. These Charms, calestial bright, Should bless the World, and Kings should here This Beauty ne're for one dull Man was made. The frighted Fair-One heard, chill fweats her Invaded, from her Eyes the Lustres flee, Her fading Lips their bloomy Pride for fake, And Sick'ning Roses dye from off her Cheeks. Oh cruel Fate, she said; more cruel Men! That I must lose my God, or leave my Life. But I will dye e're Sin! be gone, accufe Mine Innocence! But know, when dead, my Shade Shall haunt your guilty Steps and every Night Shake the black Curtains. --- But my Fame, ye fay --- Ah gentle Sirs, if any pity rests, Forbear my Reputation, and my Life Take free. Ah hapless Woman! I am ty'd beg, Between two Rocks, --- Yet, blast my spotless cry, To God I'll leave it, if he holds it good ur aufe To fave my Fame; my Fame will fure be fafe; one, If not, 'tis fit it fall. The Fair-One spoke.

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The Senators enrag'd retire, and stain Susama's Fame. The Innocent's arraign'd, Sentenc'd, and led to Death. With lovely Grief All-meek she walk'd, while all the way her Tear, Trittled apace; the Rabble flout and fcorn Her feeming shew of Virtue. All her Friends Is this Sufannah fay? And shake their Heads At Vice pretending Pureness. Low she hung The bashful Head, and on the Ground her Eyes Fixt pensive desolate. Then Daniel rose, By Heav'n inspir'd, and with a subtle Bait The hoary Letchers fnar'd. Their Trick appears, And all their Lust stand's naked. Now with Shouts Susanna's Friends arose, each Brother bless'd Her rescu'd Fame, her Consort sprung with Joy.

The weeping Innocent to fatal Stroak.

That instant was submitting; when, the News
Blissful arrives; her joy'd Relations slock
Congratulating; Neighbours bless the hand
Of Providence Supream, and Daniel's Voice.

The Senators Susama's place supply, Are drag'd to Fate, and gasp their guilty Souls.

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Book III. The LAST-DAY. 135

Thus mov'd th' Affairs at Babylon. In fine Freedom th' Hebraans win, and with t' Voice Of Timbrel, Harp, and Dulcimer return, While Hallelujah's eccho to the Skies

High over Salem's Tow'rets rofy Peace Her golden Wing displays, and all her Charms Bright'ning afresh exposes; from her Cup Dispersing Plenty and reviving Arts. Prosperity uprais'd her Silver Front, But Luxury attended. None regard Th' Almighty's Service, but in melting Ease Bathe indolent: The Mitred Brow to Eafe And Sloth inglorious foftens, Couches groan With sacred weight oppress'd of batt'ning Priests.

Then gaz'd from Windows of th' Etherial Roof Omnipotent Jehovah. Wide his Frowns Obscur'd the Ether. 'Gainst the lofty Walls Of Hierusalem he sent the Force Of stern Antiochus. He prostrate hurls The golden Structures, stains the Holy-Seats,

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Wide-scatt'ring Havock. Thousands groan in Death, And smiling Babes are drench'd in fatal Gore.

Then funk the Pride of Salem; all her force Sicken'd defective, and her Beauty slept, Fading its splendid Pomp. Where Princes loll'd, The Panthers gendred, and the Tigers howl'd.

At length dread Elohim's fable Frowns dissolv'd, Melting to balmy Pity. To the Aid Of fallen Israel Mattathias rose, His Arm distain'd with Blood, and on his Spear Rode Slaughter dreadless. He the Ethnick Pow'r Smote. Haughty Lysias from his vengeful Sword Fled bellowing rapid thro' the Glooms of Night.

Next Maccabeus rul'd, and rush'd to War Intrepid. He with mangled Foes the Plains Mountain'd horrendous, and the Streams with Blood Bad slow distain'd: Before his March he rowl'd Destruction: Deep his batter'd Helmet sunk With glorious Dints, and from his eager Eyes Essantial
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Book III. The LAST-DAY. 137

A num'rous Race of Monarchs rising grac'd
The Hero's bright Succession, and adorn'd
The gorgeous Throne of Salem: Fair it rose
With bloom of lively Pomp: Again the Gold
Blush'd, and each Structure smil'd with orient Gems.

When Virtue foft her amiable Face
Display'd, th' Almighty (thro' this Tract of Years)
Engaging Favours showr'd. When sable Vice
With guilded Charms prevail'd, and wide dispers'd
Her pleasing Poisons, Elohim from the Skies
Rain'd siery Wrath, and black Destruction hurl'd,
What Deity so dread? what God so mild?

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End of the Third Book.



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LAST-DAY.

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

Elijah's Oration to the Heathens concluded, He springs into the Air upon a golden Whirlwind, and rides towards Hierusalem, alighting on the beautiful Top of Olivet. Catholicks and Mahometans compose a numerous Audience; the Prophet directs the former to the purest Christianity, and perswades the latter that Messiah must be God, by a recital of the Manner of his Birth and his most remarkable Miracles. The Magi address to Christ. Herod's Slaughter of the Babes. The Devils expell'd from the Bodys of two Lunaticks. Water glows at the Voice of God, and ripens into Wine. The Waves of Ocean compose their Rage, and Sustain the Majestick stride of Messiah

The ARGUMENT.

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Messiah like a crystal Floor. Young Tabitha awakes from Death. The Jews, enrag'd, apprebend Christ, and nail bim in the Air with Tenterbooks: The Sun turns to Blood and bides it's Face in Clouds, Earth trembles, and Ghosts burst 'ope the Jaws of Death. An Angel array'd in Silver Lightning guards Messiah's Tomb. Christ (being risen) ascends into the Air, where Angels chant and Phantoms Sport, attaining Heaven. The Holy-Ghost descends: Annanias and Sapphira, lying to bim, sink down in Death. Stephanus broken to pieces with Stones, is meek as a Lamb. A dazling Splendour affaults Paul, and a Light converts him. He is lash'd, imprison'd, appeals to Cæsar; his Voyage to Rome; the Tempest; they ride to Shore on Planks and Masts. Earth's Angel complains to God of the Jewish Cruelty. Jehovah causes Vespasian to besiege Jerusalem; Vespasian's Speech before the Walls: The City is thrown down, and the Jews disabled from crushing the Christians: But the Heathers torment 'em. The Bravery of Some Martyrs: Luther opposed Europe, and grasp'd at Heaven. In Albion, Cranmer espous'd the purest Faith. even to the Flames. In Gaul, Noailles neglected the Splendours of the Purple Robe, preferring Heaven before Honours; Till be adorn'd his Country with the pure Religion. The World being converted by Elijah's Oration, Virtue appears in all ber Lustre; the Heathens allow the true God, and the Mahometans throw their Imposfor from his Seat of Grandeur. Thus

Book IV. The LAST-DAY. 141

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Tongue HUS filver Accents melted from the Of fweet Elijab, and each fost'ning Heart Sooth'd into Faith. The Libyan Hero's own'd Jebovah Thunder-cloath'd; each Prince admir'd Such Potence mollify'd with tend'rest Love. The Herald then around his golden Feet A Whirlwind girt, and fprang into the Air, Where Phantoms glist'ring Sport. The Libyan Soil He leaves, and thro' the guilded space sublime Wafted, directs his Course to fertil Nile, And Erythraan Shores; where Beds of Spice Arabian o're the nectrous Liquid breathe Their Sweets profuse. These myrrhy Groves serene. And Orange Shades, Elijah passes swift, Wining the Wilderness, where Mounts of Sand Rife circling fatal sportive in the Winds, th. O'rewhelming Caravans. Then Syria's Fields, Eted Where Flowerets bloom, and vagrant Bees the Dew ring Ambrofial fip, he faw: The tender Fawns 1111con-Wander'd the rofy Thickets, on the Hills n all The lively Roes expatiating in Sport God,

Leapt

Leapt jocund at the Birth of Day, and bask'd Their decent Features in the Shades of Morn.

Anon, the Seer remote descrys the Walls Lofty of Hierusalem, whose Gates Blazon'd with golden Fulgence; while the Tow'rs Aerial to the vap'ry Clouds arofe. The Prophet the Resplendent Pomp admires, Not less magnificent than when the Seed Of Israel proud possest; upon the Domes Of Marble huge he gaz'd, the spacious Mosques Eccho'd with vast Capacity; and high Each gorgeous Structure bright out-brav'd the Day. There is a rising Hillock, fair to view, Array'd in lovely Colours, where the Flowers Unbosom foft their Sweets, and to the Eye Engaging Hues reveal: Meridian Ray No Bloom by Day abuses, nor by Night The fickly Blaft; for on the fragrant Top A Grove of Olives bow'ring rifes, thence Stil'd Olivet; The Zephyr'd Leaves serene Drop with auspicious Balm, and Honey stills,

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Book IV. The LAST-DAT. 143

With Gums celestial blended: Here the Rain Converts to Nectar, and the Mattin Wet Blushes with Gold, and ripens into Pearl.

Elijab on this Hill alights. The World Owns the Etherial Harbinger, and haftes With eager Wing from rough Orontes Flood, And Ganges, beauteous Stream, whose fertil Banks Produce the Weed by Ladys lov'd. Remote, From China Millions flock'd, where temper'd Dust Smiles, liv'ning 'neath the Artist's Hand to Shapes Curvate; then wakes to Beauty, fair distain'd; Here Azure spreads, there Gold in rifing Streaks Blushes: Thus purify'd, the Virgin's Lips Oft the Clay Kisses, and the lovely Hand More lovely shows extended: Lucent Nymphs Gay circling round the glitterant Concaves shine. Chinensians hence conven'd. From Scythian Climes More squalid rov'd the Natives, from the Hills Of barb'rous Snow, and where the Rocks of Ice Glisser in horrid Pomp array'd, and loud Eccho with Roarings of the Lyon torn

Vith

With pungent Hunger, and the howl of Wolves. On the Hills fighting, welt'ring in their Blood.

When from all Quarters of the vast Globose
Conven'd attentious Pupils; Ethnicks proud,
Relentless Hebrews, and the losty Sons
Of huge Bizance, Elijah in a Vest
Of silver Lightning deckt his radiant Limbs,
And crown'd himself with Splendours. All surprized,
Hung on his Voice, and catch'd the golden Sounds

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Ye Friends of Sin, supporters of the Reign Of Satan, hear! for whom th' Almighty Pow'r Messiah from his glorious Bosom sent, But sent in vain, attend! Oh Israel's Seed, Drop your wild Aims, and to the Godlike Truth Soften! Let Mah'met from his gorgeous Pride Fade despicable! Thou, O mighty Jove, Tumble from high Olympus, and the Praise Augment of blest Messiah glory-crown'd.

Devoid of Bestial Lust a Virgin pure Conceiv'd, as if a Cherubim should take

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Book IV. The LAST-DAT 145

A Soul wild flutt'ring in the Air (for Souls Rove immature till th' Infant-Life awakes) And foft into th' untainted Virgin-Womb (As Angels can) infuse the genial Warmth.

So was Messiah born; for Courts a House Of Hospitality, for Thrones a Stall.

No golden Grandeur aided, nor the Pomp A King might Claim. Yet wandring from the East The Magi came obeisant, and produc'd Presents of Myrrh and Aloes. 'Where's the Babe,

- 'The godlike Babe, they cry'd, whose radiant Light
- 'O're Earth will shine effulgent, and eclipse
- 'The Oracle fallacious. Venus fall
- 'From spicy Mount Idalian! Thou

th

- Resign thy martial Seat! Diana, leave
- 'Thy gorgeous Fane that pompous gazes round
- " O're Ephesus sublime! on every Sun
- 'This Babe a Cloud shall draw. His lucid Star
- 'We in the Orient Climes observ'd and chac'd,
- 'Till here it led us to adore it's God.

Thus spoke they, from their Treasuries the Shells
Of Silver Lustre taking, concave Shapes

Of

146 The LAST-DAY. Book IV. Of Gold Ophirian, Pride that crowns the East.

But Herod (o're Judean Realm Supream)
Felt fable Envy in his Breaft arife
Chafing tormentive. 'Am I King, he cry'd,

- ' And shall I tolerate a Regal Pow'r
- ' In my Domains to flourish? fnatch the Spear,
- ' The Sword relentless grasp, to Betblebem rush
- ' Impetuous; hack, burn, torture every Babe
- ' Born in the Circuit; none escape! the Tears
- Of Parents fcorn, let Mothers cry in vain,
- 'And Babesraise helples Hands. Shall I be mock'd,
- 'I who can't gaze but gaze on what's mine own!
 The Monarch to and fro', full-fwohn with Rage,

Walk'd furiate; in his Looks the Thunder low'rd,

And fatal Vengeance in his Bosom beat.

Now crested Warriours, wrap'd in Steel, the Peaceful ope-burst, and fill with Howls and Shricks Each Family; the frantick Mothers see—
The Bowels of their harmless Infants torn;
The Arms from this are hack'd, from that the Legs-Here lies a headless Babe, and smiles in Death;

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Book IV. The LAST-DAT. 147

There one i'th Cradle sleeping's gored with Spears:
The Matron in her Arms her tender Care
Catches and flys, the Soldier Sword in Hand
Pursues avengeful, and i'th' Mother's Arms
The gentle Infant pierces, to her Breast
She grasps her dying Darling, and with Blood
Stain'd welt'ring faints, and sinks upon the Floor.

From place to place the favage Ruffians rush, Dispersing Slaughtrous Havock, and out-dash The Brains of Millions; with distracted Yells The Air was rent; no House but wild with Grief Utter'd it's Ejulations and accus'd The bloody Tyrant cloath'd in cruel Pow'r.

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Mean time the godlike Child to Egypt's Soil Fled; till the Monarch to the Realms below Sunk summon'd by the solemn Voice of Fate.

When to Judea's Region he return'd,
He bleft the World. The Lame alacrious felt
Their Sinews mollify, their Pains disfolve,
And their weak Nerves gin harden into Use.
Relentless Dusk no longer shrowds the Blind,

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But quick'ning Light awakens in their Eyes,
The Balls rowl round and catch the Day furpriz'd.
The Deaf perceive the hollow Murmurs pierce
The cavern'd Ear, and ripen into Sounds.
Exulting Acclamations fill the Sky
And Hallelujahs rife. Meffiah rides
To splendid Salem; Millions flock to gaze,
Augmenting Praise: Before his Path they strew
The Myrtle Branches, vernal Grotto's Pride.

Anon, Two torn with Evil-Spirits, sprung
Forth from the Tombs nocturnal; sierce they roar'd,
Dread of affrighted Passengers: No Man
So Stout to stem their Fury, deviate all
Avoid the haunted Road. Messiah spy'd
The sierce Posses, and Pity in his Breast
Thrill'd soft'ning; the revengeful Furies wrath'd
Cry on Jehovah's Son, and to posses
The neighb'ring Swine entreat: Now horrid Pangs
Convulsive shake the Mortals, from within
The Damons bellow, tort'rous Twines divert
Their Bodys writhing; when behold the Fiends

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Book IV. The LAST-DAY.

The Mortals leave, and to the frantick Swine Retire destructive: Down th' impending Rock Rapid they rush, and drive into the Main.

Then the Salvator, to repulse Fatigue, An Entertainment grac'd. The fick'ning Wine Faded from it's delicious Flavour pure. Aquarious Urns supply the Liquid's Place: Yet no more Water when Meffiah spoke: The blooming Tafte foft darted thro' the Flood Awak'ning Pleafance, o're the furface fmooth Wander'd the Crimfon, and it's Blushes spread.

Messiab's Pupils praise his glorious Pow'r, Admiring each celestial Enterprize. Petrus upon the Galilaan Main His Fame illustrated; when lo, appears The Saviour distant; o're the curling Waves angs le walk'd Majestick, 'neath his godlike Feet Ocean feren'd it's Fury, and the Surge often'd to mildest Aspect; fast he trod he glaffie Bosom like a filver Floor.

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Dread Logos call'd his Pupil: o're the Waves
The Mortal Walks; but rifing Billows fret,
And tofs his Steps; Leviathan alarm'd
The Ocean fwelling; on the Pupil rife
Huge Floods; the Mortal crys, the God preferves.

Strait to the Synagogue the Ruler fetch'd The Saviour: Near the Pride of vernal Life And blooming Beauty was his Daughter nip'd. On a rich Couch lay Tabitha display'd, Smiling in Death, the Relicks of her Charms Shone visible, but from her paly Looks The Roses wither'd, and the Gems were dead. Heav'n's high Physician by the faded Hand The Damfel took, and, Tabitha arise! Exclaim'd; Strait, Vigour thrilling thro' her Limbs Warm'd her to Life; the frozen Blood awoke Soft visiting her Heart; a rising Blush Liv'd on her Cheeks, and on her Lips rebloom'd The beauteous Rubies: Now no more forget Her Eyes to sparkle, or her Breasts to heave.

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Book IV. The LAST-DAY. 151

Thus the God-Man dispers'd his favours round,
And Life and Peace attended on his Steps.
Admiring Earth his Touch falubrious blest,
And Realms remote Imperial Heads dismist
To Hail his fair Success and Pow'r divine.

Yet Israel's Offspring stubborn scorn'd their God. With Pharisaic pride they rear'd the Head,
And cry'd, 'This Man blasphemes! betray your 'Iscariot; see, the glittering Silver shines,
'Gen'rous Gratuity. Th' Apostate view'd
The smiling Bait, then trembled at the Deed,
Then view'd again; that instant Sathan leapt
Into the beauteous Dross, and rais'd it's Charms
To Lustre most engaging. Judas owns
The sweet allurement, touches, and the touch
Warmshim to Wishes: Eagerly he grasps
The smiling Mischief, and the Contract signs.

'Twas at the Hour when fable Night arrays
The Hemisphere in Horrours, and the Fowl
Of Fate exclaiming frights the Soul of Man,
That the Messiah to a Scene retir'd
Walk'd solitary: There to th' God of Heav'n

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He rais'd his human Soul; huge Drops of Sweat, Blended with Blood, down trittled from his Face, Mov'd agonizing. In the Arms of Sloath Mean time the Pupils funk, for Nature's Force Soften'd to Indolence. The Saviour rous'd Their drooping Spirits. When (tremendous Fate!) A Legion arm'd appears, the Clash of Helms Sounding thro' Shades of Night; with rapid Rush They seize the great Salvator, and to Death Drag ignominious: From his tender Cheeks The Hair is painful torn, with Scourges huge They surrow up his Flesh, while down his Back Trittles the Blood; yet Patient, as the Lamb Resigns it's gentle Life, he brave sustain'd His Fate inglorious, nor allow'd a Groan.

Fast by a Rock sinks gloomy from the Light A Vale, with Yews and Cypress shrowded black, Where chearful Ray forgets to dart, and Night Sits, by her side deep sighs the clouded Spleen. Hither they drag their Saviour, and aloof Nail him with mighty Hooks: His feet were torn

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And in each Hand the cloven Sinews burst: Thrice to his God he bow'd, thrice cry'd and pure His Spirit to th' etherial Mansions breath'd. The Sun that moment turn'd to finoak, and hid His head in Clouds, o're all the Realm a Gloom Inducing fatal; Mountains clove profound, The Temple's Veil a chasmy Breach disclos'd. Horrible Portent! Earth convulsive shook. Op'ning the Jaws of Death, that sheeted Ghosts Might rove the trembling Earth, and Regions fright.

Thus fell th' Almighty's Equal. In a Tomb Of purest Marble were his Limbs depos'd, And Warriours watch'd around. But dawning Life Soon bloom'd afresh, and warm'd the quick'ning Jehovah's Angel, beauteous Shade, emblush'd With waking Splendours, from the guilded Clouds Descended, while an Earthquake heav'd the Marl: Off from the Sepulcher's capacious Mouth The pondrous Stone he rowl'd, the lofty Seat Usurping: Bright his Vest effulgent shone, His Aspect glow'd more radiant than the Blaze torn And

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That calls the Thunder on. 'Messiah's Soul Is wing'd, he cry'd, on Galilaan Soil Enquire your King, and hear his godlike Voice.

There the Messiah show'd his lustrous Face,
Dispersing radiant Glories; thence arose
High to th' Etherial Regions: Circling soft
A Breeze embrac'd his Feet, and into Air
Rais'd gentle; with expanding Arms they View
Th' aerial Charioteer from chacing Eye
Fade less'ning: He, where vap'ry Rainbows glow,
And Guild of Clouds fair blushes, wasted Steers
Amidst the sportive Phantoms; shrill they chant
Messiah's Glory, and above his Head
Triumphal Shades display. Beyond the Clouds,
'The Angels of the Air his Jasper Carr
(That light'ned gay with silver and with Gems
Celestial sparkled) offer'd to the God.

Hearten'd at this, the *Pupils* fcorn'd the Pow'r Of vengeful *Hebrews*, Heav'n before their Lives Preferring. Many by *Jehovah*'s Name Wonders perform'd, and from the fable Gulph

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Book IV. The LAST-DAT. 155

Of Death invok'd aspiring Souls; the Lame Leap at their Voice, and to the Blind the Ray Of chearful Glim'ring dawn's, while sober Dusk Ripens to Colours, and the Fancy paints.

Not once alone dread *Elohim*, cloath'd in shape Terrestrial, visible appear'd; from Thrones Sublime, in Essence of the sacred Ghost,
Dove-like, great God descended from the Skies.
The Elders holy feel their letter'd Tongues
To novel Accents shape, and hear the Sounds
Spontaneous grow to Dialects compleat.
The wondring Audience leans to Faith; their They prostitute complaisant; Brother-like
In Love they live, and Fortune's Favours share.

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But Ananias and Sapphira leagu'd,
Composing Falshoods; secret Gold with Tales
Fictitious they detain'd, and ly'd to th' Lord.
But instant they perceive a Dampness thrill
Each Limb, their Strength dissolves, their loosen'd
Sink from their Force, and into Tremblings melt;
Down

Down prostrate low, at th' Apostolick Feet, From Life they faded, who would cheat their God.

With Pharifaick Pride th' Hebraans wrath'd Opponent threatful rose. A gentle Youth, In innocence array'd, the sacred Will Of Heav'n proclaim'd: Him all with surious Grasp Seiz'd, and to Slaughter dragg'd; with noisy Cries He answer'd not, but down his tender Cheeks Soft trittled Tears: Regardless, at his Limbs His Foes hurl pond'rous Stones that satal bruize His easy Flesh, deep op'ning Wounds, the Blood Flow'd on the Ground distaining. Meek the Youth Stood elevate in Pray'r, 'Forgive (he said)

' Forgive great God these Men! thou know'st my

' How my Heart bleeds, tho' tis a Jest to them.

' But deal not with 'em as they deal with me.

Thus good young Stephanus; then fixt his Eyes On Heav'n, and breath'd his Soul into the Air.

Paulus, hot-hearted Zealot, saw and joy'd
At Heretick's Destruction; dire he hurl'd
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Book IV. The LAST-DAY. 157

Threatnings around, and 'neath nefarious Hoofs The Name Fesus stamp'd; from place to place He urg'd his impious Courfe, and breath'dRevenge.

High on the Road the rapid Chariots rush'd, And Courfers spurn'd the Dust, then lofty tost Their Heads i'th Air; when (shocking Sight!) the Of marble Sky dilates, a gorgeous Light Effulgent blazons; strook with Horrour, all Th' amazing Prospect own, the Warriours pant With wild Confusion, and the dazling Blaze In Vain would fly; th' intrepid Coursers sweat, And stamp the shaking Earth, and in their Eyes Rowl the rude Light'ning. But a found ferene, (Soft as the Breath of Angel that in Dreams Whifpers a youthful Convert, and his Soul Melts to the Love of Virtue) fweet invades The Zealot's Ear. Messiah he adores, Leans to Compassion, and the Cause defends. This Apostolick Hero thro' the World febovah's Glory spreads; by Night he wakes, And fweats by Day; he treads on black Fatigue, And Dangers dafts aside. By pendant Ropes

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He drops from lofty Dome, imprison'd oft, Oft lash'd with cruel Scorpions; all oppress'd His godlike Zeal, his godlike Zeal oppress'd Rose brighter eminent. Judea's Chief Sends him to Shores Ausonian, to the Throne Sublime of Casar, fatal Doom to share.

Auspicious Gales in whispering Zephyrs breathe, Serening Ocean's Bosom; twinkling Light Plays on the Surface, and adorns the Main. Fierce from the Shore the gliding Vessels launch, Cutting the yeilding Billows; Nature smil'd, And Ether's Face was gay. The sportive Bark Aerial traverst, and enjoy'd the Calm: More swift than when the Dog of Speed pursue The scowing Leveret o're a Meadow gay, Nor baulks the Gamester's Aim: The Seamen Gaze on the Azure ting'd with silver stains, And deckt in gaudy Light; the sparkling Wint Laugh'd in egregious Bowls; in Circles bright The jovial Sociates settle, Nestar grac'd The Center, soe to Spleen and friend to Life.

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Thus blithfom show'd they, as when Evening The Shades and Grotto's, to a Bow'r retreat The rural Habitants devoid of Care; There deck the loveli'st Beauty of the Plain In rofy Garlands and the Pride of Spring, Then place her in the midst, and dance around, Around strew Flow'rs, and tune their Oaten Pipes. So gay these Circles shone; delightful Peace Her Charms display'd, and spreadher filver Wings.

Not long the Pleasance lasted. In the North The Angel of the Sea upon the Pole Sate Tempest-brow'd. His Fav'rite Paulus bound He faw displeas'd, Nocturnal Frowns aloof Dwelt on his Front; he started from his Seat, And leapt his Chariot, thro' the briney Waves Of Ocean bursting his intrepid Course. Vine Mermen and Syrens at his fatal Rage Howl'd thro' the hollow Deep. The God ferments The Billows with his mighty Trident, cloath'd In wrathful Spume; he tosses up the Waves, And rowls th' affrighted Surge; his Horses paw Thus

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The Waves tempestuous, and augment the Storm. The Seamen with furprize behold the North Thicken to fable Dusk, and Sky with Frowns Array herfelf in Clouds: then Boreas rose From Scythian Shores, and clapping loud his Wings Stalk'd o're the trembling Earth, to frantick Sea Mediterranean; there his stormy Voice He rear'd portentous, and with vengeful stoop Beat on the Main, then drove in horrid Rings The Whirlwinds curling. To and fro the Bark Tumultuous swerves; the Pilot, dire aghast, Surveys the boiling Waves and Cataracts In Eddies rowl'd: Nefarious Howls invade The Skies relentless, Pray'rs and Oaths commix; As when the Hour arrives, (and thrice a Day Arrives the fable Hour) Gogmagog whips The guilty Ghosts by turns, and on their Backs The pondrous Stroaks resound, they curse, the They howl, and rowl their Eyes, and gnash then Such Horrour seiz'd the Marriners; 'Dispatch The Prisoners, they cry, lest nervous Arms Win their Escape! This cruel Aim was crost.

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Book IV. The LAST-DAY. 161

But still the Tempest rises: On a Rock
Dashes the cracking Bark, the floating House
Flys in a thousand Fragments, and o'respreads
The Face of Ocean. Planks and shatter'd Oakes
Sustain th' astony'd Mortals; thro' the Storm
They drive the froathy Road, and lash the Surge
With nervous Arms; upon their Heads the Waves
Break sounding; Now they mount the Skies subNow fall into a Vale, and all around
Behold th' impending watry Hills: But Heav'n
Assistance lent; all won the distant Shore.

These Ills the Hebrews on th' Apostle heap'd; He brave surmounts'em, and the sacred Voice Of Heav'n continues to proclaim! His Life He yields a Sacrifice, and spurns the World.

The Jews the Christian Brav'ry see, and rise In black Resentment. Some with cruel Hooks They rend tremendous; some on Irons roast, Who how I their Souls i'th' Air; some hang sublime, And Crucifixes grown with horrid Pangs.

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Complainant;

Earth's Angel the nefarious Hebrews faw With fable Frowns; he call'd his Chariot bright, And leaptaloft revengeful; Nature quak'd, And Earth affrighted shook: The Cherub drives With Course impetuous, to his Rush the Clouds Fly shatter'd yielding, while the Courfers launch With stride enormous, and with rapid Force Win on th' etherial Champain; Aries rests Behind, and far the Galaxie remote Lyes distant. Lucent Zophiel op'd the Gate Celestial, golden, and the bright Domains Unfolded; with intrepid Plunge the Steeds Broke thro' the fulgent Vacance. There his Frowns The Angel of the Earth to Smiles feren'd, Th' Almighty Throne descry'd; to Mildness sunk His vengeful Looks, and ev'ry wrathful Aim Settled to gentlest Accents. Now the Seat Of burning Gold he wins, where Elobim fways Th' Almighty Sceptre, and the Planets guides With Arm array'd in Glories. There the Pow't To Addrest Jehovah, of nefarious Jews

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Complainant; Heav'n's Supream allow'd the Tale Anger'd, and bad Destruction from the West Walk cloath'd in Blood, and Salem howling shakes

Vespasian, gallant Youth, to War arose Marching from Rome. Th' intrepid Hero's leap Their Coursers Rapid-Hoof'd, the dusty Plains Sound 'neath their Stamp, and in the Air their Brandish'd out-dazle the Meridian Rays Of Titan in his gorgeous Pride. To th' Walls Of Hierusalem the Chiefs arrive, Big with the Love of War; Defying Curves Their Spears in Air describe, and on their Brows The Cressets fatal nod. The Fews recluse In Heights defensive laugh, and scorn the Pow'r Of Romans Fortune-crown'd. Yet high in Air Appearances their horrid Forms display'd, Shaking Difmay on all. When Night arofe In Vestures Sable clad, and left the Sea Brasilian, vapry Warriours in the Clouds To Battle rush'd: The Hebrews high aloft [Blood View Squadrons form'd of Lightning tip'd with Drive M 2

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Drive o're th' etherial Champain, Flaming Swords, And Heads of Fire compos'd: The Elements Seem'd to be Foes, and Nature call'd, To War!

To Salem now the fierce undaunted Hofts Advance Majestick, nor regard the Threats From Towerets haughty stern. As o're a Realm Huge Whirlwind furiate stalks, and hurls around Fatal Destruction, Structures huge, and Hills, With Cedars crown'd sublime, oppose in vain His turgid Race, while Cities prostrate thrown Howl from the Ruins, and his Force confess; Somarch'd th' Ausonian Pow'rs; till proud they ken Salem's aspiring Walls, whose Turrets pierc'd The Skies with golden Fulgence: There the Host Admiring stops, and gazes at the Pride Of jasper Columns, and the crystal Ports.

High in the Citadels undaunted Souls
Shook the defying Spear, and dreadless breath'd
Destruction. Thus Vespasian Brav'ry rous'd.

'Oft we complain the Space of Life is short,

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Book IV. The LAST-DAY. 165

- ' As oft confume it in inglorious Sloath.
- 'Man it becomes to fcorn the idle Span,
- ' And grasping Glory try to live in Fame,
- 'Till finking Earth diffolves and Nature dyes.
- 'Why should we lengthen Life to lengthen Care?
- 'Better dye nobly in the Field of Blood!
- 'Why should we court tame Pleasure four'd with
- 'Better hunt Dangers, and in Glory rife!
- 'When the poor Town of Romulean Build
- 'It's growing Pride dilated o're the West,
- 'Our Ancestors at Walls so proud as you
- 'Sprang joyous, and the Sight of Danger wak'd
- 'Their hopes of Glory. Was your Brav'ry less,
- 'Ne're had ye left th' Aufonian Shore, to hunt
- 'Honour in distant Climes. Remember, Friends,
- 'The Casars and the Scipios: Carthage stoop'd
- 'Her touring Pomp, and funk her splendid Pride
- Before our Ancestors; shall we disgrace
- 'The Roman Name, that Name which o're the
- Dilates it's rifing Glory, and to Climes
- Remotest shines rever'd. The Eyes of all
- Attend our Arms; on usit rests to raise

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- " Or ruin the Lavinian Fame, that grew
- ' By Brav'ry, and our Grandsires heated Swords.
- · Emilius and Marcellus at the Face
- 'Of Honour, smil'd, and knew where Danger liv'd
- ' Glory must flourish. These prefer'd their Fame
- ' Before dull Life. Then fnatch, my gallant Friends,
- 'Snatch the bold Spear! and rush where Honour
- ' Survive with Vict'ry, or with Glory fall.

The Gen'ral spoke; while Ardour in his Eyes Flashing, inspir'd each Soul with Love of Fame, And warm'd to glowing Brav'ry; in his Hand A mighty Spear he grasp'd, and foremost rode, As Thunder marches thro' the broken Clouds, Terrestrial Globe to shake; his Courser's Pride Beat on the Plain, and tost th' intrepid Front.

Dauntless pursu'd the Legions, in the Air Brandishing Shields aloft, wrap'd round in Dust. Hermon and Oreb to their Shouts sublime Eccho, and Lebanon with Cedars cloath'd Shakes distant with the Clash of Helms, the Bray Of Trumpets, and the Stamp of Hostile Hoofs.

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Book IV. The LAST-DAY. 167

Fast by the Walls a direful Rock arose Unscalable and pierc'd the Sky, by Bands Of crested Legions top'd: Each Roman dreads The high Affault; till fierce a Cobort leads His Band Hetrurian to the bold Attack: Contemning Dangers, rapid they ascend, And fcornth' inferiour Champain; in their Hands Their Swords with Vengeance trembled: From the A Show'r of Darts flew coping like a Cloud, Roufing Destruction. But the Sabines back The bold Hetrurians. High in Air they fight, And Blood in fatal Velleys down the Hill Pours horrible: Now Hebrews feel the Sting Of Roman Swords: Anon the Jews prevail, and down the Rock hurl howling Souls aghaft, Lroke on the Plain below, and all around Staining the Field with Gore. Within the Walls The Cry of Matrons, and the Shriek of Maids Tortur'd the Sky. But now th' Assailants cool'd Retire precipitate, nor urge their Fate. M 4 Long

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Long Hierufalem the warlike Shock Sustain'd undaunted, and contemn'd the Pow'r Lavinian. Till the paly Famine stalk'd In livid Figure ghaftly thro' the Streets. Horrid th' Effects they feel of Heav'n despis'd, Messiah slaughter'd, and his Prophets wrong'd. The tender Mothers into Bits their Babes Cut, and devour'd, while finiling th' Innocent No harm fuspected: Loud thy cry to Heav'n, But Heav'n severe their loudest Crys neglects.

In fine th' Aufonian Force prevails, from high The gorgeous Walls array'd in orient Pearl Tumbled destructive. In Confusion sweat The massive Piles, and Gates of slaming Gold Sound shatter'd; Pompous Structures from their Sink into Ruins, and the Temples bright, With Splendours rising star'd, from blooming Pride Fade: Chryfolite and Jacynct, sparkling mixt, In bright Diforder wildly shine: O're Domes The prancing Coursers stamp, and Legions arm'd Rife Bo Ri

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Book IV. The L AST-DAY. 169 Rife vaunting on the Havock. At the Sight Nature was fick, and Glory veil'd her Head.

Thus fell the mighty City, and reveng'd The guiltless Blood. No more the Jews oppose Messiab's Sons, nor stem the rising Course Attending Virtue; O're the Earth remote They drag their ruin'd Fortunes, and despis'd Rove desolate where Chance directs their Path. But now from diff'rent Quarters rifes Rage, And th' Apostolick Hero's taste the Force Of Heathen Pow'r: Some stain with facred Blood The Jaws of Lyons: Some in Flames arise To Heav'n: By twice two Horses wild and sierce

Others their Quarters feel distorn, and breathe Their easy Spirits into th' Arms of Heav'n.

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But these tremendous Tortures but Augment Their Refolution noble; Ev'ry Age Is stain'd with Blood Martyrian: Numbers seal The godlike Truth, and leave for Heav'n the World.

Luther,

The L AS T-D A T. Book IV.

Luther, heroick Saint, the gen'ral Cry
Stem'd dauntles: Loud Europa 'genst his Aims
Exclaim'd invet'rate. Squadrons stain the Field
With holy Gore, and ev'ry River swells
With Blood reform'd surcharg'd. Religion groan'd,

In warlike Albion, where the paly Fear
Knows not to stalk at large, where nervous Limbs
Shake ev'ry Stride the Ground, and dreadless Arms
Rear haughty, Great Henricus purest Faith
Spread with celestial Palm: There Cranmer sell,
Rome's high Opponent, red his sacred Flame
Burnt in the guilty Air, and left it's Curse.

Thus with their Lives the true Religion bought
Heroick Martyrs, and their Countrys bleft.
Godlike Noailles celeftial Virtue's Charms
Confest, before his Eyes the lovely Shape
Play'd op'ning all her Beauties: Gorgeous State
Of Honours he contemns, Religion's Nod
Superiour Graces boasts. In vain the Pomp
Of Clement, cloath'd in facred Splendours, frown'd;
In vain great Lovis threaten'd: To his Heart
Darted th' etherial Ray, and wak'd the Soul

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171

Of Refolution; thro' Fatigues and Paths
Of thorny Tryal he intrepid rush'd,
Resistless grasping Heav'n; 'Till Virtue spread
Her Wings Ambrosial gem'd with blooming Gold
O're Gaul's delicious Realms, the spicy Meads,
And Streams where Nectar slows. The Glory his,
His be the Praise, with Flow'rs adorn his Grave.

Elijab thus Messiab King Supream
Indisputable show'd; and where his Faith
Shone with the brightest Lustre, which to spread
Hero's celestial spurn'd insipid Life.

Th' admiring Audience to Religion pure
Lean'd. Jupiter, and Mercury, and Mars,
Army of Gods, from Regal State are hurl'd,
And fade to Ruins. Huge Bizance, whose Skirts
Ample conceal a Region, wrath'd expells
Mah'met from golden Throne; No more sublime
He gazes laughing o're the Earth deceiv'd,
Crude Impositions boasting. Faith Reform'd
Rises with blooming Glory, and arrays
Her Charms in Lustres youthful; fair she spread

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Her silver Arms from Western Paraguay,
Whose bowel'd Gold adorns Hesperia's Clime,
To orient Ganges where the Mountains cloath'd
In Spices wast their Fragrance o're the Main.

End of the Fourth Book.



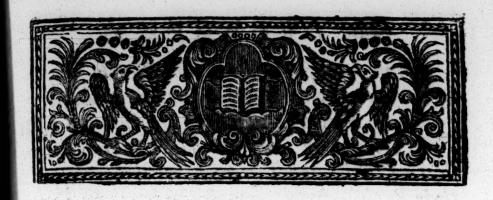
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LAST-DAY.

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

Jehovah's Charge to the celestial Squadron summon'd from the various Quarters of Heaven: They march in bright Array toward Earth, to prevent Satan's molesting the peaceful Reign of Messiah. Satan and Gogmagog, mean time, are stalking o're the Seas, and striding from Hill to Hill. Hazazel, Zophiel, and the celestial Squadrons meet them. Satan is rear'd in the Sky by Hazazel, and thrown thro' the Air from the Confines of Earth; Gogmagog is Seiz'd by Zophiel, who burls the Damon with his fiery Arms down the Caspian Sea to Hell. Mean time, Satan returns to Hell in his Fury; the Terrour of the Fiends at his Displeasure; his Speech after his Disgrace; He rouses the Damons to War; they march from Chaos

The ARGUMENT.

Chaos in dreadful Order: On Earth, they a. light on the Atlantick Ocean, and tread the stormy Billows. Moloch's Speech to the Infernal Hoft. They proceed in quest of celestial Forces, prostrating Hills and Towers that obvious oppos'd their Path. Arioc proposes to hunt the Foe no longer, but directly to ascend and scale Heaven: Satan approves the Defign but denys Arioc the principal Command in that Expedition; He affigns Baalzebub, Moloch, Arioc, Chemos and Ashtaroth their feveral Parts on Earth, and himself, with half the Forces, resolves to ascend and storm the etherial Battlements; when, on a sudden Jehovah's Army appears, and Zophiel at their Head. As the Fiends prepard for Battle, the Cherub exposed the Sword of Heaven, whose Sight no one from Hell can sustain. Dæmons fly, the Angels follow. The Vanquist'd bide themselves in a deep Gulph in Tartarus; the Angels pursue not thither, but block up the Mouth of the Lake with buge Mountains; leaving the Fiends to howl and bellow. Thence the celestial Hosts ascend to Heaven with Shouts and Acclamations of Joy.



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TEbovab from his gorgeous Throne, adorn'd J With Emerald and Jasper rose; his Arm Was cloth'd in Thunders, and his Eyes appear'd Like ever-during Lamps that in the Sphere Of Constellations burn. Aloof in Air The mighty Trumpets roar'd, and shook the Vault Of crystal Empyrean. Round the King Unnumber'd Virtues hasten'd, Elders, Crowns, And Hierarchs august. The Thund'rer spoke. 'See, Piety on Earth begins to bloom, 'And Virtue rifes in her Charms array'd! Far o're the World my rifing Empire fwells. Descend then, Gabriel, chuse your Legions stout, Take from my Thigh this flaming Sword, with Of blackest Thunders keen thy Quiver load! ice ith Satan from Earth drive bellowing! deck the In balmy Peace, compose the Heart of Man, Freed from the Tempter's Wiles! unfold the Smiles Of Virtue, and to every Eye expose Piety visible. If Satan's Rage His Fiends collects and arms the Force of Hell, tebo. 'Retire

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- Retire not unattempting, bravely rife,
- ' Attack his Legions in their vaunting Pride,
- ' And drive 'em howling down, where fable Fire
- 'I'll penal wake, and bind to fiercer Pangs.

Th' etherial Monarch thus. Celestial Shapes Shine with resplendent Arms of burnish'd Gold, Gay, as ambitious Sol emblaz'nous darts
His guilded Flame Meridian, and around
Hurls Splendours dazling. Seraphs wave their
Flaming with gorey Streaks of Fire, and shake
Their Crests sublime enveloping; the Pow'rs
Cherubial snatch huge Shields, as Lunar Orb
Huge, silver-blaz'd, then o're the quivering Sky
Majestick stalk: Battallion spacious swell'd
Behind Battallion, like a Flame of Fire
Appear'd each heav'nly Warriour, bright array'd

The lucid Sky to this celestial Host
Open'd obsequious, and the pompous Train
Dismist: Across the Ether, ample Waste,
They stalk heroick, high behind 'em Bolts
Rattle sonorous, and their Eyes eject
Undaunted Light'ning terrible with Flame.

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Book V. The LAST-DAY. 177

High on their waving Ensigns, bright enscrib'd In golden Lines, THE REFORMATION shone.

Satan mean time, and huge Gogmagog's Force, Traverst the spacious Earth where Islands hide, Like Spots, th' Egaan Sea. The black Supream Grating his Teeth of burning Ebon form'd The beauteous Meadows mar'd, with horrid Arm Prostrated Tow'rs and Cittadels, and spoil'd The blooming Pride of Asiatick Realms.

Upon a fiery Carr, around empall'd

With smouldring Sulphur; high the circ'ling
Curv'd whirling Fires; the Body solid swell'd,
An everburning Marble: Rapid rowl'd
Th' impetuous Chariot with sonorous Drive.
Two slaming Dragons, who beside the Throne
Of Moloch feed and bask on torrid Soil,
Drag'd the tremendous Mass; their Breath revolv'd
Nefarious Fire, and Pennons slop'd aloof
Instam'd the Ether bruiz'd; they rapid stretch'd,
Tossing their Fronts and rattling siery Scales.

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Thus

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Thus o're the beauteous Surface of the Earth, Adorn'd with smilingFlow'rs, and gem'd with Dew, That glitter'd in the Groves and on the Blooms, Satan and huge Gogmagog tow'ring rov'd. Fierce from their Arms they Ruin shake, and row! Destruction grim before their fatal March.

When lo! in Air appear high o're their Heads The bright celestial Squadrons, waving-wide Their glorious Enfigns robe'd in Gold: A Howl Satan furpriz'd upraises: Where for Flight Opens an Avenue? Impending Fate Inevitable glares. Azazel stood Upon the Bosom of the Caspian Sea, And grasp'd in godlike Palm the Regal Fiend Satan; he, dire amaz'd from parchen Throat Belch'd Blood commixt with Curfes, while appall'd The trembling Earth with Ejulations groan'd From inmost Entrails; nought regards the Pow'r Bright of Azazel, but fublime in Air, Uphurls the rearing Damon, and around Swingsthro' the cloven Ether; Titan quak'd,

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Book V. The LAST-DAT 179

And Nature hid her Head, th' Etherial Pow'r With nervous mighty Arm then distant hurl'd The bellowing Fury wrap'd in ragged Flames: Far tumbled he projected, past the Bounds Of Atmosphere Terrestrial, where the Road Of vast Infinity capacious shows.

Thus Satan; while Gogmagog on his Carr
Tremendous quak'd; As e're Vefuvius breath'd
Her rifing Flame, the Sulphur chaft by Winds
Heav'd the huge Mass aloof, that quak'd profound
Thro' all it's marble Veins, and seem'd to boil;
So shook the Damon's pondrous Carr: From high
He sprung addressing him for eager Flight;
But Zophiel seiz'd him; Helmet, Crest, and all
The Plumes of squallid War, that on his Bulk
High rattled publishing Dismay and Dread:
Deep down the Caspian Main, where Night array'd
In lowry Black inhabits, dire he threw
The Fiend sierce plunging horrible; the Surge
His'd with his siery Arms, and tost aloof
Her angry Waves to Heav'n, a spacious Chasm

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Op'ning

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Op'ning horrifick; Earth wide shook around
Her Temples, Tow'rs, and Mountains, while proThe Damon rowl'd unstopt, till Hell he met,
The Roof ope-bursting grasp'd the Fury's Groans.

Mean time, Baalzebub, Hell's Vicegerent, sate High on a sable Throne, that hideous burnt With red-hot Adamant, and lowring glow'd Upon the Waves that stormy beat around Fretting the Mount: From 'nneath his coping Crest He frowning look'd; As shows a gloomy Shade, When sulphrous Clouds impendant low'r aloof, Augmenting horrid Darkness round the Light Of Wandring Fire delusive; so amidst The sable Frowns appear'd his siery Eyes.

Now Satan from the Confines of the World Impetuous wrathy drives: His baleful Looks Of fnaky Wire he shook, and gnash'd his Teeth Avengeful; Hell at his tremendous Rage Trembled, the Fetters clash'd, and troubled Waves In Vollies rowl'd tempestuous; O're the Surge

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Book V. The LAST-DAY. 181

Th' Arch-Fury stalk'd'; Combustion 'neath his Feet Lay groaning; here and there he dafted off: The obvious Rocks of blazing Sulphur, Fiends And Damons fled appall'd, and ghaftly Ghosts Howl'd thro' the wide Dominions of the Dead.

Then Sathan took his Seat, and veh'ment call'd The Spirits near; Hell rose, the boiling Fires Quiescent slept, tumultuous Uproar hid Her Head: Then thus the chauffen Monarch gan.

'And can it be? Oh sting me burning Rage!

'And am I call'd Hell's Emp'rour? Curst Attack!

'Little ye know your Leader's shame, My Soul

'Will burst my Bosom! hurl'd from Earth? O're-

'By Gabriel's Force? Then let me never more

'Arm in the Field of Battle: Curst the Day,

'Curst be the fatal Hour, when by the Throat

'He seiz'd me howling! yes, my Friends, he seiz'd

'This coward Body: But no more shall seize;

'I'll tear each Limb to Atoms! fierce I fled,

Owherefore did I fly? He saw me run

'---Where is my Shield? my Haberge reach! we

In Laziness and Woes! Arm, arm around!

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Rife to the fatal Proof! I Torture chuse

' E're dronish Ease despis'd. Now Gabriel smiles,

But I will rend his Breast, and with his Heart

Tear the curst Pleasure out. It racks my Soul,

' The Fame will fly to Heav'n, Oh Tortures!

'Th' etherial Plains will eccho with the Shouts .---

Wherefore demur we? Snatch your flaming Spears

'And leap to Vengeance! Panting with his Wrath,
The Dæmon, breathless, stopt. Affrightful Sounds
Rowl'd thro' the smoaky Void, as when from high
Unnumber'd Structures, Pile on Pile, begin
To tumble undermin'd, Baalzebub lead
The shalls Front a Commencia the Poor

The ghastly Front; Gogmagog in the Rear Vaunted superiour; Sathan in the midst Rose eminent conspicuous; As a Hill, With Cedars crown'd, surveys th'adjacent Plains;

So Sathan's fable Locks high-shading wav'd

Shaken in Wrath: Upon his Arms he bore

The Marks of bolted Thunder, and his Locks,

Were parch'd with Light'ning: 'Neath his fatal

Lay livid Smoak, and lowr'd his Frontlets proud.

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Book V. The LAST-DAY. 183

The Legions warm arose for War; In Air Each sprung undaunted, from his fatal Arms Shaking Desiance; O're their Headsthey swung [bruiz'd] Huge blazing Rocks, tremendous Shields, that The Ether roaring. Far before, sublim'd Upon a Whirlwind boissrous, ting'd with Fire Rode Moloch sable Monarch; On his Arm Sate Slaughter, and Destruction dusk'd his Brow.

Thus march'd the Forces squallid. Fast pursu'd Death mounted on a paly Horse, his West Was dipt in Blood, and on his Breast was mark'd HAVOCK MY HORRID PASTIME; high he shook Fatal the griezly Jav'lin in his Hand. Then sick'ning Nature droop'd, Composure sled. Gogmagog dasted to the North and South The Clouds swift rowling, and the sable force Of Whirlwinds tost aside; more sierce then hurls The Waves Leviathan, when by Chance a Bolt Of Thunder darting rives his brazen Scales Display'd upon the Wave serene, to bask In sading Heat and taste the genial Beam;

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High o're his Head the dauntless Swimmer hurls The Waves tost furiate, lashes with his Tail, Roots up the Rocks, and storms the rowling Seas.

Th' Atlantick Ocean capable displays
Her glassy Bosom from Canarie Isles
To Florida, where balmy Trees distill
Ambrosia, and the Beds of Spice dissuse
Sweets wasted o're the fragrant Sea serene.

On this extensive crystal Plain alight
The Furies Mountain-arm'd; far o're the Waves
Their Breath rowl'd siery, on the Surge they stamp'd,
And trod the stormy Champain. Wide the Main,
From Cyclades to th' Aquinoctial Zone
Shone with their siery Arms: The blazing Steel
And Helms of glowing Adamant, the Beams
Of Titan conquer'd, and out-brav'd the Day:
More horrible than when an Angel stalks
Vengesul o're pale Sicilia's Isle, and hurls
The Light'ning from his Arms; the Natives howl,
Wide shines th' emblazon'd Realm, and Atna shakes
His Frontlets crown'd with Fire, and belches forth

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Book V. The LAST-DAY. 185

From fulphrous Womb the Bellowings of Hell.

Th' unquiet Flood beneath their mighty Tread Groan'd from the deep Profunditys opake, Whirlwinds up-toft the Waves, and Tempests rear'd Combustion sable-ey'd. The Furies proud Stalk o're the swelling Surge, and rising Hills Stamp surject the fwelling Surge, and rising Hills Stamp surject the Main; the Liquid stand howl'd across the Main; the Liquid sty, Yeilding to huge Gogmagog's stride, and Mounts Of Water cloven to the frighted Clouds Swell dashing vehement. Satan's siery Arms Hiss blended with the Waves, and melt the Flood.

Then Moloch, Pow'r Gigantick, who sublime Reach'd with his Head the Clouds, and laid his Hands Expanded on the North and Southern Poles, Gan boil with fervid Choler; in his Eyes Burnt Vengeance, and his Bosom heav'd aloof. [swell'd, Like Plains by sulphrous Earthquakes panting E're gape horrendous Chasins, and swallow Towns.

The Fury so appear'd; then high in Air
His Shield terrifick brandish'd, and his Sword
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(Forg'd in Vesuvius by Cyclopian Palms)

Pluckt from his fable Thigh, and strait prepar'd For Speech. The Fiends around the Damon flock, Suspending noisy Tumult. Molock spoke.

- ' Arch-Dæmons, Furies, Fiends, Antagonists
- ' Of Heav'n, Attend! whose potent Arms have
- ' Th' Etherial Battlements, and still shall shake!
- --- But why demur we? See ye not the Foe
- Fears to approach this Plain ? Rife, rife we then,
- ' And hunt his Dastard Fears! this Arm alone
- . Shall bend the vaunting Chief, and from his
- Hurl him dejected. Now by Hell! fince Pangs
- By Destiny are mine, Ill swell my Pains,
- " Or shake off present Torture! who so mean
- But Mifery will hazard, while a Chance
- Remains for Greatness? by the Blood that warms
- " This Heart, my Soul difdains to Breathe the Air
- 'That is anothers! Heav'n's august Supream
- " May mar my Body, ne're can quell my Soul;
- No, that will rife undaunted. You, O Friend
- ' Hold the same Spirit; If ye subject groan
- At least molest your Lords: Oh sweet Revenge

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' More dear than Life and Light! If Vengeance

'This Day, and ye from Field of Blood retire,

Know, that each coward Spirit shall in Gulphs

' Of fable Fire be toft, and howling rowl'd

'In Cauldrons fev'n-fold hot of melting Lead!

'Too longwe've slept, and fear'd where Fear was

' But now we'll shake the World, and if we fall,

· Fall with Destruction round Us: Tumult, rise,

' And thou Destruction, from the Gates of Hell

'Rouse instant! we'll o'return the settled Frame

' Of this bright Universe, and kill the Pride

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' Of jocund Nature. What's our Being worth,

' If we beneath Heav'n's angry King must be?

' First crack this Earth! first rise the Flames of Hell,

' And fink Creation quick! Those Fronts, O Fiends,

' Never were made to grovel tame beneath

'The Thund'rer's Vengeance, and afflicting Arm

' Calmly to fuffer; Brav'ry in your Looks

'Blazons, and Fury dauntless on your Brows

'Sits swelling. Moloch with insatiate Rage

Was rapid Speech pursuing when the Host

veng A murmur rear'd, each rattled high his Helm,

Each

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Each struck upon his Shield, a general Noise Rowl'd thro' the Legions, as a Whirlwind rides. Sonorous over Caucasus, and roars Hollow from ev'ry Chasm profound o're past Tumultuous. All the Damons wrath'd proclaim War, instant War! their Aspects glow'd with Fire.

As in a clouded Night, when Cynthia's veil'd With dusky Glooms, the Forest on a Hill Is kindled, thro' the crackling Cedars stalks The dire Combustion uncontrous'd; the Hind, Home journeying late, descrys the stery Mount Burning sublime into the Air; the Wind Waves the sulphureous Oaks, and Sheets of Flame Rise melting into th' Ether; o're the Hill A sable Cloud low'rs horrible, with Loads Of Nitre pregnant, and impending Floods: So show'd the Aspects of the stery Fiends, While terrible they shook their burning Locks Of Wire adust; high up aloof their Cress Wide-shading huge dilate, and spread with Glooms The Visages of all th' Infernal Kings.

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Book V. The LAST-DAT. 189

First Arioc drove the War o're Realms and Plains; Arioc array'd in sulphrous Clouds. The next Were Ashtaroth and Chemos, arm'd alike In Adamantine torrid Rocks; their Hair Trittled with Blood: o're Libya's parchen Soil They rush Inquisitive, and vengeful hurl Desiances around: The Host pursu'd, Invoking War, and 'genst th' Etherial Sky Roul'd Blasphemies, accursing Heav'n's Supream.

The Mountains huge of Sand to th' fatal March Fly scatter'd; obvious Towns and Tow'rs sublime Broken recede, and groaning, to the Earth Tumble in squallid Ruins, Whirlwinds cleft Forgot their horrid Sport. High Arioc stalk'd, Each Step a Province measur'd, and the Earth Trembled as frequent as the Dæmon strode.

Then thus the Fury, thro' the spacious Earth
Hunting revengeful, spoke. 'Why lose we time
'Chacing these coward Forces? O that here
'They'd meet us Arm to Arm, and Breast to Breast!
'Now by my Soul, I long, I pant for War,

'Hell arm my Hands! what shows such gaudy Joy

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- As smoaky Plains, where Blood and Slaughter
- ' Blows, thundring Blows I prize, and gushing Gore
- ' Is worth a Smile. Why, fee ye not, O Fiends,

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- Our Foes are fled? remote in hollow Rocks
- "Their coward Heads are hid; arise ye then,
- ' Forth-hunt'em howling from their fable Holes!
- Some follow me, I hate this tame Pursuit,
- ' Nor can contain from instant War; my Soul
- Springs with the Thirst of Vengeance; I'll assault
- 'The burnish'd Tow'rs etherial, and the King
- ' Shake on his gorgeous Throne. You Satan, chace
- 'The fugitive Celestials, you from Earth
- · Elijab and the bright Batallions drive.
- ' Over these Provinces again ensure
- Our rifing Monarchy: Let Sathan's Throne
- 'Still pompous swell with Glories, from the West
- ' To th' golden Orient. Where his Flame profuse
- Ambitious Titan scatters, there the Rule
- ' Infernal stretch, proclaiming us supream.

Th' Infernal Hero spoke. The legion'd Fiends

Disjoyn impetuous, as a Whirlwind parts

The Oaks and Poplars on Olympus Top

Book V. The LAST-DAY. 191

Or lofty Ida's. Some round Sathan flock, Some girt Baalzebub's Pow'r enormous; all Fast bind their Breast-Plates, and aloud proclaim War, lead to War! and grasp'd their flaming Swords.

But Sathan frowning stood; fierce Arioc's Voice He disapprov'd; He, fitter to affault The High Domains celestial; from his Eyes Darted the light'ning Rage. The Monarch spoke. Thus stand the Rule, thus move the heated War. You stout Baalzebub your extended Arm Down Gulph Ætnean thrust, thence fatal drag Sin, fquallid Sin. Yet let her not to Man Appear, till polish'd; soften her with Smiles, Deck her in golden Vestures, and around Let pendant Gems engage the pleafur'd Eye; Well Let her fair Fingers drop with Balm; her vest fuse Must flowing breathe ambrosial Fragrance; guild Her Cheeks with rifing Blushes, and her Lips Stain bloom'd with Roses waking. When to Man ends Th' alluring filver Shadow you expose, Ne're fail to call her gay Attendants, call

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- ' Ambiguous Masquerade, who like her self
- ' Prides in Deceit, and those whom Heav'n exalts
- Loves to debase, converting Men to Apes.
- ' Let Opera and Farce be summon'd, They
- ' Emolliate mortal Souls, and melt the Heart
- 'To love of Mirth abandon'd. Nor forget
- ' Ambitious Pride, Her glowing Charms sublime
- ' Will fnare the noblest Bosom; who to grasp
- ' Honour, but Honour will resign? each Soul
- ' Will basely cringe, imperiously to rule.
 - Be this Baalzebub's Charge. You, Chemos,
- ' The Cittadel of Virtue, where array'd
- ' In native Brightness she attracts the Eye
- ' Of Each furpriz'd Spectator, and to Love
- ' Of Piety and blind Religion warms.
- 'Fierce drag her from her tow'ring Height, her
- ' Murther, empall with fulphrous Smoak her Vell
- ' Of orient Silver. Let her graceful Shape
- ' No more delight, no more her modest Air.
 - ' Mean time, against you Adamantine Walls,
- With twice eight Squadrons, I'll arise; this Arm
- 'This matchless Arm shall shake th' Etherial Sky

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Book V. The LAST-DAY 193

- Fear not Success; have I so often hurl'd
- · Fiends howling thro' the Air, fo oft o'return'd
- ' In Rage Chaosian fiery Dome, and rowl'd
- Waves upon Waves, and can I fail you gay,
- ' You bright Domains tumultuous to evert?
- ' No; I'll not fail! I'll hurl Destruction round,
- ' And stalk o're groaning Horrours! Hell shall shout,
- ' And Fiends applaud my Progress. Grasp your
- ' Wherefore thus tamely dream we? grov'ling tread
- 'Terror thrown proftrate 'neath your hostile Hoofs!
- 'Follow with Acclamations! Thus the King Gave forth his Edicts, and for War declar'd.

When lo! from far th' Etherial Squadrons shine Extended; Zophiel in effulgent Arms
Headed the Phalanx, on his Frontlets glow'd A Golden Crown, with radiant Splendour starr'd Of Emerald and Sapphir: Warlike Plates
Of Armour he disdain'd, and in the Air
His rosy Vesture slutter'd; yet a Spear
Losty of Cinnamon his Arm sustain'd,
His Arm that drop'd with balmy Nectar. Strait

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The Cherub from its burnish'd Trunk the Sword Of dread Jehovah drew uncloath'd; the Fire Of Heav'n that instant darted from the Blade, Like Light'ning slash'd on Light'ning; none from No Fiend that Blaze sustains; Satanick Pow'rs Reel dazled and astony'd, Smote with Fear: Instant they leap aloof, thro' cloven Air Forcing impetuous Flight; Th' Angelick Hoste Pursues. Now Uproar and Consusion wild Roar'd in the second Region: Conthia leap'd High from her Sphere, and Titan, Fire-array'd, Eclips'd his Flame, and lowr'd his golden Face.

Now on the Confines of Tartarick Realms
Arrive the Fugitives, and thro' the Roof
Enfuriate burst; the cloven Roof resounds,
Op'ning a baleful Chasin that sulphur belch'd,
And Clash of Chains, and Howls of Spirits lash'd.
Down with impetuous Plunge the Furies leap,
The scatter'd Fires sly diverse; thro' the Rocks
Of red-hot Ebon they their Passage urge.
In Hell's grim Center satal sinks a Hole,

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Book V. The LAST-DAT. 195

Where Whirlwinds randezvouz, and Cataracts
Lye dormant, till by Monarch's Nod awak'd.
These Regions stretch beneath black Hell, in wild
And everlasting Labyrinths: Here howl
Rebels with Blood fraternal glutted, pour'd
Scalding down Gorges burnt. Here Tyrants groan
Who Martyr's Blood effus'd, and caus'd in Flames
Religious Hearts to rise, not melting soft
At Crys of Infants, or the Tears of Age.

Here thro' the black Concavitys profound,
Tumbling impetuous, their impatient Fears
The Damons hide; invoking fable Night
To mantle 'em envelopt; Heaps on Heaps
They rowl confus'd, and in the blackeft Dwolm
Croud all Aghaft; what direr Vengeance refts,
Than here to howl confin'd, and feed on Flames!

Th' Etherial Spirits down this impious Gulph Forbear to chase; but on the Mouth empile Ien thousand Rocks. No Exit, till the Judge Summons each Fury to pronounce his Fate. The Damons quick the Barricade perceive,

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And start amaz'd, then hurry to the Mouth,
And stamp and howl and breathe abandon'd Yells.

Abdiel regardless rent the Crags from Rocks
Red-hot; Azazel in his Hand the Hills
Of glowing Ebony and Adamant

Brought towning huge; beneath his mighty stride. Tartarick Regions trembled, and his Arms

Rattled behind upon his Shoulders broad.

Heap upon Heap they whelm'd, and Height on As if to Snowden huge Plinlymmon's Bulk And vast Penminmaur were with brazen Bands Connected, then upon the mighty Mass Mana and Anglesey capacious Isles
From black Foundations groaning torn, were pil'd, Island o're Island striding. So appear'd
Th' unnumber'd Hills high whelm'd, and shook The Clash of Fetters and the Groans of Fiends.

Then Zophiel and the Seraphim retir'd From Hades, dusk'd Abode; beneath their Feet The fiery Billows ceas'd to boil, the Storms And Cataracts seren'd their fiery Rage,

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Owning celestial Legions. To the Tow'rs Etherial their impetuous Way they win.

High on a Chariot, blaz'd with Jasper, rode Hazazel, mighty Cherub; Orient Gold Adorn'd his Locks nectarious, and his Vest Unfolded rosy Blushes: He appear'd A stripling fair and tall, the Pride of Life Sate in his lively Mein, and flow'ry Spring Bloom'd in his Aspect: Like a Mountain-Roe That feeds among the Beds of Spice, he rose Aerial sprightly and awak'd to Smiles.

With him, gay Abdiel to his Chariot sprung, Abdiel array'd in Cinnamon and Myrrh,

Whose Breath might vye in Fragrance with the Of Arabie, where Hills are cloath'd with Thyme, And Vales perfum'd with Aloes. With an Air Divine he leapthis Chariot, where the Gems Lighten'd effulgent; Emerald and Pearl Emblaz'd the lucent Axe, and in the Front Blush'd Rubies with the Pride of Orient Gold Enamel'd beauteous; as when Ev'ning sooths The Day to dewy Rest, the fading Sun

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Scatters his Crimson Streams, and tinges soft The Hemisphere with rosy stains, that rise In numerous novel Shapes, and charm the Eye Of Swain sweet solacing in Myrtle Groves, Or toying with his Sylvia by a Stream.

Thus show'd th' Etherial Vehicle, profuse
In lovely Pomp. But Ariel singly rode
Soft wasted on a silver Cloud; around
The Birds of Paradise with raptrous Voice
The Cherub serenaded; not so sweet
The Moonlight Philomela charms, and mourns
Her Tounglings stoln; detaining long the Step
Of melancholy Walker, who his Peace
Seeks in the Rural Scene, from noify Care,
on, and the City-Smoak retir'd.

End of the Fifth Book.





LAST-DAY.

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

Messiah rises from bis Seat, and calls bis Chariot; His Speech to the Hierarchs and Cherubs; Descends to Earth, and alights in the serene and pleasant Meadows of Gallia; designing, as he walk'd from thence toward the East, to call the Jews to Restauration from every Clime; they follow Messiah from the North and South; He leads 'em to Hierusalem, and replaces'em in their antient City. Messiah erects bis Throne on Mount Sion; the Beauty and Glory of Earth during his Reign, when 'tis said, the Wolf shall lye down with the Lamb, and the Leopard shall lye down with the Kid; and the Calf and the young Lyon and the Fatling together, and a little Child shall lead them. Lucifer frets in vain at Earths Repose

The ARGUMENT.

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Repose; his Speech to the Infernals; they arise against Earth; Hell is in a Tumult; when Abaddon, the Angel of the Bottomless-Pit, marches and quells the Uproar. The Dæmons of Witchcrast and Persecution, and Rebellion, are expelled the Earth; the first Dæmon being found in Lapland, the next in Italy, the last in Albion. Then Jehovah looks down and blesses the Reign of Messiah: Ætna bellows no more, and Scylla forbears to bark.



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Whereforedid I, who have the Name with G Ublime upon a golden Throne, emblaz'd With Chrysolite, Almighty Logos sate; His Loyns were with fiery Zone engirt Of Empyrean Substance, and around and I VM His Temples sportive play'd Meridian Rays. Anon from Seat illustrious pompous rose Th' eternal Splendours; ore the Hyaline His Frontlets rear'd fublime, and 'neath his Feet The Sweating Sky deep bent. Then Nature paus'd, Th' Angelick Choir was mute, and Cherubs stood Attentive to his Nod; 'My Chariot call! (Messiah faid) Replenish high with Bolts This flaming Quiver! to my favour'd Spot Terrestrial swift descend We! For, Oh Sons Of lucid Heav'n, that wonder at my Care, Earth's still my Fav'rite, tho' on Earth I fell: Else wherefore midst the num'rous Worlds that The bosom of Etherial Space, and star The boundless Infinitum, wherefore chose I that poor Atom, scarcely to be found Amidst th' unnumber'd Globes of nobler Size? Wherefore

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- Wherefore did I, who share the Name with God,
- And grafp the swelling Thunders, rove and hunt
- To find out Man, whose Nature is so frail,
- ' And Heart so fickle? On the Cross he tore
- ' My Flesh relentless, yet a secret Tye
- ' Binds me to Love; I Love because I Love.
- · Hazazel, Zophiel, Habbacuc, attend!
- 'To Globe Terrestrial March! observe we there
- How Virtue rises in her fairest Plumes
- " Adorn'd, and wide dilates with glowing Charms;
- Observe we if the sick'ning Vice decays
- In blest Proportion. Satan dire will rage,
- ' And black Gogmagog his audacious Sword
- ' Shake in Defiance, but in vain shall shake.
- · No more the beauteous Meadows shall he bruize
- With hostile Stamp: The Kid shall crop the Grass,
- ' And by the Lyon rowl upon the Flow'rs;
- ' No more rude Weeds sweet Soils shall indispose,
- But Myrrh and Aloes cloath the dewy Groves,
- ' Op'e to the Morn, and shine with wholsom Stains
- · The playing Babe, in Innocence array'd,
- 'Shall fearless on the Cockatrice impose

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Book VI. The LAST-DAY. 203

' His hand unharm'd in Sport. The Foes to Peace

' Shall blafted fall; no Robbers shall infest

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' The gloomy Brow of Night, or range the wastes

'Their Hands nefarious stain'd with guilt less Blood;

' Nature shall Smile, and Earth forget her Groans.

Dread Elobim's Equal spoke: Hosannabs charm'd

The lucid Monarchy, more sweet than Pipe

Of Shepherd joyning the melodious Tunes

Of Philomela, when the Evening cloaths

The Shades in filver Dew, and Zephyrs breathe

Their Odours gentle thro' the tender Blooms.

Messiah now his flaming Chariot mounts,
And shakes the golden Reins; Rejoyce Oh Earth!
And Mountains rise to Gladness! Thro' the Gates
Calestial rowls th' effulgent Vehicle,
And Floats upon the Ether. Huge as Earth
Two mighty Whirlwinds spirited with Fire
Sustain'd th' important Car and high sublim'd
Th' Almighty poiz'd aerial. In the midst,
A Seat more soft than downy Couch, more sweet
Than Bed of Roses, glist'ring shone; compos'd

Of Plumes that dazle on the Fairy's Wings, And Gossamer that on a Summer Eve Flys in the Air and o're the Meadows hangs. Here fate the blest Messiah; Cherubim Twice seven aerial hov'ring round, sustain'd High o're his godlike Head a Silver Cloud, With varying Beautys pearl'd, and deckt in Huss That smile in Dew, and in the Rainbow blush. By Jupiter swift rode the exulting Host: Seiz'd with surprize and Joy, th' Inhabitants Triumphant rose; All shook their Orb around With Acclamations, and confest the God.

Far in the West a beauteous Nation smiles With Gallian Meadows, where the Forests drop Nectareous Honey, and the Hills are cloath'd In everlasting Fragrance; where the Seyn Bathes with her balmy Waves the Fields serene, Nigh pompous Tow'rs Paristan, wide expands A Mead, in Sweets superior to the Groves Adjacent, it's enamel'd Bosom stuck With blooming Nature and the Pride of Spring.

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Book VI. The LAST-DAT.

This lovely Waste, th' Etherial Host descrys Distant, and here the God his gorgeous Carr Effulgent blaz nous stops; sublime in Air The glift'ring Equipage above the Field Hangs coping like a thousand Watry-Bows Spread on the guilded Ether, and fustain'd By Cherubim aërial; brighter show'd Messiah hov'ring in the gaudy Sky, Array'd in radiant Glories, and engirt With Equipage celestial: There alights Eternal Logos; where he stept, arose Flow'rs Hyacinth and Panfe, and where he breath'd A Stream of Odours flow'd; the gazing World In Ecstasy arose, triumphant, while Th' Almighty's Equal, in a golden Vest, Majestick folemn towr'd to Orient Climes, Where Lebanon and Sinai break the Clouds. Still as Messiah walk'd, his Fingers drop'd ene, ads Ambrofial Balm, and in the Ether wav'd Celestial Locks of Gold; Whene're the Breath Of Zephyr spicy his dilated Vest

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206 The LAST-DAY. Book VI.

Ope-flutter'd, and his Breast display'd, thence Joy Fresh darted blissful on the Sons of Men.

Thus walk'd Almighty Logos o're the Earth Striding, from Realm to Realm, and at the Sea Arriv'd Egaan, strode from Isle to Isle.

Swift as he march'd, he call'd th' Hebreans, they Now own Messiah glorious, and pursue
The God, fast slocking from the North and South An Isle in Circuit small, in Potence large,
Sits brooding in the Northern Waves, and round

Gazes upon the conquer'd Flood remote,
Surveying Realms that at her awful Nod

Stoop their huge Fronts; For Strength to Brav'ry Here succour'd Jews reside, with those who All Deserving succour; hence they joyous slock, Pursue Messiah and allow the King.

The Gaulick Regions, whose serener Air Wakes the Inhabitants to shining Wit,
Dismiss the once-lov'd Offspring: and the Plains
Hesperian, where the solid Natives breathe

Wisdom, and leis'rate weigh th' Event of Things.

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Nor fewer fent th' Aufonian shores, where reigns Soft-batt'ning Gaiety, where Pleasance o're
The Meadows dancing laughs and talks aloud.

From Belgium, where Industrious Arts to state
Of Regal Glories lift Confed'rate Pow'rs,
And Amity in all her Beauties shines,

Th' Hebreans rov'd alacrious: And from Climes

Swedian heroick, where the Charms of Fame

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Transcend the Love of Life, and panting Hearts

Swell with Desire of War, and spurn the World.

Thus as th' Almighty march'd, from ev'ry Clime
The Seed of Ifrael flock'd, and jocund grac'd
His Progress ornamental. Heav'n accepts
Their Obstinacy soften'd, while they share
The glorious Blessings of Messiah's Reign.
The Tow'rs of Hierusalem in Pearl
and Jasper lust'rous deckt, more radiant shone
Than once, when held the golden Reins the Prince
of Wisdom, and like Stones the Silver shone,
Hitt'ring thro' ev'ry Street. Now Temples rose

obler, Magnificent, the Glow of Gold
Dazled

288 The LAST-DAT. Book VI.

Dazled the waking Morn, and Cynthia's fair And Virgin Silver ornamental starr'd Each Structure smiling; Titan sportive play'd His Beams effulgent 'genst the Domes, the Domes Burnish'd re-darted back his sportive Beams.

This the Hebreans shar'd again, the Seed
Belov'd of Heav'n; In Ecstasy of Bliss
They view'd the Places where their Grandsseed
Around the City spacious Groves dispread
Their balmy Beautys, and falubrious breath'd
Their wasted Sweets within the Walls of Jet
And Alabaster sapphir'd. High aloos
A splendid Cloud with golden Hues aumail'd
O're-shaded ever-fair the Town, and barr'd
The Evening Vapours and the Heats of Noon.
Thus the Judeans dwelt, the Bride of Earth,

And Gaze of ev'ry Region; fair as once
When the Sweet-Singer pompous Scepter sway'de

Nor less were other Nations blest; No more Papista o're th' Ausonian Plains distraught
Her purple Garment, in the Blood of Saints

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Book VI. The LAST-DAY. 209

Stain'd; Now Messiah over Earth usurps
His proper Seat, and fills the Throne divine.
Sweden no more affrights the balmy Peace,
Low'rs in destructive Steel, or shakes the Spear.
No more Britannia's Isles their Prince elect,
Yet their best Choice dislike; they fret no more,
No more rouse Discord, or Rebellion wake.

By Plains Arabian, Sion, gaudy Mount, Rises aerial, and th' inferiour Meads, Bloom'd with the Vernal Pride, surveys: Its sides Are gay adorn'd with pleas'd Pomona's Gifts, Pomgranates swelling, and the golden Blush Of Oranges, and Fruits that load the Vine: Soft 'mong the Blossoms sing melodious Birds, Charming the Ether, while their silver Plumes Wave glitt'ring in the Sun, with beauteous Hues Such as adorn the Drops of Eve: From high Trickle soft Streamlets down the flowery Hill, Their Waves like Crystal, and refresh the Beds Of Cinnamon and Myrrh that cloath the Sides Of lovely Sion, and their Odours wast.

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210 The LAST-DAY. Book VI.

High on this Hill Messiah's Throne was rear'd. Pride of admiring Realms; from East to West The bright Resplendence shone, the golden Flame Surpaffing which effulgent Titan shakes Swift from his Locks emblaz'nous. Sapphire With Emonys, and Rubies starr'd with Pearl, Compos'd the pompous Canopy, that wide It's glowing Lustre fair dilated, proud To shade the God of Nature: Him aloft Cherubs twice three supported, 'neath his Feet Placing a mighty Cloud, whose nat'ral Bent Ascendant upward reach'd: Aloof they heav'd Heav'n's awful Judge, flow-rifing; Virtues bright, And Hierarchs of lower Rank arose Unnumber'd, on the Royal Pow'r august Attending. Slow they mounted, as from Stream Of Ganges, where Bengalian Spices breathe, A Mist arises guilded, with the Rays Of Evening Sun aumaild, and stain'd with Gold. So leif'rate rose th' Attendant Beings, round Messiab circling to adorn his Throne.

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Book VI. The LAST-DAY. 211

Thus reign'd th' Almighty's Equal; when he His Scepter glorious o're the Realms beneath, Terrestrial Globe obey'd. O're all the Earth Virtue dispread her Charms, and lovely won The Hearts of Men; the Ground no more produc'd Briars and Thorns, but Cedars ev'ry Plain Lordly adorn'd, and rear'd majestick proud Their Heads aërial to the broken Clouds.

Each Bush 'gan soften from it's rudest Garb, And smooth it self to Beauty; Roses bloom'd, And Grapes in swelling Clusters jocund glow'd Where late hung acid Sloes jejune. The Meads Weregrac'd with bleating Flocks, no more of Wolves Fearful, they joyous crop'd the tender Buds, And browz'd upon the Flow'rs; with merry Heart Lambs sportive leap'd, and bask'd i'th' Morning-Now o're the Desarts the benighted Swain Walks fearless, guided by the Stars; no more Robbers infest the Plains, or rove the Wastes, Their Hands in Blood of Travellers embath'd.

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212 The LAST-DAT. Book VI.

More blith than Morn each lovely Hill appears. Array'd in Spices that ambrofial waft Their Sweets around diffusive; On their Tops Rov'd unmelested Roes, and in the Heat Meridian fair upon the verdrous Turf Display'd their gentle Features; with their Fawns Playing delighted: Now no Gamesters wind Horns sportive, that Destruction breathe to soft And harmless Animals: Devoid of Fear The little Innocents alacrious feed On Thyme, and fair among the Lillys rowl. The Lyon, furious Rover, howls no more, Of Blood infatiate thirsty; but perceives His Temper melt to gentler Terms, his Eye No longer darts Revenge, his cruel Fangs Are sheath'd, his Heart no more for Battle beats. The Infant with the Tyger, once morose Relentless, sportive toys, nor fears his Rage: Around him flock the Shepherd-boys, and stroke His pleafur'd Temples, and emplait with Flow'rs

Book VI. The LAST-DAY. 213

A Girland vernal fair, then on his Neck Bind the gay Curve, and blithsom dance around.

Thus happy Earth: Th' Infernal Monarch faw, Of Opposition impotent. Around, Lucifer hurl'd his Rage, and burst the Waves Of boiling Sulphur; Vengeance from his Looks Like Light'ning darted, and his horrid Frowns Thick shadow'd Hell profound: The Spirits howl'd At his nefarious Wrath, and 'neath the Rocks Burning conceal'd with horrid Flight their Fears. Then thus the Ruler, 'Hear O Hell, and thou 'Infernal Lake attend! Why reign I here, 'If Virtue reigns on Earth? Oh hated Word, 'That stings my tortur'd Soul! I'll shake off Pangs, 'Or Nature's Frame confound, Why dream ye, Is this an Hour to dream!? O rise! your Breasts Let fnaky Furies sting to keenest Rage! Man, Man is bleft! --- Yet wherefore hate I Man? He leans to Us; he raises not my Hate, But as th' Almighty favours: Thought accurst! Why lay not we i'th' reach of Mercy? We ' More P 3

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214 The LAST-DAY. Book VI.

- * More meritorious, nobler, and more great?
- "We, being call'd, should rapid fly from Vice;
- We, (were the Arms of Mercy ope' for us)
- ' Should we e're spurn th' Eternal Love, and court
- Destruction as a Friend? --- O cruel Thought,
- 'It ne're must be! the Tryal is deny'd!
- ' And we for ever must in Lakes of Fire
- 'Groan Unrepriev'd. Oh Horrour, dire to speak,
- * For ever grean! my Bosom 'gins to boil,
- ' And waking Passion warms my Breast to Rage;
- Let us not tamely fuffer! fnatch your Spears!
- · Arm ye with fiery Rocks! we'll shake that Throne
- We can't o'rewhelm; if Heav'n so favours Man,
- Let us molest; Revenge alone remains,
- We will disturb that Peace we cannot share!

Lucifer spoke; his mighty Voice was like
The Noise of Thunders in Bacrasian Rocks
Roaring, while Winds that in the Hollows sport
Augment the Eccho. Round the Damon rose
Unnumber'd Fiends inferiour, chauft with Rage
And breathing warm Desiance; as around
The ghastly Rock of Scylla, tempest-hurl'd

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Book VI. The LAST-DAY. 215

Rife wrathy Billows flormy dashing, while
Rude Boreas rides the Main, and with his Arm
Drives Ocean rowling 'neath the sable Clouds
That low'r with pendant Tempests Sulphur-big.

But now undaunted Abadon from Heav'n
Receives sublime Command to quell with speed
The giddy Tumult: Then his siery Carr
The Angel of th' Unbottom'd Pit, with Voice
Sonorous call'd, and vengeful leap'd alost:
Then drove to Realms Tartarean; for a Shield
A slaming Rock he snatch'd, and brandish'd high
His everduring Sword. Remote the Fiends
Heard his known Tread, and instant from their
Flew scatter'd bellowing: Lucifer aloof
Sate moveless on his Throne. Then Abadon
Survey'd the black Domains; but War was sled,
And proud Rebellion slept among the Waves.

Earth, during this, in Happiness arose, And smil'd with gayer Joys: Ambition droop'd,

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216 The LAST-DAY. Book VI.

No more engaging Mortal Minds, or Realms Filling with Buftle: Princes on their Thrones Sate undisturb'd serene, and airy Fame No longer kindled Nations, or the Hearts Of Men entic'd to dusty Plains to spill Fraternal Blood relentless. None could wish Dominions fairer than he proud enjoy'd. Ev'n Mab'met's Sons to love of gentlest Peace Soften; no more rude Hospodars alarm Regions remote: The fwarthy Moors forget To tread the Libyan Sands, or dusk the Sky With Ensigns sable; For their torrid Plains Their steril Nature leave: From Memphian Soil To Tingitania, Hills of fervid Sand Sink into Meadows fruitful, where the Flow'rs Expand their Bosoms lovely to the Breath Of Morning Zephyrs, and with Dews empearl'd Glitter to th' rising Day: The bleating Flocks Sport where the Lyons howl'd: The foft'ning Marl Feels its hard Joynts dissolve, and ope profuse To trickling Springs abundant; Thro' the Fields Flowery they glide, and joy the kindly Glebe.

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Book VI. The LAST-DAY. 217

Yet the fierce Damon of Rebellion kept His Seat on Earth; with Fiends o're other Crimes Of blackest Stain presiding. In the North A chauffen Island, girt with Boreas's Rage, Lyes Tempest-beat, and sturdy on the Storms Gazes Superiour frowning: Here's a Place, Hight Peak, far-fam'd; where nighted Hollows Chasiny profound, beyond the deepest stretch Of Fathom-Line; Within, strange Noises rowl Thro' the Domains, and seem the Fate of Man Dire to invoke. In this tremendous Spot Of Earthly Globe, Rebellion lives: He shakes Oft shakes the Isle, and stings the Natives Hearts. O're Plains Ausonian proud Vesuvius reare. Its fiery Scalp, and belches Fire around Scorching the Welkin: Persecution here (Tremendous Court) refides, and wrap'd in Smoke Groans, her red Arms still bathing warm in Blood.

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These ghastly Furies in their Holes prosound Skulk'd trembling, and to scape Messiah's Wrath Latent expected. Incest too, and War,

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218 The LAST-DAY. Book VI.

And Witchcraft hid their Heads. Then spoke the

- 'Thus far we fair proceed, and Earth beneath
- 'Our Empire blissful smiles; yet sable Sin
- Lurks domant half oppress'd: You, Zophiel,
- ' The Legions! you Hazazel aid, and hunt
- Rebellion, Witchcraft, and nefarious War,
- From Earth's falubrious Confines; deep in Hell
- ' Force 'em to fly expell'd. My Fav'rite Man
- 'I'll cloathe entire in Virtue, and in Peace.

Messiab from his Throne sublime adorn'd,
Spoke godlike. Zophiel and Hazazel stalk
Majestick ample o're the bending Earth,
Shaking their Spears from far. The spacious Sea
Mediterranean like a Floor of Glass
They trod, as Angels tread: Their burnish'd
Dazled the Beams of Light, and in the Winds
Their Cressets lofty wav'd. From stery Mouth
Griezly of dread Vesuvius sterce they drag'd
Horrendous Persecution; forth she rowl'd
The Fires and Sulphur with her: In the Air
Hizazel bore her rear'd; to mortal Eyes

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Book VI. The LAST-DAY. 219

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Naked in all her Horrours she appear'd

Loathsome, detestable; her Eyes with Blood

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Streak'd direful; Racks, and tort'ring Engines

To her black Bosom grasping: Nature fled

To see the squallid Fiend; who gnash'd her Teeth,

And wav'd her Vest with Blood of Saints distain'd.

Th' Aufonians and Hesperians, fore aghast,

Howl'd frighted, scowring from her wicked Shape.

Next, War th' Etherial Forces caught, whose Burnt with substantial Fire, ten thousand Bolts Loaded his Shoulders, which to Men he lent Destructive: From his Mouth a Flame of Fire Issuing, enkindled th' Air, and Mortals warm'd To Love of Fight. This horrid Fiend they hurl'd With Persecution to the Gulph of Hell.

Then traversing the Surface of the Earth,

[found.]

Where Shores Laponian low'r, they Witchcraft

There in a gloomy Wood remote, where Tread

Of human Foot ne're reaches, she her Court

Leeps horrible, and hears the fatal Shriek

Of Night-Fowl ominous: She black appears,

Haggard, and filthy, mumbling philtrous Sounds,

Unfafe

220 The LAST-DAY. Book VI.

Unsafe for honest Ears: Around her Cell, Skulls lye, and Imag'd Wax, and Groans proceed From Caves adjacent; thro' the Forest howl Imps fatal lash'd by th' Enemy of Man.

To Albionian Shores th' Angelick Pow'rs
Then urge their rapid Course; and from the deep
Concavitys of Peak, with mighty Arm,
Hazazel drags Rebellion; At the Sight
Of Day the Fury shriek'd, in Cloaks and Shrowds
Wrap'd usual: In a ferment was his Breast,
Nor could his Arms from Motion cease; the Realm
Britannick shook the rooted in the Main,
And every Bosom glow'd with Discontent
Avoidless; Till the Cherub to the Lakes
Sulphureous boiling hurl'd the bellowing Fiend.

Now nothing interrupts Messiah's Reign.

Soft underneath the Jessamin, and Vines

That swell'd with Fruits, and breath'd their Sweets

Sate Shepherds baying in the Rosy Shades,

Tuning with fair simplicity their Pipes

Of Oaten Harmony; Alost engirt

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The LAST-DAY. Book VI. With blooming Flow'rs th' Ambrofial Zephyrs The gentle Philomel, and breath'd around Her Moans melodious. Quiet spread her Wings Of Gold and Azure o're the vernal Groves, And Peace celestial (in a filmy Vest Aray'd, where Arts and Sciences display'd Their figur'd Charms) gay hover'd in the Air. And shaded Cities. Not a Man but chac'd The Train of Virtue; not a Maid but shone In purest Innocence adorn'd. For now, As in the golden Age, the Females rove Each bloomy Shade unharm'd: Of impious Rape Fearless, they wander thro' the Woods, and Grotts, Soft finging to themselves; then near a Spring Display their Beauties on a Turf of Flow'rs, Observing in the Limpid Glass their Vests lutter, and Tresses wave with ev'ry Breeze. As once Proferpina, the little Maid, fusc, Wander'd with Playmates sportive, to despoil The Meadow's Pride, and crop the budding Panse, larcissus, Hyacinth, and Eglantine,

reathing gay Girlands. So, thro' ev'ry Grove

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The L AS T-DAY. Book VI.

Now rove the Virgins, Earth's nectareous Fruits To crop beside the Streamulets, and see How th' artificial Birds with Care compos'd Their pendant Houses of serene Repose.

Ambitious Spirits in the Dust and Sweat Of Cities now no longer panted. Fame Ceas'd to engage the Heart; and disaray'd Of borrow'd Splendours, to the View appear'd Empty, jejune, and impotent of Aid, A Cloud unfolid. To falubrious Scenes, Hero's and Magistrates retir'd, and found At length the Path to Happiness: Beneath The Poplars fpreading in loquacious Curves They lean'd their Limbs compos'd; the Hours feren Flow'd eafy blissful, lost in sweet Discourse.

Th' Almighty Thund'rer op'd the golden Door Empyreal, and disclos'd the bright Domains, Where Cherub's Plumes diffect th' Etherial Breeze Bu And Hallelujabs charm the filver Light: The Globe Terrestrial he survey'd, and pleas'd Gaz'd on th' illustrious Virtue: Godlike similes Fr

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The LAST-DAY. Book VI. Celestial sinooth'd the Planets in their Course, And warm'd the Constellations bright to Joy. Th' Eternal then difplay'd his rofy Palm, Droping with Sweets ambrofial, o're the Earth, And bles'd the Reign of Virtue. Thou, OSea, ' Compose thy Rage, (he said) and melt thy Storms 'To Gentleness and Slumbers! You that roam 'The spacious Main, and lash the Surge to Foam, 'Leviathan, let Peace serene your Breast, 'And fink to balmy Rest; no more the Rocks 'Toss thro' the frothy Billows, root no more 'The stedfast Islands from Foundations deep! 'Thou, Cynthia, lucid Orb, no more intrude 'Thy dim Opakeness where the golden Rays eren 'Of Titan ought to show'r! Th' affrighted Earth Loves not the fable Gloom should shade the Morn. And wrap the Realms in Terrour, and in Dusk. Door Thus fpoke th' Omnipotent, thro' blaz'nous Breeze Burst in the Sky by Lightnings, gazing round. A fiery Comet thro' th' extended Waste Drag'd it's sulphureous Tail of unctuous Fire, as'd iles Frighting the Galaxie: It's flaming Scalp

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224 The LAST-DAY. Book VI.

It shook horrendous, and to yelling Earth Drove it's intrepid Course: Th' Eternal saw, And grasping in capacious Palms the Fires Cometal, pluck'd the Tow'rer from it's Orb, And hurl'd it thro' the roaring Sky, beyond The Sphere of staming Blood, where Cherubs rove Endless in Labyrinths profuse, but tove In vain, nor find where huge Creation fails.

Now Ætna shakes no more his burning Head: Huge Clouds confed'rate league, and 'genst his Fires Drive their damp Force; the Mouth sulphureous Disgorges high the Billows, sherce they hiss, And boil and swell; but Clouds succeeding Clouds Dissolve the Thunders, and the Fires asswages Cyclopian Plains extensive from their Course Jejune soft ripen, and to Meadow grow Of slowery Pleasance: Now where Ætna stood Extends a Grotto in continu'd Pride Of Blooms aray'd, young Emony and Panse. No more sierce Billows storm Charybdis rude, Or angry bark from Soylla; like a Plain Of silver Light'ning shines the Flood serene.

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End of the Sixth Book.



LAST-DAY.

BOOK VII.

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The ARGUMENT.

Earth's Angel rises on golden Plumes, and wings his Way to the Resurrection Angel, who enquires if all things performable before the Dissolution were accomplished; In answer to his Question, Earth's Angel relates the several Ations which he judged were the Deeds, and the only Deeds, to be first performed. An Angel having sworn that Time should he no more, Monsters arise from Hell, and torment the Earth. Four Angels being loos'd from the Bottom of Euphrates, encrease the Miseries of Earth: A prodigious Army joyns them; Mortals take Arms and oppose them, Europeans, Asiaticks, and Africans meeting in a Libyan Plain: The slaughter of Men. The two Witnesses descend from Heaven;

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The ARGUMENT.

are slain; recover Life. Other Destroyers perform'd Wonders, shrouded the Sun, pluck'd Fires from Heaven. Jehovah rains Flames upon them. The seven Angels pour out their Phials of Wrath on the World. Mortals again march to War; are slaughter'd. Apollyon descends, and drives the Furies from Earth.



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Earth's Guardian Pow'r: He potent Cherub
High on the Evening Star, and thence survey'd
The circling Globe Terrestrial, lest it loose
Th' Elliptick Road, or deviate from the Curve
Where Nature bad it rove. Th' Angellick Voice
The Guardian heard, and tow'rd the bright Abodes
Aerial Voyage thro' the Skies prepar'd.

Beyond the Regions where enormous Ice
Hardens the Scotians warlike, and their Nerves
To stubborn Brav'ry raises, ghassly lyes
The Hyperborean Pole, where Whirlwinds curl
In savage Sport, and Hills of Snow sublime
Rise on the frozen Day; There Thunder stalks
O're shrowded Billows, in the Clouds his Head
Wrapping Superiour. Angel of the Earth
Hence call'd the stoutest Whirlwind that the Realms
Of Globe Terrestrial shakes, and bad it lose
[Pow'r,
It's boistrous Mein: Then mount's th' Etherial
And rides the Blast impetuous: Round him slock'd
Fairies and Elves, Inhabitants of Air,

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And

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And shrill'd melodious Flutes; the Ether smil'd, And all the Plains celestial rapt'rous charm'd In foft Suspension slept. Thus round the Pow'r Th' Airy Attendants hover'd, and display'd High o're his Head their Wings of filmie Sweets, That glitter'd varying in the Streams of Light: Less beauteous fair the Canopies, where East Her spicy Arms dilates, and shines with Gems: An Indian Empress folaces besides The filver Waves of Ganges, to observe The pearly Bottom, and the Sands of Gold; High o're her Beauties blazons on the Day A splendid Veil, supported by a Train Of Mauritanians, Fence against the Beam Meridian, and the Tinge of Orient Heat,

With Acclamations, and the Voice of Joy Thro' Heav'n's high Gate the Guardian Angel rode. Around him shone the gay Celestial Choir, And youthful Pleasance smil'd in ev'ry Look. So rides a blithsome Hero in the Spoils Of Vict'ry proud adorn'd, thro' City Gates,

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Book VII. The LAST-DAY.

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With Shouts tryumphal ecchoing; Arches bright, With gorgeous Pageantry, and golden Blush Of Crest and Haberge, dazle high the Sun Reslecting blazing Streams: Gay elevate The Hero pompous sits, while Monarchs chain'd Low'r on their Fate, and drag th' unpleasant Load Now th' Angel of the Earth address his Steps, Where girt with never-fading Glories sate

The Resurrection Angel; like the blaze
Of burning Jasper solid shone his Feet;
Illustrious Cherubs pompous o're his Head

A Crown celestial poiz'd, and in his Palm He bore a Globe with flaming Worlds emboss'd.

First spoke th' Almighty's Herald; 'Thou whose

Directs you floating Orb, whose Arms compose

Ocean when mad with Tempests, and prevent

The Comets from pernicious Rush on Earth,

Review thy World! observe if ought remains

Yet unperform'd, before the gen'ral Blaze

Performable. Is Satan with his Fiends

In Gulph Tartarean bound? and swell the Grains

Of Nitre, pregnant with sulphureous Fire,

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230 The LAST-DAY. Book VII.

- 'In Earth's black Bowels? For the Time arrives,
- ' When our deep Purpose into Deeds must grow.
- ' See, yonder distant thro' the scatter'd Orbs,
- ' Where the bright Legions from remotest Spheres
- ' Atoms collect combustible, and grasp
- 'The Flames destructive: In their Hands high
- ' Yon Balls feem innocent, but dormant lye
- ' Beneath the Rind ten thousand Plagues aghast,
- ' Which at the bursting of the Surface leap
- ' With Rage impetuous forth, and fcatter wide
- ' Havock, and fable Ruin: When compleat
- ' The Preparation for the folemn Hour
- ' Ends, thro' the roaring Ether all will hurl
- "Their Globes terrifick; Earth from groaning Axe
- 'Torn, will unsettled rove, array'd in Flames,
- 'Thro' frighted Welkin, 'mong the vapry Clouds
- 'Bursting it's torrid Course: Then Hills will
- ' And Forests fiery in the Void of Heav'n
- Wave with the Winds, and rowl their vagrant
- · Of blueish Sulphur, while the fervid Marl
- 'Glows red-hot direful, and convulsive shakes.
- 'Thus will pale Nature dye. To you the Guard

Book VII. The LAST-DAY. 231

'Terrestrial Heav'n it's Breast unfolds, lest Fear

'Seize you furpriz'd in that tremendous Hour,

Preventing your Performance of the Part

' Michael allots you: Thus the Cherub spoke.

The Guardian turning to the Prince of Pow'r,

With Reverence obsequious bow'd his State,

Signal of Gratitude; Then Speech assum'd.

Jehovah's Herald! Substitute august
Of Nature's Author! What before the Hour
Awful remain'd performable on Earth,
Rises compleat; If ought defective shows,
Let thy superiour Judgment point the Fault,
While I on ev'ry Circumstance dilate,
E're the Pesormance I to Heav'n present.

When this profound Decree on Earth was known, A mighty Angel from the Clouds his way Impetuous wing'd, his Looks like flaming Gold, His Eyes like Light'ning; On th' Eöan Sea He stood Superiour, and his Arm aloft Rearing above the Winds, by Pow'r Supream Swore, that pale Nature should no more revolve

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232 The LAST-DAY. Book VII.

Her Years gay circling. Then from fable Pit Unbottom'd, Animals of horrid Shape Sprang ruinous: Their Fangs tremendous fwell'd, Like Tygers, yet their Faces fair, and Curls Adorn'd 'em flowing: Havock, and Difmay They hurl'd o're Earth; Men fled with fatal Yells, And drag'd their Terrours into Rocks, and Chasms.

Their King, enormous Figure, strode the Earth, Vaunting Superiour, ev'ry Step the Hills Shook wide around, and Ocean swerving leapt Its proudest Banks: With slaming Sword he mow'd Cedars and Pines, and prostrate hurl'd around Turrets, and Citadels, and spacious Towns.

Yet blacker Woes pursu'd. Beneath the Flood Of huge Euphrates Pow'rs Angellick lay, Twice Two; oft sweating they their Chains aloof Heav'd restless in Consinement, and the Surge Uphoisted direful; when, an Angel drove Fierce thro' the slying Flood, and loos'd their Chains. To Earth they surious mov'd, huge Rocks of Hail Hurling against the Surface; and alost

Mingling

Book VII. The LAST-DAY. 233

Mingling black Gore and Fire, upon the Towns Rain'd the pernicious Horrour. One enrag'd A burning Mountain fnatch'd, and rapid hurl'd The blazing Mass in middle of the Main, Dashing the scatter'd Billows; Ocean then To Blood converted wide, and rear'd aloof Its crimson Arms to Heav'n. Apollyon stood High on the Top of Bacras, and his Arms Rearing to Heav'n, thence pluck'd with vengeful A Star prodigious; like a fiery Torch Burning it tumbled on th' affrighted Earth, Killing the Springs, and drying boist'rous Floods.

Then all the *Pow'rs* their fatal Force unite,
And o're the Sun a Canopy dispread
Wide-shrowding; Earth in Darkness wept, nor
Nor Eve its Face of chearful Rays expos'd.

These Pow'rs destructive a tremendous Force Pursu'd, stout Cavalry; like Stars that guild The Hemisphere august, when Northern Blasts Congeal the Vapours, they unnumber'd glow'd: Cressets of Chrysolite, and Breast-plates form'd 234 The LAST-DAY. Book VII.

Of fable Fire horrifick burnt; the Front
Of each proud Courser like a Lyon's show'd,
A Lyon Hunger-torn, that thro' the Woods
Bursts fervid, shatt'ring Cedars, Pines, and Oaks.

War they proclaim'd with Man, and high aloof Brandish'd their Jav'lins huge among the Clouds, And spurn'd the subject Earth, beneath their Feet Groan'd deep the Marl oppress'd, and shook thro' Olympus, Snowden. Feeble was the Force Of simple Man; astony'd at the Blaze

Of fiery Warriours, little he oppos'd.

Yet in a Plain, where Libya torrid spreads

Her thirsty Bosom clad in Sand, the Pow'r
Of mortal Thrones conven'd, and wide distraught

Their Phalanxes, in fatal Brightness arm'd. The Asiaticks, in luxurious Gold,

Emblaz'd with Diamonds, thro' the Memphian

March sprightly jocund: Their enamel'd Vests The orient Spices brought, while thro' the Host

Shone Paradise, and flow'r'd Arabia breath'd.

The glowing Africans more dreadful mov'd In fable Pomp, and thro' Meridian Rays

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Drove their intrepid Limbs, from distant Coast

Monopotapan to Herculean Shore,

Where shows Tangier august, and Carthage fall'n. From Hyperborean Climes undaunted stalk'd

Proud Europeans; on their Limbs the Steel Rattled important, and the Crests sublime

Shaded horrifick Afpects; o're the Earth

They stampt, and with their Shouts the Regions

These potent Pow'rs unite, the Force of Earth And Pride of Empires, o're a Realm dispread The num'rous Legions, and oppos'd the Force Of Angels bearing Havock, with their Train Of siery Warriours. High their fatal Bulks Rose to the Clouds, their Thighs remote appear'd Like Pillars burning with substantial Fire, Their Spears like blazing Poplars on the Top Of Ida losty waving in the Winds.

Apollyon from the proud Battalion mov'd Foremost tremendous, thro' the adverse Fronts Driving Destruction; all pursu'd, and rouz'd War bloody-ey'd: Helms groan with horrid Blows,

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236 The LAST-DAY. Book VII. Gore rowls in Currents, Howls infest the Field. And Nature stands appall'd. From Ocean's Womb Th' Infestive Angels, with accel'rate Drive, Tear the rude Rocks, and at the Mortal Host Hurl'em wide-wasting: Fiery Spears, and Hills Wrap'd round in Flame, fly ragged thro' the Sky And fcorch the hiffing Clouds. But faint and weak The Opposition show'd of Mortal Man; They congregate for Ruin; nor can stand Against these Evil Angels, tho' of Rank Abject inferiour, and with Pow'r endow'd Alone to plague the World. Thro' Libya's Realms They hurl Confusion; Asiatick Climes Share the wild Havock, and Europa finks Her warlike Crest, and hangs th' affrighted Head: The Waters change to Blood; the Surface fair Of Earth is stain'd, and heap'd with mangled Limbs. Of Men the third part fell. The fable Pow'rs Tartarick from their horrid Throats difgorg'd

Sulphur and Gore that rowl'd in fquallid Floods

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This black Destruction finish'd, from the Skies The Two Testators journey'd, and alarm'd The Regions wide: A Pleafance in their Eyes Soften'd their folemn Majesty, august Their Vestures glister'd in the golden Sun, And balmy Fragrance from their Breath diffus'd: Yet Crimes they punish'd, ev'ry Soul that err'd Felt their tremendous Arms. Strait, fierce from Hell Old-Dragon sprung intrepid, from his Limbs Shaking the pendant Fires fulphureous: Swift He feiz'd th' Etherial Heralds, fatal Pow'r Dwelt on his Arm, their Crests to Gripe so rough Submitted, and he proftrate hurl'd their Force Grov'ling to th' Earth, that at the fatal Fall Shook thro' a thousand Mountains; From his Thigh The Prince of Hades furiate fnatch'd his Sword Of fiery Substance fram'd, and smote his Foes, Till Life gush'd rapid from their num'rous Wounds.

Their naked Bodies on the Ground expos'd Lay despicable; Wights nefarious round

Convene

238 The LAST-DAY. Book VII.

Convene in jocund Flocks; alacrious Mirth In ev'ry Afpect smiles; the Voice of Harp, Tabret and Flute, augments the jovial Pomp, While round the *Dead* they dance their Hours away,

But Heav'n it's Sons neglects not long; from Sky The Breath of Life descended. Genial Warmth Floats in the Blood, and tepid Spirits dart Thro' the chill Sinews: They perceive their Hearts Incline to beat, and feel their loof'ning Tongues Grow into Motion: Strait, upon their Feet They joyous leap'd, and prais'd th' Almighty's Their Foes beheld affrighted, from the Sight Swift hasting; but the Two Testators prove Harmful no more: A Voice from Heav'n all-sweet As Ev'ning Bleat of Lambs, all-soft as Breath Of Zephyr whisp'ring in a spicy Grove, And waving ev'ry Bloom, enliv'ning call'd; Ascend! ascend! it cry'd; When lo! a Cloud With golden Stains emblush'd around their Feet Bound its fmooth Splendours, and their Steps aloof Bore circ'ling thro' the Azure, vast Expanse: While their proud Foes with Envy view'd their Then

Then in the Sky a Prospect strange appear'd; A Female rearing her enormous fize, Cloath'd in illustrious Rays that golden blaz'd Gorgeous as Titan; On the lucid Moon She stood, fair Pedestal; upon her Front Emblazon'd Stars twice fix. A Son she bore, Whose Arms the Regions with a Rod of Ir'n Must rule. But sierce by Sagittarius stear'd A Shape tremendous, from his Jaws he cast Flame like a Dragon; But in vain he chac'd The Female flying, for th' Almighty Pow'r Huge Pennons lent, that founding beat the Winds, And bore her Bulk impetuous tow'ring: Wrath'd, The bold Destroyer from his Mouth disgorg'd A Flood destructive, with the Waves of Foam The Female to o'rewhelm; that instant, Earth Relenting gap'd profound, and in the Gulph Absorp'd the rowling Billows; swift escap'd The weaker Foe, nor Hills nor Dales oppos'd Her rapid Stride, till she a Desart won, Its spacious Bosom op'ning to the Skies.

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240 The LAST-DAY. Book VII.

But the Destroyer, from Destruction curb'd,
More wrathy rose; his deviate Rage on Man
He proud directed; as a Whirlwind strides
Tremendous o're a Region, and the Domes
And Mountains shakes, so he from burning Arms
Hurl'd Havock and Tumultuous Slaughter wide.
Where Roses bloom'd, and Hyacinth in Hues
Of beauteous Variance rose, now wild dispread
Wastes barren, and jejune; the slowery Meads
No more smile lovely; Swains no more in Shades
Loll soft, and pipe the blissful Hours away.
Such Ruin drew the Monster where he rush'd,
Grating his Teeth, and shaking siery Locks.

Anon, (black Omen!) Ocean boils remote,
The Billows heave, when, furious from the Gulph
Of fable Sea, where howling Mermen haunt,
Rifes a fecond Monster dire enrag'd
With Burst impetuous; wide the scatter'd Waves
Fly dreadful, and assault the starry Roof
Of Heav'n august; swift thro' the Surge he drives

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His eager Course intrepid, and the Rocks
Dafts to the North and South, which (obvious fixt)
Oppos'd his horrid Passage; Nature sied,
Cynthia grew Black, the Sun his Frontlets veil'd.

This Horrour to the former Monster joyn'd Destructive force. They traverse wide the World, Amazing Deeds performing. Sable Night, While shone Meridian Beams, they would induce O're Earth; then raising their nefarious Arms ToHeav'n, thence call descending Fires that scorch'd The Soil cretacious, tender Herbs, and Trees Of blooming Pleasance burning. Deeds so strange The World admir'd, and to their subtle Wiles Inclin'd, nor fear'd Hell's Image to adore.

As this nefarious Pomp arose, from Heav'n A gorgeous Cherub sunk, in mighty Palm Bearing sulphureous Burnings; he inspir'd The Fires with active Life, that thro' the Earth They drove their Way impetuous, what their Course Rapid oppos'd, to their consumptuous Wrath Yeilded. O're Meadows, Hills, and spacious Plains

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242 The LAST-DAY. Book VII.

The kindled Vapours march'd: At length they met The Monsters furiate, and their horrid Rage Encountred; to the Fire calestial stoop'd The Furies, and forbore the World to plague.

Yet direr Ills for Earth remain; Now lo!

Sev'n Angels from th' etherial Skies descend,
Arm'd with sev'n Plagues severe. From Western

Apollyon mov'd terrisick, while his Vests

Shaded th' inseriour Ocean: High he rear'd

His Voice sonorous like tempested Seas,
And bad th' Angellick Pow'rs on howling Earth

Pour Fate, and sable Havock. Strait, the First,

Plac'd lofty on a Cloud august, out-pour'd

Destruction on the World like raining Fire,

That stung affrighted Mortals; swift they sted

From place to place, and ghastly roar'd, nor knew

[Pangs.]

Whence their tremendous Tortures, whence their

Then o're the raving Main the fecond Pow'r Lean'd pendant, like a low'ring Tempest fraught With Thunders fierce nocturnal; Nature quak'd, The Sun withdrew his beamy Face; for now

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Poisons upon the Bosom of the Deep Drop fatal; Ocean from the guilt Peru To favage Borneo its Complexion leaves, And turns to Blood: Then Mermen at the fight Stalk frighted to and fro, where hollow Rocks Eccho their Howls tremendous: Mighty Fish Gulph the black Gore amaz'd, from Sea to Sea They rowl their mighty Bulks to find the Damp Of usual Liquid, but in vain; they pant For Life, the Billows lash, and hurl to Heav'n Huge foamy Waves of Blood. Leviathan Round rowls his fatal Eye to find the Day, And spurns the gorey Surge, huge spacious Seas He drives before his Rush enrag'd, and throws Ocean o're all its Banks, affrighted Realms Cloathing with crimfon Terror: But in vain He roots the Rocks, in vain removes whole Isles, His Strength dissolves and withers into Death. Another Angel o're the gorgeous Sun Assum'd Preeminence; On Cynthia's Globe He stood Majestick, and Titanian Rays

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Snatch'd from the blazing Orb; his spacious Palms

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244 The LAST-DAY. Book VII.

Tremendous Masses grasp'd; As if in Air A Pow'r Gigantick should a flaming Grove Rear high with Tempests curling torn; fo show'd His Palms Angellick from the pompous Sun Seizing ten thousand fiery Brands, in fize Huge as Plinlymmon, or the Snow-crown'd Alps. Anon, against Terrestrial Globe he hurl'd With force revengeful the combining Load Combustible, the melting Clouds recede With Hifs terrifick, unobstructed Road Op'ning capacious. Now into the Winds Blaze Cities, Mortals bellowing fly, and Domes Crack ruinous: Destruction stalks aloof, And Havock horrid smiles; the Sheets of Flame Fly here and there; aftony'd Mortals daft The Fires afide; Behemoth roars amaz'd, And Panthers thro' the rowling Sulphur burst. Thus groan'd pale Earth, her bloomy Pride was And in Decay each Vernal Beauty funk.

Man, at these Miseries alarm'd, arose Revengeful; the Tartarean Monster chaff'd

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Each Bosom, and to spacious Plains conven'd The Pow'r of mighty Legions warlike; Kings In Purple fumptuous cloath'd, with Shields of Gold, Rode rapid on impetuous Courfers, proud With gaudy Trappings, in th' etherial Sky Toffing their Fronts, and shaking Glitterant Gems: Imperial Heads on gorgeous Chariots gay, Adorn'd with blaze of Jasper, rode sublime From blood-shot Eye swift darting Rage; The Hills Shook with their Shouts triumphant, and profound Eccho'd each Valley and cavernous Rock: Terrifick show'd their March; as when a Fire Begins in Vallombrofa, Boreas drives The vagrant Ruin fwift from Pine to Pine; Impetuous marches the destructive Flame, Proftrating ample Forests, all the Pride Of Cedars lofty vaunting; From the West To East terrifick Course the sulph'rous Sheets Drive unresisted; Ether seems to burn. Progress so dreadful Monarchs splendid took, Amidst the blaze of silver Arms, and Pomp Of Chariots that from Pearl and Orient Gems

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Reflected fulgent Lustre, and in Air
Light'ned with dreadful Glory. Memphian Tow'rs
Th' Imperial Hero's leave, and proud Bizance
Gives up her Princes; from Parisian Thrones,
And Plains Borussian, with avengeful Aim
March gallant Emp'rours; Albion o're the Main
Her fearless Prince dispatches to the Aid
Of Earth's intrepid Hero's, and the Front
Of heated Battle fatal to conduct.

Thus gorgeous Emp'rours of the Earth conven'd, The Force of Regions, and the Pride of Realms, A Pow'r Angellick on the mighty Stream Euphrates pour'd Combustion; horrid Flames Engag'd the Waves, and thro' the hissing Flood Their torrid Progress burst; Waves foamy swell, The Fires assault, descending Brands augment Th' horrendous War, while Blazes seem to mix With Billows; Aligators, and the Rage Of Crocodiles torment the Surge, and lash The boiling River: But at length the Fires Prevail Victorious, and with lambent Force Exhaust the mighty Flood; ten thousand Gulphs,

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As many Whirlpools. This perform'd the Pow'r Etherial, that the Monarchs of the East Might unobstructed Progress sind, and meet Th' associate Kings of Earth. Upon a Plain, [met.] Which the Sky seem'd to whelm, they vengeful Hight Armageddon: But their Aims were wild, Vain their Attempts: To Fate the Angel led These pompous Hosts, and they assembled proud, More full to feel Destruction. From the Rage Of the malicious Monsters Men appall'd Fled, Empires to the Clouds relentless how'd, And Islands found no place. The scalding Plagues Oft as th' Accurst perceiv'd, the Throne of Heav'n They tore with Blasphemies, and Hell invok'd To aid their Arms, their Miserys asswage.

Now in the blazing Sun an Angel flood Intrepid; to the Fowls that in the Winds Wing their impetuous Way, aloud he cry'd,

- 'Convene, ye airy Habitants, convene
- ' Eagles and Vultures! Heav'n a Feast ordains,
- ' And Monarchs form the Banquet; From the West
- 'Assemble, and the golden East! He spoke;

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248 The LAST-DAY. Book VII.

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Then to the Confines of Terrestrial Globe Descended terrible; a flaming Spear Shook in his Hand, and o're his Brows fublime A coping Crest envelopt low'ring; swift He cut the Winds, and thro' the broken Clouds Forc'd his impetuous Way: Arriv'd on Earth, He stood like Ida on Plinlymmon plac'd, Haughty, Superiour; like a Flame his Eyes Blazon'd, his Thighs like red-hot Oaks appear'd, Or Columns that fuffain'd the mighty Fane O're Tow'rs Ephesian gazing, to the Pride Of vain Diana rear'd: The Kings of Earth Oppose not idle Swords, but fly aghast, Hideous in Yells; Imperial Grandeur fades, And Crowns and Scepters fcatter'd o're the Plain Shine in Disorder, and the Champain deck. Oft as the Angel strode, his fatal Bulk Shook the firm Earth altony'd, shook the Sea Thro' thousand Islands: Peace dejected slept, And Uproar rear'd its frightful Head, around Viewing Distractive. The pernicious Pow'r Wasted

Wasted the World at large; his Shield display'd Show'd Atlas huge everted. Mortal Limbs
The Plains heap'd mangled, while the tepid Blood In ample Currents flow'd, and swell'd the Sea From Niger to Hydaspes where they rowl Their rapid Billows into Ocean's Arms.

High elevate Apollyon's Throne was rear'd,
With horrid fable Pomp, nocturnal Clouds
Thick canopy'd aloof, and pillar'd Smoak
Substantial rose, supporting in the Sky
Hell's Angel: This in the Combustion down
Was fatal hurl'd, and ghastly Ruins show'd
Black, sundamental, squallid. Then enrag'd
Apollyon vengeful rose; his Sword in Air
Brandishing haughty; 'And shall I (he cry'd)

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^{&#}x27;This Uproar tolerate? And am I plac'd

^{&#}x27;Hell's Supervisor? The Confed'rate Pow'rs

^{&#}x27;Destructive to the World I'll chain, and free

^{&#}x27;The groaning Earth from Plagues. He spoke, and Himself in Flames tremendous: Then to Globe

250 The LAST-DAY. Book VII.

Terrestrial shot, more swift than lucid Star That to the Hermit in his Cell profound Seems from the Sky to tumble, and the Roof Etherial guilds with streaming fiery Light.

Thus rapid he descended: On the Earth
He found the fatal Angels Thrones and Fanes
O'rewhelming. Wide on Bactrian Soil dilates
A sandy Champain its capacious Breast,
Where Travellers no kind Direction meet,
Save what the Stars afford, where fervent Glebe
Licks up the crystal Streamlets, and the Springs
O'rewhelms with torrid Atoms; Here the Pow'rs
Destructive meet Apollyon; high he stood,
Vaunting Superiour, and exclaim'd, 'Your Arms

- ' Deposite, and your Spears reject! Behold,
- 'I come with ample Pow'r, and Heav'n my Pow'r
- ' Furnishes ever-durant. Rage no more
- ' Must favage wander, or Destruction breathe
- "Her Plagues around: Your Vengeance, unconfin'd,
- ' No Limits owns; Must Heav'n, and Hades feel
- Your eager Tumults? Earth ye may disturb,
- 'May not its Frame tumultuous overturn.

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Apollyon spoke, and from Terrestrial Orb
The Furies drove. Then Peace her Seat resum'd.

These Acts perform'd, Earth rose in gaudy Smiles, And all her Terrours disappear'd. From Heav'n Messiah gay descended, and his Reign Commenc'd calestial on recover'd Earth, Where still his Pow'r you view; the lovely Hill Of Sion glows, and bears the potent God. The Angel who directs the Ball of Earth Soft in the Ether sluctuating, his Speech Finish'd, and left the Cheruh to reply.

End of the Seventh Book.



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LAST-DAY.

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

The Angel of the Resurrection's Speech to the Angel of Earth. Meffiah's Reign diffolv'd. Satan baving been bound for a thousand Years, is loofed for a Season: He plagues the World: The Battle that succeeded the Millennium described; Magog, Gomer, and Togarmah draw their Forces together, and joyn Sathan in Armageddon; They march against the Camp of the Saints and the Beloved-City. Then gazes Jehovah from the Etherial Towers, and views the Ambition of the Infernals; He rains down Fire from Heaven and destroys them: The Fury of Gomer and Togarmah amidst the Flames; the wrathful Behaviour of Magog King of Mesech and Tubal: Sathan, being seiz'd, is thromn

The ARGUMENT.

thrown into the Lake of Fire and Brimstone. The deplorable Fall of Babylon, the proud City, that made it self drunk with the Blood of Saints and was stain'd with the Blood of Martyn. That Action concludes what remain'd in the Book of Fate to be performed before the Dissolution of Nature, as predicted by the Prophets, After which, the Resurrection begins.



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THE Thunderer's Agent in the vap'ry Winds His Arm august extended, to the Plains Myrian pointing, and the vernal Mount, Where fate th' Almighty's Equal in the blaze Of Splendours godlike cloath'd; then thus began. 'Yon stately Empire that the spacious World Bleffes, must soon dissolve, and cease around Peace, and delicious Plenty to disperse; Jebovah fo ordains: The Sons of Earth, Merit not Happiness continu'd, nor Perpetual Series of revolving Blifs. 'When that dissolves, and Logos to the Clouds Assumes aërial Course, be thine the Charge From Lake Infernal Satan to release; That folemn Circumstance the Books of Fate Command, e're Earth in Sheets of rifing Flame Visits the Skies, and scorches thro' the Clouds. Th' Arch-Fury, for a thousand Years confin'd, Must for a little Season now be loos'd, Then underneath the Poife of Mountains swell, And fret again. But while the Damon roves

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- 'The Confines of Terrestrial Orb, sublime
- 'Sit thou Superiour on Mercurial Ball,
- 'Or hang upon the Atmosphere; for Heav'n
- Restrains his Venom, he must Earth torment,
- 'See that his Rage confounds not Nature, drives
- 'The shatter'd Globe deep down the Black Abyss:
- 'Thus Heav'n decrees: Be thine th'important Post,
- 'The Glory thine: If Aid be requisite,
- Behold! th' Eternal will his Hero fend,
- ' Michael, array'd in Thunders, and distend
- ' Legions celestial o're the spacious World.
- 'Mean time, to Heav'n my rapid Way Ill wing;
- ' And to abridge the time of Wrath implore
- 'Th' Eternal Thund'rer dread; nor operose
- 'Will prove the Task, such Love his Fav'rite Man
- 'Shares; Mild and Eafy he relents at Name
- 'Of Man: Since first the quick'ning Dust to Life
- ' Wak'd, and foft Atoms ripen'd into Sense,
- 'Th' Almighty's gentlest shading Hand has calm'd
- ' His Days with sweet Serenity, and held
- 'Virtue and Heav'n before him, gracious Choice.
- ' Nor will his tender Love endure the rude

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'Unseemly Gripe of Satan, long to heap

'The Fields with Limbs, and stain the Streams with

'Soon as the Damon from the Sphere of Earth

'Rowls banish'd overwhelm'd, that instant note,

'That instant it on you depends to bring

' Babylon, haughty Babylon sublime,

'To black Destruction; she must bathe no more

'Her crimfon Arms in facred Blood of Saints,

'No more must bridle Earth, or on the Necks

'Of Princes tread; her fable Crimes aloud

'Cry Vengeance! Vengeance! and before the

Cælestial Martyrs to the God address

'Imploring her Destruction. Thou observe

'The fatal instant, when the Damon falls,

'Rise on the destin'd City, with thy Pow'rs

Engirt it, prostrate on the Glebe project

'Tow'rets and cracking Fanes and Columns proud

'The Roar of Beafts and Howl of Men neglect,

'Heav'n's dread Injunctions urge thee; spread her

Wide o're the Plains, her crystal Battlements

Tear shiver'd, let her Gold like Stones despis'd

Augment the Ruins, and in Havock shine.

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- This executed, swift to my Abode
- ' Repair, inform me of th' Events compleat;
- For then th' Etherial Trumpet must resound,
- 'The golden Ballances in Air be poiz'd,
- ' And Man off-shake pale Death, and from the Grave
- ' Alacrious lift his Limbs to tepid Life
- 'Wak'd by the Voice above'. The Cherub spoke, And thro' the Sky dissected won his Way To loftyest Tow'rs Empyreal, where the Blaze Of Diamonds lightens on perpetual Day.

That instant, from aërial Sion rose

Messiah, godlike Shape; to Heav'n august
His pompous Course he form'd, around sublime
Hover'd calestial Spirits in the Breeze
Their Vestures slutter'd, op'ning to the Sky
Colours divine; more beauteous than observes
The Shepherd skulk'd beneath an Oak, when Sol
Plays on the Vapours opposite his Rays
Of guilded Light, and in the Clouds aloof
Hangs a gay Curve unreal; Hues so fair

Difplay'd

Display'd the Vestures o'th' angellick Host Waving in easy Ether: Locks of Gold Shone brunish'd on the Morn, and wav'd profuse Emblaz'nous Glories o're the rising Day.

With folemn Majesty survey'd the Realms
Infernal, where aspiring Waves of Fire
Beat on the burning Roof, and on the Rocks
Dash their sulphureous Force, in Atoms round
Breaking: Apollyon with almighty Voice
He call'd; the Angel of th' Unbottom'd Pit
Rose to his Call: Th' Eternal bad him loose
Satan to traverse o're Terrestrial Orb
A Space Minute. Earth's Guardian watchful stood,
Trembling at Prospect of disastrous Fate.

Now from his lofty Court august proceeds

Apollyon; On his Shoulders dreadful hangs

A Quiver, ample Continent, with Bolts

Of Thunder weigh'd, which, as the Monarch strode,

Rattled sonorous: On his Arm was hung

A mighty Bow, the huge Dimensions form'd

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By that which gorgeous *Titan* in the Sky Showery describes. To Hell the Angel drove, And grasp'd the mighty Gate of Ebon built, And girt with smould'ring Sulphur pale and blue; The Gate quick yielded to Apollyon's Force, Forth-throwing from capacious Chasm the Groans Of gnashing Furies lash'd, the Howls of Ghosts Champing the stubborn Smoak, and savage Din Of Chains dire clashing thro' the Realms of Night.

The Angel dauntless enter'd, o're the Rocks
Stalking and fiery Billows, ev'ry Load
Of burning Mountains dasting fierce aside.
The Damn'd with terrour gaze upon the Pow'r,
Calestial Herald; on his Front they view
The Crest of Light'nings form'd, and on his Breast
The Dazle dread of Adamantine Plates.

Beneath the black Foundations of the Gulph Tartarean, where with ten-fold Rage the Fires Roar on the ghastly Marl, and Shrieks, and Cries Pierce the rude Smoak, a Region wild and dire Extends its savage Horridness, the Lake Of Hell surpassing in Excess of Woes;

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There Tumult restless frets, with Whirlwindshuge Arming and foamy Cataracts; There roars Rebellion loose and masterless, the Rocks Hurling from Shore to Shore, the fiaming Waves Dashing around, and in her frantick Rage Tempesting Hell, and shaking far around The wild Domains of Chaos, flormy Void. In this profound Abyfs lives Satan, Blood! Martyrian Blood! he cries perpetual; then Beats on his Bosom parch'd, and on the Fires Rowls in ecstatick agonizing Throes Of Pangs convultive, by the Soul of Rage Augmented. To this horrid Prison march'd Apollyon, Angel of th' Unbottom'd Pit; High on his Arm were hung the Keys of Hell; He flopt, and call'd, 'O Satan! Prince of Pangs,

' Who art o're all in Bulk of Woe! Thou feel'st

'Thy Folly now too late, to what Events

' Does hot Ambition lead deluded Souls!

'Yet Heav'n thy Torture respits, e're thou groan'st,

'With Weight of everlasting Miserys,

'Unaided, unrepriev'd, behold! I come

'Herald

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- ' Herald of Heav'n, and Messenger Supream
- 'Thy Freedom for a Season short to grant;
- 'Thou art allow'd thro' th' ample Void to rove
- 'Extensive, ev'n where Man the circling Ball
- Of Earth directs; But there's thy Pow'r confin'd;
- 'Know, thou may'st not destroy but plague the
- ' Where Fav'rite Man resides. With this Restraint,
- 'This Limitation lofty Heav'n permits
- ' Thy Rage on Earth: The Season short expir'd,
- 'To fabler Woes, and Pangs of mightier fize
- "Thou must return, for ever must return;
- ' For then the great Tribunal will commence,
- ' And Heav'n and Earth arise a-new, with State
- ' Permanent to abide: Mean time these Gulphs
- ' Fiery relinquish, from thy ghastly Pangs
- ' Leap, and off-shake the Weight of rising Woes.

Thus the Surveyor of th' Unbottom'd Lake; And from his Arm the pond'rous Keys of Fate Took, strait the Gates on mighty Hinges creak'd Sonorous dreadful. Satan from the Flames

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Burst rapid, horrible, and thro' the Chasin
Sprung with impetuous Fury, as from Womb
Of Pendant Cloud with Sulphur big, and Spume
Of Nitre sierce combustible, the Force
Of Thunder breaks, thro' cloud and cloud its Course
Working resistless, roaring as it works;
So Satan, squallid Fury leap'd, his Locks
Of blazing Wire slew scatter'd uncompos'd
Like Grove Hercinian sir'd, when sulphrous Oaks
Cedars and Poplars in the turgid Winds
Wave siery to and fro, with horrid Crack
Scorching the Skies adust; so show'd the Locks
Ghastly of Satan, when from Hell he burst
He torrid Course, and forc'd the Waves of Fire.

When on the liquid Ether bright he stood,
An horrid Smile broke from his Looks; the Globes
His round survey'd, Mercurius, Saturn, Mars,
And shook his Palm in Rage defying; Fire
Shot sparkling from his Eyes, and on his Brow
Destruction sate enthron'd. From Sphere to Sphere
He strode enormous, o're th' etherial Void

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Huge rifing Champain, as a Comet stalks
Behind th' unnumber'd Globes, capacious Curve
Describing thro' the Infinite, and Fear
Shaking from siery Scalp on every Globe.

But each gay Planet, Constellation, Orbs That glitter thro' the wild Expanse, and gild Dimensions huge, the Damon rapid pass'd Regardless; till the Moon he spy'd remote Poiz'd in the ambient Vapours; Steady Course He swift directed where around the Earth The lucent Solid spins, upon the Glebe Alighting: Long he paus'd, long roll'd his Eyes Over the Globe opake, in fable Breaft Revolving Mischiefs; Then his Arm distraught Fatal, and with tumultuous Havock tore The Mountains from Foundations groaning; Seas And Floods profuse he overwhelm'd, in rude Consusion jumbled, and o're shatter'd Shores Rowl'd fierce: No more with Optick-Glass convex From high Gebenna, Gallian Mountain, views Th' Aftrologer the Lunar Main that drinks

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The Sun-Beams unreflected, or the Hills Projective of distended Shadows dark.

With these Disasters not content, the Fiend Rose from the Moon on mighty Pennons sierce, And hov'ring o're its Orb, in horrid Palm The fluctuating Wand'rer feiz'd, then tore From her firm Orbit where round Earth th' Etern Bad her ride circling lucid; Far she rov'd, Her genial Influence o're Terrestrial Realms No more dispersing; Ocean her approach No more perceiv'd, but fled, o're spumy shore Driving th' impetuous Tide; no more return'd The Waves globose to Scituation high, Gracing Earth's Center; but a Stupor feiz'd The fullen Billows into Slumbers faint Sinking, and torpid Ease. A Noisom Filth Grows from the black Stagnation, and a Stench Corrupts the Air; Th' Inhabitants of Sea Refign their Lives, and prostrate on the Waves Deface the filver Champain; wide dispers'd Ocean it's fatal Influence, and the Sons Of Earth laid dying on th' unwholfom Shores.

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266 The LAST-DAY. Book VIII.

Sometimes the Damon nearer to the Earth Push'd the forc'd Moon; sometimes his Strength so The deviate Orb severe Effects produc'd On Mortal Minds; Thence Lunacies, and Rage Possest the Globe, and Monarchs unprovok'd Rofe against Monarchs, with unbridled Arm War stalk'd across the World; On Fathers Sons Rose vengeful, and Fraternal Love was lost In frantick Madness: Ev'ry Tree with Weight Of pendant Lovers groan'd, and ev'ry Stall With Poetry oppress'd. At length the Fiend The Lunar Orb relinquish'd, and to Earth On footy Pennons thro' the Shades of Night Steer'd his destructive Progress; Nature quak'd, From inmost Bowels of th'affrighted Globe Something was heard to groan: But high aloof, On Orb of Venus, fate Earth's Guardian Pow'r Beneath a cavern'd Rock of burnish'd Gold, Illustrious Canopy; his rowling Eye Survey'd the Realms below, and Satan's March.

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Mean time, th' Arch-Fury on Laponian Soil, His lov'd Dominions lights; From fable Woods The Necromancers with nefarious Howls Repair'd around the Damon, He their Charms With amuletick Words renew'd, to Each Extended Leases granting. Wights so foul No godlike Voice of heav'nly Guest reclaims. With horrid Shouts these follow on their Prince. ht With num'rous Others, whom his fatal Sight, And Voice deceitful drew: Illustrious Heads And Thrones Imperial to his Pow'r fubmit His Fury to avoid, and scape from Woes, Threat'ned with vengeful Accent; These receive The Monster's Mark upon their Foreheads stamp'd, Tremendous Token. Magog from the Realms Of Meshech, and of Jubal leads his Pow'rs: r Intrepid Gomer, and Togarmah joyn Their potent Phalanx; Shields of sturdy Steel Rattle thro' Legions, and Defiance flows h. from chaffen Mouths. These wide the Prince of surround with thronging Force; He lofty stands /lean Superiour

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Superiour in the midst, as to the Clouds
Majestick Lebanon his Frontlets rears,
High eminent above th' adjacent Hills,
And proudly gazes round; his Brow sublime
Shadow'd with Gloom of coping Cedars wide
O'rehanging; So a tow'ring Crest profuse
Th' Infernal Monarch's Front adorn'd, alost
Wide-spreading, and a sable Shade below
Projecting awful, in his horrid Looks
Horrour augmenting. O're the groaning Earth
They walk'd, with Shouts the tortur'd Regions

Then Magog to the Top of Bacras rose,
And sounded thro' the Winds an ample Trump
To Earth's remotest Corners; in the Mouth
Of Ætna was the brazen Engine forg'd,
Huge as a Turret: It's tremendous Voice
The Evil Genius of each Region knew,
And rose from various Climes; where Paraguay
Glides smiling o're the silver Veins, and shines
On Marble Bottom; where the spicy Groves
Sequana, Gallick Flood, luxuriate chears,

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Weighing the Branches with falubrious Balm, And Flow'rs with Honey; where the Humber rowls His boist'rous Surge 'mong Albionians nerv'd With tougher Sinews, and inur'd to Blafts Inclement, taught to laugh at Boreas Wrath. From these, and ev'ry Clime, revengeful sprung Th' Ill-Genij; thro' the clouded Winds they drove Impetuous, Some on Whirlwinds rapid born, Some on fulphureous Chariots, to the Eye Human invisible: The Earth with Dusk Of feeming Clouds was shadow'd, of the Ray Titanian rob'd. Around Bacrasian Hill From tow'ring Wing they lighted, and the Force Of Satan heighten'd: He with swelling Pride Panted, Difdain upon his haughty Brow Sate visible, as o're th' encreasing Host He gaz'd Superiour; Num'rous were his Pow'rs As Waves upon th' Atlantick Vaft, when Storms From Hyperborean Rocks proceed, and fret The gentle Calm, In Hills unnumber'd fwells The furious Liquid, now to Valleys finks, Now strikes the Welkin; Numbers so profuse

The

The LAST-DAT. Book VIII Book The hostile Champian fill'd, unsettled so For In wild Confusion show'd; some howl'd, some ' My Some bellow'd fable Threat'nings, and their Spean Shook vengeful brandish'd. Magog on the Top · An Of Bacras plac'd enormous, thro' the Hosts Becken'd attentious Silence, and prepar'd For Speech. Then Satan with his mighty Palm 'Inf Capacious grasp'd the Winds, and boist'rous Storm Bridled, On Ocean then impos'd his Rod Pacifick, and the roaring Dash of Waves Affway'd; a gen'ral Calm feren'd the Face Of Heav'n; while Magog to the Sons of Hell; " Fiends! Necromancers! Genij, who the Realms " Haunt ruinous! And you who bear the Mark 'Of Satan, hear! Almighty Magog's Voice 'Attend! Ye know what Edict Hostile Heav'n 'Prohibitive has publish'd; short our Time On Earth; Then what becomes heroic Minds 'At fuch a Juncture? Nothing braver feems, 'Than, fince we must Destruction share, to share

Destruction nobly; He deserves his Woe

· Who at its Prospect shrinks; by Hell! I'd bear

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Book VIII. The LAST-DAT. 271

'A tenfold Pain e're Heav'n a Groan should hear

Forc'd from this Bosom boldly stubborn. You

'My Friends, (for whom Earth's Empire is too

'And Heav'n's the glorious Prize,) rouse! rouse

'Immortal Actions shall our Fame extend

'Thro' Realms we must abandon! What avails

'Insipid Life? By Heav'n this idle World

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'I'll forfeit, and the next, for godlike Fame!

'I could have sate, my Fellow-slaught'rers, high

'In Heav'n, but how? Un-noted, unobserv'd,

'Lost in luxurious Pleasure, hated Ease,

' None had at Magog pointed, whisp'ring thus,

'He looks as form'd for bazardous Attempts.

'Oh! godlike Thought! 'Tis big with Ecstafy!

'And bright Ambition's worth a World of Woes!

'I thro' a Sea of Blood would drive, to gain

'One Epithet commendatory, raise

'One Trophy! You, O Warriours, basely skulk'd

'In your own private Regions; foul Difgrace

'To daring Souls like yours! But now your Names

'Shall live till Time decays and Nature dies.

We'll leave this shatter'd Earth a standing Pile

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- Of our bold Aims, and Ruins shall supply
- 'The Place of Pyramids and Monuments.
- Rouse then, Ye Fiends of Hell! Proceed We swift!
- Yon arrogant difdainful Walls affault!
- ' The golden Turrets level! We'll furround
- 'The Saints in Camp of Gold, We'll shake the Walls
- ' Of the Beloved-City. Better fall
- With Millions round us, than furvive to drag
- · A worthless Life about at stupid Ease:
- · Our Cause can ne're miscarry, Satan swings
- 'Intrepid Jav'lin; I, great Tubal's Lord,
- Will drop this Bosom-Blood the facred Tribe
- 'To overwhelm and to Confusion toss.
 - 'Remember, if your Brav'ry to the Foe
- Stoops ignominious, Earth's remotest Shores
- 'Will hiss our vain Attempts, and cry, Are these
- 'The Pow'rs that brav'dhigh Heav'n? Your Blood
- ' Each hated Meadow will enrich and bathe
- ' The Arms of each rejoycing Foe: Reflect,
- · How in accurfed State and cruel Pride
- ' Of Victry will the Saints alarm the World,
- With gay Processions and triumphal Pomp;

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Book VIII. The LAST-DAY. 273 'While we (Hell Hell forefend!) are fretting dragg'd 'At the proud Chariot Wheels, and grace their · Of Conquest: Will ye like the burning Lash 'From hated Hands, or will ye smile beneath 'Their Weights supported? Why do ye contract 'The livid Aspect, or the vengeful Eye ' Rowl? fo accurft your Destiny will prove, 'If from your ancient Courage ye retire, 'Or stoop the noble Crest: But if ye stand 'The Shock of this black Day, and Heav'n beholds 'And quakes at your intrepid Force, reflect 'How glorious it will be to fwell the Floods With yon base hated Blood, to heap the Plains 'With Coarses sanctify'd and holy Limbs! 'It will be godlike o're the ruin'd Heaps 'To stride Superiour, and to gaze below 'And fay, This Arm this black Destruction But Ardour in your Afpects I observe, Ye pant for instant War, no more my Voice Shall idle stop ye from your native Love, Battle, and Plains of Blood. Thus Magog faid, And from the Mount descended; as he strode

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The LAST-DAY. Book VIII. The Rock wide shook around, and on his Limbs The steely Helmet rattling clash'd. The Pow'rs Grasp warm their Swords, and with impetuous Drive Tour o're the dufty Champains, and the Floods Stride ample vaunting. Magog lead the Sons Of Earth apostate; Satan o're the Fiends And Evil-Genij reign'd, appeas'd their Heat, Or urg'd to eag'rer Pace; As when a Drove Of Bactrian Oxen, fierce with scorching Heat Of Mid-Day Sun, are o're a Champain lash'd By sweating Hinds, each chauffen Roarer stamps The dufty Glebe, his Front up-hurls in Air, And scatters wide the Foam; dispers'd o're Plains And Hills adjacent the tempestuous Herds Show horrible enrag'd, and Clouds of Duft Raise shrowding in the Winds; so fierce appear'd Magog, and his audacious Host, o're Hills And Vallies tow'ring furious; till their strides Won fatal the fair City of the Saints, Where Logos sway'd the golden Reins of Pow'r. With fev'nty Gates the spacious Camp was grac'd, Each Gate of folid Gold; upon the Walls Rose Book VIII. The LAST-DAY. 275

Rose twice six Turrets and the distant Skies
Pierc'd with empolish'd Adamant; Like Gems,
Crystal and Amethyst and Jasper, shone
The Walls wide-circling with capacious Grasp.

Now in horrendous Order o're the Plains
Shine the Battallions, Satan's direful Pow'r,
Advancing rapid. Magog tow'rd the West
Conducted his Assaulters; But the Prince
Of Hell the East usurp'd, with wary Eye
Searching some Avenue where best his Host
Might fatal Storms commence, and Passage urge.

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Mean time the godlike Habitants to Heav'n Addrest their Pray'rs; the Temples eccho wide With loud Petitioners; while gliding sighs Breathe thro' the Air and to the Throne Supream Rise, Gabriel these to Heav'n's Imperial Pow'r Presented: Elohim from his Throne august Then rose, and thro' a Chasin, by Light'nings In crystal Sky, gaz'd distant on the Realms Of Globe Terrestrial; Magog he beheld, [Walls And Squadrons vengeful round the beauteous Breathing envenom'd Fury: In his Breast

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Soft

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Soft Pity bloom'd: Heav'n's dread Supream his Almighty thro' Etherial Regions vast Expanded, and a Comet feiz'd; then broke The burning Globe, and in his ample Palm Grasp'd the wide-scatter'd Flames; the Eternal Emblaz'nous bore 'em thro' th' affrighted Void Tow'rd Earth; the Clouds quick melted into th' And own'd th' Approach august. Th' Infernal Host That instant bold attack assum'd, and storm'd The facred Citadel; the broken Pearl Flew scatter'd furious, and tremendous Rocks Th' Ill-Genij at the golden Gates fublime Hurl'd with destructive Aim; like Thunder rowl'd The Noise terrifick thro' the Sky: A Tow'r Satan in burning Hand grasp'd fierce, and shook The lofty Structure whose aspiring Height, To the lost fight, feem'd to fustain the Clouds.

Thus rag'd th' Assaultants; when behold! they
High in the Air Fire flying wild and loose,
Extravagant Combustion; o're their Heads
It points it's Horrours, and directs the Course

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Rapid, avengeful; to and fro they run
Appall'd, and howl, and shriek; for now the Flames
Among the Legions drive, and all the Air
Seems in a Blaze: Now Gomer thro' the Fires
Is seen to burst his Road, and from his Locks
Would shake the Flame in vain; Togarmab grates
His eager Teeth, and from the torrid Fate
In vain attempts to fly; While Magog stands
The thickest Fervour on his naked Head
Beating; he moves not, but the Throne of Heav'n
Stands cursing horrible; as Pangs augment
The Blasphemies encrease; till yield to Fate
His black'ned Limbs, he sinks, and Earth defil'd
Gnaws in his Agonies of vengeful Rage.

But still the Fires continue to descend,
Rain'd from Jebovah's Hand; the Crests and Helms
And Breastplates of the Warriours red-hot glow,
Scorching each tortur'd Body and their Yells
Augmenting horrible: The Chariots high
Burn in the Winds, the tortur'd Coursers proud
Stamp in Excess of Pain, and toss the Front
And lash their Bodies with empond'rous Tails,

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Snorting

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Snorting the Flame; from Place to Place they drive, But ne're can fly from Fate. Now Jav'lins, Helms, Habergeons, Crests, rejected, on the Plains Lye scatter'd 'midst the Groan of burning Limbs,

Thus th' Armies of the Earth, Imperial Heads, Princes, and Nobles, fell: But Satan scap'd The fervid Wrath, high to a Cloud he fled And sate to see the Fate, his sable Locks Tearing, and beating his tremendous Breast: But there th' Almighty Pow'r, who sways the Realms Empyreal, spy'd him; 'Zophiel Haste! (he said)

- Descend tow'rd Earth! a mighty Chain assume,
- " And seize you subtle Damon, from th' Abodes
- · Terrestrial drag him, and confine in Gulph
- Of Fire thrice-Hot! From him the Woes proceed
- ' That torture Man, thro' him the lovely Meads
- ' Lye batter'd fruitless, and the joyous Groves
- Glitter nomore with burnish'd Product weigh'd,
- The Blooms are faded and the Fragrance lost.

 The Eternal Thund'rer spoke; the Cherub march'd From losty Sky swift o're th' Etherial Waste,

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Book VIII. The LAST-DAY. 279

Loud rattled at his Back the pendant Chain, Almighty Potence fate upon his Arm, While fierce he Satan feiz'd, and to the Lake Tartarean drag'd him bellowing as he rowl'd.

This executed, Zophiel to the Realms Of Light return'd and steer'd to th' impious Walls Of Babylon. A mighty Squadron, arm'd With heav'nly Scymetars attended fwift. Strait, thro' the City Howls and Shrieks were heard Conscious of Fate approaching: All their Mirth Was deaden'd, and the Voice of Joy no more Eccho'd alacrious. Souls luxurious leap'd From batt'ning Couches wrap'd in wild Surprize; The youthful Dance stood still; the Bowls of Wine Laugh'd not, nor rais'd the lively Soul of Mirth. Appall'd they run on heaps, their Fear to hide; Not less amaz'd than when from Bactrian Wood A Lyon flaught'rous springs amidst a Drove Of Oxen; With impetuous stride across The Plain they diverse fly, o're Mountains some T 4 Drive

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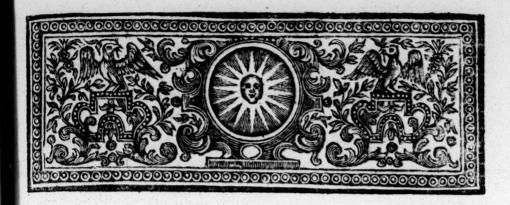
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Drive the wild Dust, some cross the Vallies scow'r, Rowl their astony'd Eyes, their Bodies lash, And on the Champains spread the larding Foam: So swift to Avenues, and Holes occult The Babylonians sled, as Zopkiel's Host Advanc'd with all the dreadful Pomp of War.

Th' Almighty's Gen'ral with cælestial Might
The Turrets prostrated, and from their Pride
The golden Walls dejected; Gorgeous Gems
Fade from their Lustre, th' Adamantine Gates
Crack shatter'd with unnumber'd pondrous Bolts;
As Light'ning with tremendous Thund'ring Noise
Ope-burst's the crystal Empyrean, Earth
Quakes thro' a thousand Realms and views aghast
The broken Sky glow dire all Heav'n display'd.

End of the Eighth Book.





LAST-DAY.

BOOK IX.

The ARGUMENT.

This Book contains the Refurrection: The Gaiety of Earth before It. The Living are borne to Judgment in a mighty Vehicle, huge as Ocean foop'd. Bizance contemns the Call; Is summon'd whole to arise to Judgment. Sin and Death are then thrown into the Gulph of Chaos. The Dæmons seiz'd with fear; The Rulers of Hell assembled; some of whom fell from Heaven; some sprung from Earth, were prefer'd in Hell for their eminent Impieties; among the Latter are Iscariot, Faux, Julian, and others: Lucifer's Speech to them; Ashtaroth's Answer; Dagon replys to him, and advises to rebell after Sentence pass'd, and to draw the Damn'd to their Aid:

The ARGUMENT.

Aid: Strait appear the calestial Squadrons and drive them from their Dominions. Then Sound the mighty Trumpets. The Souls repair from their various Divertisements among the Orbs of Light, to animate their Limbs. Some Bodies burst from Marble Tombs; some drive from the Bowels of Earth. Then the Angel with his TRIDENT strikes the Sea, which gives up it's Dead. How Alexander, and Casar, and British Machos arise: The Behaviour of the Atheists and Deists.



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Book IX.

Bellowing

HUS Fate accomplish'd all that Fate requir'd Before the folemn Season. Then arose Earth's Guardian and the guilded Ether cut, Winning the Palace which the Quick'ning-Pow'r Sway'd; He inform'd him Satan had been loos'd, And Babylon's resplendent Pride was sunk. Then from his Seat of glowing Splendours rofe The Resurrection Angel; On his Arm A might y Trident he fustain'd, whose Teeth Could Sepulchres uproot, and burst the Jaws Of Marble Tombs: No burnish'd Chariot gay, No heav'nly Courfer bore his godlike Weight; But as a Giant to the Combat stalks, Baring his Arm, and his tremendous Sword Still feeling, fo the Cherub trode the Void Preparing him for Deed fo grand; Around Num'rous Attendants hover'd, who the Clouds Obvious repell'd and op'd the fpacious Road; As rapid Light'ning with impetuous Force Breaks ope' th' Etherial crystal Concave fierce; US Then solemn Thunder more majestick stalks,

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Bellowing horrendous thro' the mighty Chasin, Frighting huge Orbs and scatter'd Worlds remote

Luxurious Joy reign'd blithsom on the Earth: Pleasure, in all her golden Trappings deckt, Usurp'd her gaudy Empire o're the Minds Of Jovial Debauchees; No God they knew But Pleafure; She display'd her filver Joys Engaging, and her brightest Charms assum'd. Who could behold the guilded Poifon finite Nor wish to touch? who shape so lovely fair Seen, could forbear to court? or to his Heart To hug the fweet Delufion? Gently toy The Youths on Couches, batt'ning in Repose. O're each fair Mead with laughing Flow'rs adorn'd A Damon led his Sylvia; in the Breath Of ev'ry Zephyr they their Bosoms cool'd, Array'd in Summer Silks; Then foft difplay'd Their Limbs upon the Flow'rs, where rifing Spring Glided with filver Beauty thro' the Groves, Refreshing tender Blooms; upon the Breast Of Sylvia, Damon lean'd, and smiling stuck Her Bosom gay with Hyacinth and Panse

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And all the Meadows Pride; While Sylvia pleas'd Play'd with the Shepherd's Locks that in the Breeze Wafted their lively Silver: Th' airy Choir, Linnet and Philomel, adorn'd the Boughs, And serenaded to the blushing Clouds.

High on the Plains the sportive Warriours lash'd Their Chariots starting to the distant Goal, Wrap'd in a Cloud of Dust; their sounding Wheels Shake the sirm Earth and win upon the Plain.

The sprightly Dance in easy measures trip'd, And show'd each Virgin in the fairest Light, Gay-spangled Vests rose airy to the Voice of gentle Musick, and Philemon led His bright Belinda thro' the Mazes wild.

At comick Interludes the Fair-Ones fate,
Panting with Love and Heat, their florid Looks
Blooming with rofy Graces, while their Cheeks
Flush'd with engaging Charms; The Comick Scene
Woke 'em to Laughter, and each Antick-Shape
Amus'd their pleasureable Fancies. These,
And various other Entertainments reign'd.

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When, on a fudden, o're the Realms of Earth A Solid Darkness cop'd, no chearful Ray Glanc'd thro' the Twilight or dispell'd the Gloom This Terrour foon dissolv'd; but direr Dread Advanc'd; Th' Angellick Squadrons in the Sky Appear, approaching Earth; Their Brightness Radiant emblaz'nous: Mortals dazled, fled Th' illustrious Splendours, and the Dusk of Night Now call'd in vain; aloof the gorgeous Host Show'd like a thousand Blazing Comets, high Shaking their Tails enormous; fo their Vefts Celestial glitter'd on the Day, with Pride Unfolding lovely Colours, fuch as paint The Morning Drops of Honey on the Flow'rs Gay scatter'd, when the Emp'ror of the Day Impresses on the Moist his beauteous Beams.

Before the facred Host a Guardian walk'd With Whirlwinds rapid arm'd; behind him move Twice eighty Thunders roaring as they mov'd. Then march'd the Resurrection Angel, high His Crest wav'd dreadful in the boist'rous Winds, While mighty Armour rattled on his Limbs.

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Book IX. The LAST-DAY. 287

Behind the Host inferiour Spirits strode
Unnumber'd; who, conjoyn'd, sublime sustain'd
A Vehicle capacious, whose Content
Was like in Bulk Tartarean Cauldron big
With frantick Furies, or as if the Sky
Concave was upward turn'd, prodigious Bowl!
High on their Arms th' Attendant Spirits bore

This Void profuse cavernous: In the Dwolm
The Resurrection Angel Mortals plac'd
Astony'd, pale; Unnumber'd Armies march
From Plains Gagoian, and the spicy Banks
Of fair Hydaspes; Ev'ry Clime her Sons
Dismisses; where fair Florida her Groves
Displays, and distant where the Tanais points
The European Barriers: Swift they sly
The Concave to compleat and rise thro' Air.

The Cavern huge is fill'd; Imperial Heads, Nobles and Lazars, undistinguish'd sit Conversing social. Each his secret Deed Now free discloses, Each his Hopes protests And whence his Fears. Man over Man they sit, As Waves of Ocean over Waves arise,

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The LAST-DAY. Book IX

Filling the huge Capacity of Main; Which, empty'd, like this Vehicle might feem, Yawning with vast Dimensions, vacant, black, Horrid Devoid. Thus tow'rd th' Etherial Skies Rose Mortals, who at Nature's final Gasp Were found enjoying the Terrestrial Orb.

But proud Bizance, devoid of Terrour, heard The fatal Summons; Cloath'd in Regal Pow'r, And infolent with Victry, None observ'd The folemn Voice; Their Pleasures they pursu'd, Their pristine Sports; here Murder bloody-arm'd Stalk'd unexamin'd, and Sodomian Crimes Rais'd not a Blush; so soon Messiah's Reign, Flijab's Voice, forgot: The Shocks of Earth And groaning Elements they laughing fcorn And daft pale Fear aside. Then Flohim gaz'd From Heav'n's resplendent Windows, and enragd Th' obdurate City call'd; to Judgment whole Ascends Bizance, her haughty Tow'rs and Gates Hu Opal flow rifing like a fcatter'd Fog From Indus or Hydaspes or the Breast

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Book IX. The LAST-DAT. 289

Of spacious Euxine: Howling Mortals view Their Earth far distant, less'ning to the Sight. With Palms expanded and outragious Yells Each Planet they affright: Th' illustrious Blaze Of Alabaster Domes and Turrets bright Dazle the Ether, to the burnish'd Sky Approaching and Titanian gorgeous Rays.

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Yet Death and Sin remain'd unflain. The Pow'r Of great Hazazel, with unnumber'd Spears Girt, to the Confines of Terrestrial Globe Forc'd his impetuous Courfe: The Cherub found Mother and Daughter in distracted Yells Mourning their Fate. Sin first he feiz'd, the Fiend, Palpable, show'd horrendous, loathsome, foul, Jejune of Aspect: Her resplendent Vests, Engaging to the Eye, the Cherub tore, And difarray'd her of her deathful Charms: Then in an iron Fetter (ev'ry Link fates Huge as a Vein that rives the folid Earth, And binds the Mass connected) he restrain'd The roaring Fury, and to Chaos drag'd Of

Her

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Her horrid Shape reluctant; There beneath A thousand siery Waves, that Sulphur-swoln Beat in perpetual Agonies and shake The blazing Regions, stout Hazazel bound Audacious Sin. No more she'll curse the Globe.

Then her pale Offspring the celestial Host Chaces; but Death her Danger views, and stands In terrible Array: A bloody Dart, That Thousands and ten Thousands had destroy'd, Shook in her Arm, which deep was bath'd in Gore: Savage and wild her Afpect feem'd, as made For Prey and Havock, meagre, hungry, rude. The Quiver on her Shoulder Darts contain'd Various; Pleuritick this, Febrifick that; The Touch of One the wasting Body nip'd Consumptuous, while Another swell'd the Limbs Hydropsical: Of ev'ry kind the Fiend Took at this fearful Juncture, and around Hurl'd 'em dispers'd; Vain Efforts! Heav'nly Feel not the Mortal Touch; Unmov'd they stand The Arrows rattling on their golden Shields.

Hazazel

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Hazazel then uprear'd his godlike Arm,
And, pointing to the Fiend, th' Attendant Host
Bad seize Her; In a hollow Shield, Devoid
Capacious, the Angellick Squadrons laid
Death, conquer'd Death: Her Train of subject
Luxury, Riot, Lust, they caught at once
And banish'd everlastingly. But Death
Hazazel to her Parent in the Gulph
Of Chaos led, and thro' the cloven Flame
Down plung'd her fatal, bellowing as she rowl'd.

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When Moloch and Baalzebub and the Pow'r Of huge Gogmagog faw the squallid Fate Of both their Friends, they started as alarm'd At Misery's approaching Prospect; round They gaz'd upon each Other, none so bold Here to advise, in this tremendous Hour; Yet in their Ears the Summons seem'd to row! Hated; they see the num'rous Shapes arise, And instant Call expect, expect to how! In never-failing Woes, if once condemn'd,

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Once bound to Pain. What's now to be perform'd? What bold Attempt, from Damons, active, fierce, Whose Aims are wild and loose? Distraction sate Rude in their Looks, and Vengeance mixt with Fear.

Then Lucifer affum'd his Scepter huge, And thro' the wide Domains Infernal stalk'd, More dreadful than the warlike Elephant Strides lofty o're the Field of War, and bears · An Army riding in the dufty Winds, While at each stride the Champain shakes; Lucifer eminent, destructive; loud He rear'd his Voice, and fummon'd ev'ry Prince; Each Ruler thro' the wide Domains of Hell His dread Commands attended; Some from Heav'n Were fatal hurl'd; and fome in Mortal Shape Had Crimes infernal finish'd, and obtain'd Superiour Seats, and won superiour Woes. Moloch and Dagon and the favage Pow'r Of Ashtaroth affembled; Next conven'd Old-Dragon, by his fide Iscariot stalk'd, Proudly pretending he had flain a God; Him follow'd Brittish Faux, and boasted loud

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He dar'd as bravely tho' less brave th' Event, This fmote Religion, That Religion's God. Thus congregated each tremendous Pow'r; Ambition dwelt upon their fable Brows With all its Train of Fortunes, Cares, and Racks; Smiling at Mif'ry when they view'd their Thrones, Pleas'd with their Crowns, tho' with the Weight At Lucifer's restringent Rage, the Waves, Big-bloat with Sulphur, their tumultuous Wrath Forgot, and form'd for each aspiring Pow'r A lofty Seat august. The Center grac'd Lucifer high Supream; his Throne a Rock Of flaming Ebonie, with Veins of Ir'n Red-hot connected, huge as Snowden crown'd With vast Plinlymmon's Bulk: Beneath the Throne Slept Thunders counterfeit, tremendous Cheat; And livid Sheets of Flame, which pallid flash'd, And imitated the fulmineal Blaze In swiftness: To the Rock ten thousand Fiends Howl'd chain'd, who, found unruly, were confin'd Each Hour to feel ferpentick Sting. Now rose Horrendous Lucifer, from near his Face

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Beating the fulphry Smoak, and toffing back His Locks of burning Wire. The Monarch thus;

'Oh Sultans! Hospodars! Soldanian Pow'rs!

Whose Arms have potent rock'd the Tow'rs of

'With all their golden Fulgence, who o'rewhelm'd

' Michael's Battallions and the Phalanx drove;

'You forc'd th' Etherials to invoke for aid

" Messiab arm'd with Thunders: Did I judge

'Your Spirits now less bold, I should forbear

'To call ye to this high Divan: Ye know

' How bad the Scituation of Affairs;

'Now, Friends, be active, or for ever doze

In a wild Series of revolving Woes!

' A desp'rate Case a desp'rate Cure requires.

But needless is my Voice, the thing will speak,

Danger has iron Lungs; and where we gaze,

We gaze on Miferies advancing; fee!

" Mortals to Judgment summon'd! see our Reign

' Ruin'd on Earth! The Legions arm, to drag

" Us to the black Tribunal; piercing Thought!

"What's to enterpriz'd, or what perform'd?

'Shall we for ever stand th' Almighty's Wrath?

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Book IX. The LAST-ADY. 295

' --- Ye look as if a torpid Dream had seiz'd

' Your Souls! 'tis well; ye may for ever dream;

'Our En'mies like it well: Anon you'll find,

'Ev'n while I talk, they'll curb your aching Jaws,

' And hawl ye to Perdition; Hell prevent!

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'Hell arm us with Resentment! By this Heart,

'That fwells with Indignation, I could bear,

'We'll bear ten thousand Tortures, if they flow'd

'From any Arm but Heav'n's! --- I fee ye're mov'd,

'A noble Ardour has possest your Souls,

'And gallant Fury in your Aspects low'rs:

'Speak then! propose! In this important Hour

'What's first to be resolv'd? This well ye know,

'Our Enterprizes must be bold and brave,

' Nought must appear too high for our Attempts;

'But think, my Fellow-Furies, nothing great

'Has e're been acted but where Danger led,

'Danger the Sire of Glory: He who dreams

'O're idle Certainties, will ne're acquire

'The noble Goal of Fame; Let us resolve

'Some Deed to drive thro' that will Nature fright,

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'And

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- · And Nature's God alarm; Then, he who fears,
- May Hell his Fear reward with choicest Woes!

Thus I ucifer; and o're th' Imperial Thrones a Reply expecting: But the Pow'rs Sate as if smote with Light'nings; On their Brows Deep Consultation dwelt; the Conclave black Slopt in Suspence; Till Ashtaroth arose, Sudden, impetuous; As a Whirlwind tears A Mountain from Foundation deep, and drives High into Air the Load, Pines, Cedars, Oaks, Augmenting the tremendous Prospect; so The fable Locks of Ashtaroth appear'd, Winds. Storm'd by the Smoak and beat with fulph'rous With fuch tumultuous Noise the Damon rose, As if a yast Assembly from their Seats Had mounted. On the mighty Wave of Fire, His Seat, th' Arch-Fury stood, enormous Height, And becken'd Silence thro' the huge Divan.

'Ye, Heads Imperial! Potentates august!

'Who fway the Scepters of Infernal Realms,

Not less than those Etherial! To the Voice

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Irruptious

Of mighty Ashtaroth attend! we may For ever loll, but Action bears the Prize, And 'tis fome Glory bravely to Attempt: 'Rise we then, instant rise, with rapid Wing! The Jav'lin grafp! collect th' Infernal Pow'rs! 'We may at least Heav'n's peaceful King molest, And shake him on that Throne we can't o're-'Did I fay can't? Now by th' intrepid Blood That in this Heart beats high, no Deed fo bold But we may perpetrate; our Souls as brave, Our Arms as nervous, and our Spears as flout As those that guard you Battlements sublime And shade th' Etherial Monarch! By these Pangs I shake from mine undaunted Limbs, I'll win My bravest Wishes, or to direr Groans, To fabler Tortures fall: If to prevent My Miferies I know not, yet I know Boldly to bear 'em: Heav'n shall turn to Smoak, The World be overwhelm'd, e're this fierce Heart Shall shrink at Pain, or let the Tort'rer know I feel his Torments. My Advice is this, That we unite our fiercest Legions, spring

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- 'Irruptious from the Realms below, and storm
- ' Messiah's Seat Tribunal; We'll furround
- ' His few Attendants, and e're Armies aid
- · From Heav'n difmist, our utmost Aims may work.
- ' He who my Counsel disapproves, may Gulphs
- ' Of liquid Fire receive him! howl he there,
- 'Thro' Ages infinite!--- We loiter now!
- 'This Instant calls our Arms! We dream while
- " A Prize fo glorious shows! - Thus eager He, "The

And fnatch'd his burning Trident; Fierce his Eyes W

Sparkled with active Fire, and Love of War

Beat panting in his Bosom: But his speed

Dagon prevented; Thus the graver Pow'r:

- ' Rashness as near is Kin to Ill-Success
- ' As Cow'rdice; Brav'ry should for Prudence wait,
- Not her Affistance spurn: Sit, Ashtaroth, sit,
- ' Force not Misfortunes. That we rife on Heav'n,
- 'I hold it proper; and to shake our Foes
- 'I judge it pleasant, tho' we can't o'rethrow.
- ' Nature inspires Revenge and calls it sweet.
- But that we instant arm, and girt the Seat

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Book IX. The LAST-DAY. 299

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Tribunal, I approve not: Think what Pomp Messiah will attend, fresh all for Fight; And ev'n Jehovah will Spectator stand [Bands k. In that great Hour; 'twill damp our warmest Heav'n's Emp'rour to behold. 'Tis my Advice. That we defer our Enterprize, till Souls Have final Sentence shar'd, before the Chains ile Groan on their anguish'd Sinews; thus we gain He, The Damn'd to aid our Aims; when desp'rate, yes Will desp'rate Enterprizes fear: The Space Between the Sentence and Commence of Woe 'Is short, but we with mighty Deeds will swell That Gap of Time minute: Heroic Souls 'Have nobly impious grac'd the Earth; some stole rait, 'Whole Empires; Others have their Pow'r oppos'd To three dread Monarchies, and flain'd the Seas y'n, With Blood of Foes inhabiting remote: These we'll unite, and brave Alliance form; With these sustain th' etherial proudest Force. Dagon furceas'd. From Throne with horrid Pomp Envelopt, Lucifer concessive Nod

Exhi-

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Exhibited; the Dæmons all conjoyn
Their Approbation. On the clouded Brow
Of Counsellour Infernal ghastly sate
A Smile occult, to find his Thoughts prefer'd.
The Monarchs then to Secresy profound
Each other bind, and horrid Oaths commix.

These Ceremonies scarce were finish'd, when A mighty Legion, arm'd with siery Spears, Enter'd the Void of Hell: Hazazel led The stout Battalion, in his dauntless Hand A Jav'lin trembled high. From Confines deep Infernal, the Cælestial Phalanx dragg'd Fiends, Furies, Dæmons, whatsoe're resides In Hades, Chaos, Hell. The sable Dwolms Where glim'ring Sulphur kind'ling yields a Light Pale, horrible, austere, Th' Etherial Pow'rs Hunt, and from nethermost Abodes occult Drag sierce th' astony'd Spirits; into Realms Of Light they break and curse the gaudy Day.

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While brave Hazazel these infernal Souls Up-dragg'd to Justice and Messiab's Throne, The Resurrection Angel swift dispatch'd Four Cherubs to th' four Corners of the Earth, Each loaden with his brazen Trumpet; wide Their horrid Throats distended like a Gulph. The Cherubs on four elevated Rocks Stood lofty, and their Instruments sublime Rear'd in the Winds; Then blew with mighty Blast, That cover'd all the Ether; ev'n to Hell And distant Hades the tremendous Trumps Sounded with rousing Voice: Thrice spoke the Thrice shook the World. The Spirits knew the And ev'ry Shade where wild it rov'd profuse. ht some hover'd sportive in the glitt'ring Air, Who with continu'd Fervour while on Earth Their Hearts in Hymns melodious rais'd to Heav'n: oft in the Moonlight, or the Morning Rays They bask'd their airy Shapes; upon the Bow Of humid Colours loll'd, or foft difplay'd Their Features on a blushing Cloud serene.

Others,

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Others, on Earth more pensive, thro' the Air Shot, like a Fire Delusive which the Swain Sees Melancholy o're the Desart glide,
Or from a Wood soft wand'ring skim the Pools.

Some wild expatiate in the Realms of Night,
Beyond the Sphere Crystalline, to discourse
With Socrates and Cato, where retir'd
Nature's Machin'ry they explore, and hunt
For hidden Worlds. There Homer ranges wide,
His sight now piercing ev'n beyond the Bounds
Where once his high Imagination towr'd.
There Plato and Democritus discours'd

On Monarchy, with Brittish Critos; deep They weigh'd th' important Question, and sedate With Majesty sound Arguments revolv'd.

Some hung upon the Moon, and view'd the Plains And Oceans, faintly from the Earth discern'd; Copernicus and cunning Tycho these:
The Revolution of the Stars, the Seat Of Titan, Lynceus ken'd: The thoughtful Soul Of Sophus melancholy mus'd, and view'd The Works of Providence; Upon their Talk

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Attended Archimedes, and the Shade Of godlike Aristotle, They admir'd The vast Discov'ries (now substantial found) Of later Genio's, and Newtonian Schemes.

Those who on Earth the pleasureable Thought Curb'd not, but fweetly thro' the Vernal Scenes Wander'd poetick, They the beauteous Clouds Observ'd with gaudy Blush aumail'd, and play'd With Titan's golden Beams: Here Ovid bay'd, And Spencer fair reclin'd his gentle Limbs. They smil'd delighted as the rofy Breeze Flutter'd the Silver glitt'ring in their Locks. Ovid in his enamel'd Wings august Prided, and wav'd against the gaudy Light His Plumes, effulgent as the Glow of Morn Waking the Flow'rs that spicy Ida grace: Colin, at ease display'd, upon the Clouds Fixt full his Eyes, and fancy'd painted there Shepherds beneath a blooming Breer, with Pipes Simply melodious; round 'em Lambkins leap'd Sportive among the Flow'rs; and o're their Heads Linnets

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Linnets foft charm'd the Shades, as Zephyrs wav'd Their guilded Plumes and on the Blossoms breath'd

The High-voic'd Trumpet heard: From Worlds Where reigns Infinity, All shape their Way To th' little Ball hung floating in the Winds, Stil'd Earth; To animate their dormant Limbs, Millions on Millions follow thro' the Clouds.

The Resurrection Angel on the Top
Of Tenariff stood lofty like a God,
And with his Trident smote the Earth; the Blow
Pierc'd to the Center, a tremendous Gap
Wide op'ning thro' the Bowels of the Ground,
Displaying sable Horrours. Thence the Dead
Shrowds,
Rose, shaking from their sprightly Limbs the
Gifts of pale Death. The Cong'rour of the Globe,
Young Ammon, as the thrillant Vigour slid
Soft thro' his Nerves, and into Motion warm'd
His Blood, e're Life could dawn, a mighty Spring
Gave struggling, and with sinewy Arm op'e-burst
His Marble Tomb, far slew the shatter'd Walls.

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Book IX. The LAST-DAT. 305

and so of repril time Singer

Now thro' ten thousand spacious Temples row!

As many thundring Ecchoes, filling high

The vast Concavitys, and from the Dwolm

Of hollow Caverns roaring, like the Noise

Of Strombulo horrendous; Strait, behold!

The Temples, Fane, and Mosques, capacious Voids

Adorning Earth's round Surface, groan'd and sweat

[Tombs, And heav'd with pregnant Throes; then burst the

And slew the Marble Pavements; from the Night

Of Death reviving Spirits rose, and felt

Their gloomy Way from Melancholy's Courts

Machos his Spirit thro' the broken Air
Drove furious, as if Empire still he chac'd,
Still grasp'd at Glory, and for bloody Hour
Of Battle panted: Casar at his Side
March'd breathless hasty; from the Northern Coasts
He strode tow'rd Shores Ausonian, in his Road
Lay Albion. Machos, (show'd his faded Dust
By Angels) found it in an abject Spot
Savage, ignoble: Thrice he strove to reach

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The hated Ground, as oft retir'd thro' Shame. Great Julius the Spectator: Wrath possess His Shade that feem'd to burn with Fury; then These Thoughts the airy Warriour signify'd. 'Oh, hated Realm! Ungrateful Soil! Why here 'Find I great Machos? Was't a Crime, Ye Pow'rs, 'To raise Britannia's Glory? was't a Crime 'To make pale Europe tremble at her Name? "Curst be the fatal Hour! speak, Casar, speak! ' Deferv'd I this? ---- Why fcorn you Machon 'Why, Julius, has your Glory mine out-strip'd? 'Am I less brave? by Heav'n I dare as high! 'My Soul's as wide! Like me a Crown you rob'd, ' Like me an Empire stole, We both destroy'd 'Pow'r and usurpt its Place; but oh, our Hein . Wide difference produc'd! -- Why chac'd I Fame, 'Since still my wid'ning Soul it tortures, still · My restless Bosom swells, -- my fiery Thoughts

"Urge me to Rage! my Spirit's on a Blaze! ---

Here Fury broke his Speech, and fervid Wrath

His Soul detain'd. From his Resentment mov'd

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Book IX. The LAST-DAY.

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Great Julius, for at him his Envy glow'd.
But Cafar won Lavinia's flowery Plains.

The Resurrection Angel to the Sea Then walk'd Imperial, in his Hand fublime Swung the tremendous Trident: Midst the Waves Tempestuous, firm he stood, the Surge around Beating; The Cherub high into the Winds His Arm important rear'd, and finote the Flood. Strait, rent the conscious Sea her watry Vest, Op'ning huge Chasmy Vacancies profound, Roads for the rifing Dead; his fcatter'd Limbs Each Ghost collects thro' Ocean's spacious Plains, Capacious, idle; where high-shading Rocks 1 hollow Caverns fink and huge Domains Form canopy'd extensive: Hence arise Adm'rals, and Hero's, and intrepid Souls, Dafting the Waves afide, and thro' the Foam Urging resistless Passage; Ocean groan'd With one continu'd Storm, where deep the Flood Mediterranean joyns the Caspian Sea

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Beneath

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Beneath a thousand Hills as many Ribs
Of Marble, Gold and Iron. Round, the Souls
Gaz'd on the novel Day, the beauteous Frame
Of Nature, and the golden Streams of Light.

Some on their Brows display'd alacrious smiles, Some wildly frown'd assonish'd: From his Grave The Atheist peep'd appall'd, then shrunk in Fea Back to his silent Gloom; first view'd Himself, Then Nature's Works stupendous, then admires How he on Earth was blind! but blind is Pride

The Deist from the silent Dusk of Death Nothing reluctant rose; but when to th' Throm Of dread Messiab bad to move, his Fears Wak'd shocking, Tremblings seiz'd his pallid Limb In dire Amaze he throws his startled Eyes On all the Splendours of th' Almighty's Son.

The

End of the Ninth Book.





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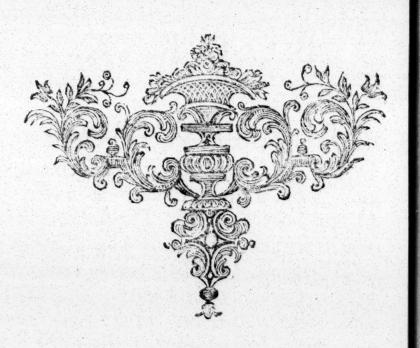
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The ARGUMENT.

The Subject of this Book is the General Judgment. The Tribunal Throne arises. The Book of Fate opened. The golden Balances poiz'd in the Air. Mortals rang'd according to their Professions. Messiah having review'd each Mortal's Actions in the Volume, proceeds to the Balances and weighs his Fate. Some expecting the greatest Glory share the least. The Separation made; the Virtuous shine like Stars, the Vicious deaden in their Aspects. Michael then fetches the Devils to Judgment: Baalzebub slops and refuses to advance an Inch; his Speech to the Dæmons, while the Celestials hasten to Jehovah for Directions in that Juncture: The Almighty X 3

The ARGUMENT.

Almighty sends his Sword of State: The Devils judged: But their Sentence is not to be put in Execution, till the Conflagration is finish'd, and the Saints can enjoy the New Jerusalem. Mean time they seek out the Damn'd, and spirit them up to Rebellion.



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HUS to it's Doom th' awak'ning World All trode the filver Fields: A rifing Joy Dawn'd blooming in the Looks of some, while some Bore Aspects deaden'd with a fickly Fear Anticipating Horrour. Uproar paus'd, And fatal Silence fwell'd the dreadful Pomp. Swift to and fro' thro' Heav'n were feen to fly Angelick Shapes, their Plumes in golden Light Glitt'ring enamel'd: Nature busy seem'd, And Cherubim employ'd: When, gradual lo! A Throne Tribunal rifes, as from Depths Of Infinite Profundity: The Mass Twice eight Cælestial Angels rear'd, in Rays Of Light ferenest cloath'd; August the Throne Shone with emblaz'nous Luftres, and adorn'd The burnish'd Ether. The Illustrious Pow'rs, Fixt it in Center of the spacious World, High on the Cresset of the siery Sun, With all it's Blaze of Gems. Defensive round US Thrice thirty Thousand Cherubs, arm'd with Fire,

X 4

Stood; At the Front the Angel who directs

The

The LAST-DAY. Book X. 312 The Thunder, lofty rear'd his mighty Bulk, Shaking his black fulphureous Locks, and high Rearing the sheeted Light'ning in his Hand, Prepar'd to hurl. Upon the Throne was form'd A vast Devoid, capacious as the Gulph Of Euxine Ocean of it's stormy Waves Scop'd; This Concavity, with fiery Arms And Bolts of Thunder loaded, might defy An hostile World and fright confed'rate Hell. High o're th' illustrious Seat, with pompous Folds A Canopy its spacious Arms dispread, Gorgeous as Mid-Day Sun in Plumes august Flaming Array'd; the Gold more fulgent gay Than Earth's gross Entrails yield, the jocund Smile Of Silver fairer shone with Virgin Charms, Reflecting bright the Splendours that from Pomp Of Chrysolite and Jasper darted. This High on their Arms th' Etherial Pow'rs fustain'd. Around the Shrine unnumber'd Spirits stood Trembling with Expectation, deep suspence Detain'd their Tongues: When, distant, streaming Breaks fierce upon them, as from op'ning Gates Etherial;

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Etherial; then the Voice of Trumpets flow'd,
Dread Harbingers! Next, Thunders march'd, aloud
Proclaiming Justice; Strait, with Regal Pomp,
Appear'd Messiah; Justice in his Look
Blazon'd, but soften'd with serenest Love:
In his Right-Hand an Olive Branch he bore,
And in his Left a blazing Jav'lin swung.

The Thund'rer's Equal on the splendid Throne Sate, elevate in Grandeur: Heathens, Jews, 62 His Pow'r Majestick own; who pierc'd his side Gaze on his Glory trembling. Thro' the Waste Of Plains Etherial folemn Silence reign'd; No Comet flung his Flame, no Zephyr breath'd; The Constellations, bridled in their Course, Paus'd. When behold, four Cherubs thro' the Void A mighty Volume bore, not less in Bulk FATE Than Earth's revolving Globe, THE BOOK OF In Heaven stil'd: Then shrill'd a Voice aloud, 'Whose Power can force the Seals? Whose Eye, 'Gaze on th' effulgent Pages? Cherubs bright, Angelick Shapes, attempted to disclose The 314 The LAST-DAY. Book X.

The wond'rous Folio for Messiah's Gaze.
Vain Efforts! Fruitless Aims! His mighty Palm
The God expanded, quick the shatter'd Seals
Fly; the dread Pages, wide display'd, unfold
Eternal Destiny and Fate's Decree.

Now Myriads of effulgent Cherubs wing
Their rapid Way aloft, a mighty Pair
Of Balances fustaining, such in size
As could at once the Fate of Millions weigh.
To Saturn's Sphere (not visible to Man
To Angels solid) these etherial Pow'rs
Connect the solemn Balance; high it hung,
One Cavern o're the Globe of Venus poiz'd,
One over Luna's Orb its conq'ring Weight
Would rest. Thus hung they in the wild Expanse.

Before each Person individual shares

Sentence immutable; the Cherubs part

Each Order and Profession, as on Earth

Most beneficial to the State of Man.

Now, thro' the mighty Host, dilated wide O're Heav'n's capacious Champain, Tumult stirs

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Book X. The LAST-DAY. 315

And Motion thro' the Millions walks: The Seat Superiour, by Messiah's splendid Throne, Theologists usurp; yet Many here, Alas! of tainted Life; The Charms of Sin, Too prevalent, engag'd their Hearts; and Eafe, Banquets and Luxury fupply'd the Place Of Abstinence and Industry: Yet more Difdain'd the guilded poif'nous Bait of Sloath, And fcorn'd the Pleafures of the grov'ling Earth, Rifing to nobler Views and fuller Joys: These principally Protestants and Jews: Levi and Esay grac'd the First; The Last, Euphemus, brave Eudoxus, and the Soul Of godlike Aristonymus; They shone With radiant Lustres o're their Aspects spread. Next, Those who over Justice and the Law

Next, Those who over Justice and the Law Presided, sep'rate from the num'rous Hosts; These, Magistrates who bore the golden Reins Of Equity, whose Office was to share Impartial Right and fair explain the Law. Eubulus prime appear'd, Eudoxus, Thebe, And Polyglot adorn'd the graceful Crowd.

Behind,

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Behind, a more impetuous Band appear'd, Warm in their Afpects, while their Bosoms glow'd Fervid with bold Activity. This Host Acted on Earth the Warriours Part, and grafp'd Immortal Glory: Murd'rous Tyrants fome, Whose Swords pernicious thro' the wasted World Ravag'd profuse, They trode with hostile Hoofs On balmy Peace, and fwell'd the Floods with Gore: Of them Palmario one, and bold Tomarl, Austar and Aryo, and the Pomp of Zelm. Others of fairer Arms, whose golden Shields Had shelter'd injur'd Realms, and interpos'd Where wild Ambition drove its bloody Tide; Of these was Cafar's Successor; of these Bellarius, brave Machephimus august, And th' active Spirit of Aëudus bold.

Next, The Physicians stood, who eas'd or caus'd The Pains of Mortal Man: Some render'd Life Healthful and pleasant: Some (nefarious Wights!) With Apozems and Amulets destroy'd

The vital Frame; Some, charm'd with lust'rous

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Book X. The LAST-DAY. 3

Princes, and Monarchs, and Imperial Thrones
Of Life had rob'd, and Regions cloath'd in Tears.

Then they who fair Preservatives of Life Had cultivated, rang'd their comely Ranks, Tillers of Land, and Husbandmen, in Scenes Of Rural Silence bred. O're these the God Gaz'd with a Smile auspicious, pre-assur'd How sew of these Accurst; with fatal Pride All Unacquainted, with the Mid-Night Dance Abandon'd, or luxurious Revelry.

Next, behind these, *Professions* num'rous stood, Num'rous as Ocean's Sands, or Shells that grace *Peruvian* Shores, resembling all, yet all Diff'ring Minute, in Colour, Shape or Size.

Now the Calestial Judge each Mortal's Life,
Virtuous or impious, in the Book reviews,
While high Deliberation awful fate
Upon his Brow divine. No fecret Act,
Tho' in the fev'nfold Shades of Night perform'd
Remote from Motal Cognizance, but stood
Reveal'd, confest; The Hypocritick Wiles

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Now impotent appear'd: The Robbers Arms Glow'd stain'd with all the Blood in Woods retir'd Or vacant Defarts spilt, when curtain'd Dusk Aided their horrid Swords; Nefarious Rapes On Earth occult, in latent Holes perform'd, Now on their true Performers cry aloud, Justice aloud demand; Souls howl alarm'd.

Monarchs, who with infatiate Love of War Had trode on rofy Peace, and broke the Smiles Of foft Tranquillity, feverer Fate Felt; ev'ry Plain with mangled Subjects heap'd, Rose up avengeful and proclaim'd their Fate.

Those who on Earth a Regal Scepter claim'd Unjust, and journey'd from remotest Climes Destructive War on peaceful Realms to bring, Saw to their Share arising sablest Crimes Ten-thousand-fold, and curs'd Ambition's Bait That painted Hell so fair: These tort'rous bear A Crown of Pangs and groan beneath the Weight

Messiab then (Terrestrial Crimes review'd)
Majestick from his golden Throne, emblaz'd

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Book X.

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With Jacynth Pearl and Jasper, mild arose, And to the fatal Balances fublime Poiz'd airy Step; his lofty Front august Reach'd where the circling Stars revolving play'd, And rowl'd thro' vast Infinity's Domains; Each Stride the Sky supported, where he strode Flow'd rofy Sweetness in a balmy Path Of Flow'rs ambrofial. Round the God profuse Myriads of Cherubs gaudy, cloath'd in Gold, Hover'd Attendant; In the burnish'd Light Wav'd Plumes enamel'd, and their beauteous Hues Blithsome display'd upon the Face of Day. High o're Messiab's Head a splendid Curve Th' Etherials bore, fweet Canopy, with Stain Of Lustres most engaging to the Eye Depainted lovely; higher rose its Charms Than those of Showery-Arch which high from Earth Is fair descry'd, Delight of gazing Swain; Curves above Curves in foft Proportion rife. Thus to the mighty Scales th' Imperial Judge Step'd, not remote: The Fate of ev'ry Soul

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He weigh'd, e're Sentence pass'd: One Scale con-The Works of Virtue, One with Evil groan'd:
But in the first th' Almighty's Equal threw

A Grain of Mercy, as each Mortal's Fate

Advanc'd; that, weightier to oppress the Scale

Than all his Acts of Piety and Love.

But some (ah Pride, severest Foe to Man!) Restrain'd Messiab's Arm, and vaunting bad Their virtuous Deeds be weigh'd, without the Of Mercy prevalent: While some, alone Mercy demanded in the facred Scale, From virtuous Actions separate; The Judge Wrath'd, at their fatal Obstinacy frown'd, That dar'd to interpose, or Arm divine Arrest: The Cherubs at th' Almighty's Rage Veil'd their resplendent Aspects: Heaven was cop With Sable, and the Rays of joyous Light Converted to tremendous Streams of Blood, While frown'd the Judge refenting. But anon, Compassion soften'd to serenest Terms Messiah, Thunder-arm'd, and gentlest Love (Sweet as the waking Morn, when youthful Day

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Book X. The LAST-DAT. 321 Calls up the tender Blooms and dies the Dew) The Place of Indignation mild usurpt.

Some, while on Earth their Mortal Race they Immur'd Collegiate Knowledge; Nature's Course They ponder'd, and explor'd her Secrets; still [World They fed, slept, walk'd mong Volumes, from the Locking their Wisdom, in Retirement lost. Others, to shun the Vanities of Life Retreated from the World; alone, on Heaths They pass'd their silent Hours, to Cells remote Their Piety consin'd; No Scandal stab'd A Neighbour in his Honour; Passion ne'er Russled their Minds serene, No Envy storm'd Their Spirits, but the gentle Stream of Peace Wasted their Lives in gliding Ease away.

These an assur'd and haughty Air assum'd,
Advancing to the golden Ballances
Majestick, solemn, on the circling Host
Down gazing: But their Expectation fail'd;
Th' Almighty Judge survey'd them, nor a Smile

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Mixt in his Afpect; Yet their Crimes were light,
But light their Virtue too: Surpriz'd, they flow
Receded; a fevere Delight, and Joy
Uneafy, in their folemn Looks appear'd.

Then, Men of penetrating Depth advanc'd; Their learn'd Disputes Réligion had embroil'd, And Realms fermented: Yet a mighty Name They left on Earth; their Judgments bore the Sway, While Dignities and Honours they engrofs'd. These felt a harsher Fate, and from their Pride Tumbled contemn'd; by them unletter'd Souls Detain'd from practive Virtue, loud exclaim'd, invoking Vengeance. In the North of Hell The fablest Cat'ract lyes, and o're the Gulph Is fixt a flender Spear, most like the Line Unreal Mathematick; high on this These Disputants were tott'ring set; each Hour, Each Moment, agonizing Fear invades Their trembling Joynts, on this fide left they fall, And lest on that; the Fate has plac'd them fure, Till Time's last Moment wearys i'th' Revolve.

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Now on the Throne Almighty Logos feats Again his ample Greatness, high his Hand In Majesty and Pow'r; a Diadem Adorn'd his Brow, where num'rous Crowns were In Miniature, as many as the Globes Pendant in huge Expanse, o're which presides Logos, extending thro' the vast Domains Aërial his Dominions; So he fate. Mean time the Ministers calestial rose,

Each with his filver Wand, and fever'd quick The Virtuous from the Reprobate; The Right Those pleas'd usurp'd, and These the fatal Left. Then All their Fortunes palpably perceiv'd; From one fide Curfings and nefarious Howls Proceeded; while the other Songs difmift Of facred Exclamation; Ev'ry Tongue (Warm'd to the Voice of Joy) Jehovah's Pow'r And Mercy in melodious Accents chants.

The Virtuous, like the rifing Dawn that guilds The Face of Day, with Charms engaging shone:

Each

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Each mortal Imperfection to the Height Of Beauty was improv'd; in ev'ry Look Heav'n's Glory, visible display'd, appear'd. Some thousand Scepters sway'd, and num'rous Bore on their Fronts Imperial, spacious Worlds Thefe rul'd; Some less with Majesty were crown'd, Who Orbs minuter (such as Earth) possess, And golden Pow'r dispenc'd; Their Mien was To Majesty and Grace and Pomp august. The meanest Shape to noblest godlike size Grew, the poor Earth would shake beneath their And Clouds their Frontlets wrap; around their A lovely Brightness, (form'd of Light serene Etherial) circled ornamental, high Radiance o're Radiance rifing. Blithsome Joy Soft darted from their Eyes, Cælestial Bliss Sate on their Aspects and their Looks adorn'd. As when young Morning conquers on the Shades Of Night, Aurora, with a rifing Blush, Breaks in the Sky; the Orient from its Shrowds Unveils fair Aspect and to lively Red Rigens; anon, the guilded Welkin glows,

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Book X. The LAST-DAY. 325

And Clouds display their Gold; all Nature smiles:
So sweetly gradual to cælestial Pomp
Of Beauty rise the Virtuous: Songs of Joy
Melt o're the Champain and the Welkin charm.

Not so the Criminals; A sable Guilt
Deaden'd each Visage: Horrour in their Looks
Sate direful; Fear and Anger seem'd to mix,
Augmenting squallid Aspects; down their Fronts
Hung pensive low'ring; yet an envious Eye
They'd sometimes throw upon the golden Seats
Form'd for the Saints: Each Fury chaust'd, his
Gnaw'd in Resentment; here and there they gaz'd
Astony'd, and expected to be hurl'd
Swift to the Realms prosound, where siery Waves
Swell with wild Tortures, and the Tongues of Woe
Cease not to bellow; if their Shapes confess'd
Any Perfection, now it putrid sades,
And sinks to Form obscene and impotent.

From Prospect of Messiab's Glory bright, From Spirits happy and the pompous Throne,

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Each

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Each sentenc'd Ghost precipitate retires.

Distant, beyond the various Orbs of Light,
Far in Instity's profuse Domains,
Where huge Creation terminates, a Realm
Lyes undigested, where Confusion, drove
From Heav'n, retires; No chearful golden Ray
There reaches, no calestial Spirit roves
So far remote; but Smoak instead of Air
Beats thro' the savage Void: Behind the Gloom,
Sabler than Night in Soot of Hell array'd,
Voices and Shrieks are heard and Yells uncouth.

Hither, the Ghosts nefarious feel their way,
And o're the shapeless Rocks and Hills of Ice
Climb resolute: To Caverns gloomy black
They drag their Fears; no Hole so foul or grim
But they retreat to, nor an Avenue
Too dark for Guilt confest: The Whirlwinds sierce
Beat on their naked Heads, and siery Waves
Rowl'd o're their trembling Limbs; Their deep
Motion detain'd, Astonishment their Souls
Seiz'd fatal, o're 'em high they heard the Roar
Of falling Cataracts, and all around

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Book X. The LAST-DAY.

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Bellow'd the stormy Waste; They oft aloof
Are lost tremendous, oft to distant Shores
Drove by the veh'ment Tempests: Yet the Taste,
Th' Anticipation of severer Woes,
This. At each Noise they quake, and fear the
Of Michael, and the Blaze of vengeful Swords
To drive'em howling to the Gulphs of Hell.

Mean time the Damons to the Throne august Are forc'd by heav'nly Squadrons: Loud they And move reluctant; but the staming Spear Of Zophiel urges them behind: Some sty, And scow'r the Liquid Champain; those the Rod Of stout Hazazel to their former Course Reduces: Some oppose the heav'nly Pow'rs Tenacious of Supremacy, but These Michael with vengeful Jav'lin smote, the Stroaks From their parch'd Bodies sounded: Yet uncurb'd By Pow'r superiour they persist in Pride,

Tear ope' their Flesh in Rage, and bruize their Tremendous. But Baalzebub, Prince of Pride,

Stood in the midst of his audacious Troops,

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Refusing to proceed; th' Almighty-Judge

Loud he accurst, and with avengeful Voice

Zophiel defy'd, 'What mean ye, Lords of Hell?

- ' Base Spirits, form'd of Terrour! --- But proceed!
- 'Kneel to the Throne! you gaudy State confess
- 'Superiour! But, for me, let Horrours, Racks,
- Tortures, pour baleful on my single Breast,
- 'l'll bear 'em here, here bear 'em All alone;
- ' Ne'er shall the Word be said, Baalzebub kneel'd.
- " Come Zophiel, and Hazazel come! unite
- 'Your bravest Forces, for I'll stand the Shock
- 'Of all your Pow'r; Nor fear Baalzebub's Flight.
- Behold this Arm! who boasts a stouter Nerve?
- Who strides more godlike eminent? Then why,
- Why should we fink inferiour? None's more base
- Than the vile Slave, but he who Slav'ry courts.
- Such, Fiends, are you, --- Oh! I could rend my
- Are these the Spirits who on yonder Plains
- · Met Michael in his Wrath, and flem'd the Force
- Of rowling Thunders wrap'd in gorey Flame?
- Dead and afleep! Oh shame to Hell! Disgrace
- "To th' vast Infernal Empire!--- But 'tisvain

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Book X.

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With Cow'rds to argue; Where the Sight of Arms Can't rouze, Words ne're will move to bold Re-Why was I godlike form'd with noble Aims, And high Ambition beating in my Breaft, Oh! rather why not made a grov'ling Ant Proging a little Space, and then content 'To fink from poor Existence, and become 'Nothing? Did I this Soul desire of Heav'n?---But hence with tame Reflexions! Snatch the 'Start to black Slaughter! Yes, Hazazel, yes, 'l'll Nature, Elements, confound! I'll arm With yon huge Planets! O that I could dye; 'Could feal my Death with yon flain Worlds The Damon spoke; While Zophiel and the Pow'rs With fierce Hazazel to th' Almighty steer'd, Directions to receive. Then Logos fent Th' Etherial Sword of State, and bad proceed Twice ninety Thunders; With audacious Roar March'd the Destruction, and with fiery Bolts Th' Infernal Pow'rs affaulted; But the Rage Of fierce Baalzebub on his mighty Limbs Sustain'd the horrid Fury; deep his Flesh,

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Plough'd hostile, op'd tremendous Wounds pro-Yet with his potent Arm he dasted off The sulphrous Slaughter, and with shocking Yells Bellow'd Desiance as the Foes advanc'd.

But strait, Hazazel from the golden Trunk Produc'd th' Almighty Sword; its gorgeous Bland Dazled the Welkin, and obscur'd the Beams Which Titan pompous from his Locks of Flame Shakes permanent, and with salubrious Streams Visits the chearful World; Then sunk the Soul Of sterce Baalzebub to a pallid Damp; His Heart, late panting with the Warmth of War Deaden'd; his Jav'lin from his trembling Arm Drop'd and confest the Fright. Such Force the Of dread Jebovah bears. Hell selt and shook.

Now to the Throne of Glory, and the View Of vengeful Logos, are the Dæmons dragg'd, Anticipating Fate. Their fable Crimes (Pride while in Heav'n, on Earth Deceiving Man In Hell Conspiracies against th' Etern, And great Messiah call'd to fervid War;)

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Book X. The LAST-DAY. 331

These all the Judge in Ballance fatal weighs,
And all their Good (if Good they e're perform'd)
Forgets; Then guilty Sentence on their Heads
Pours horrible to hear; that Moment deep
The Planets paus'd, the Sun conceal'd his Face,
And Nature seem'd to groan: So dire the Doom.

But the bleft Spirits share not ample Fate, Nor yet the Sons of Woe, till Earth in Flames Involv'd, is ruin'd, till arise the Walls Of New-Jerusalem the Seat of Bliss.

The Damons from Messab's Sight retire

Precipitate, and in the sablest Shades

Would hide their Limbs accursed. Now's the Time

When Dagon to alarm th' Etherial Plains

Hostile advis'd, and joyn in subtle League

With sentenc'd Mortals desp'rate. To the Realms

Remote they slide occult, where shrunk the Damn'd

From Face of chearful Sun. When Satan saw

Their drowzy Terrours, Wrathful at the Sight,

He call'd aloud, that Chaos at the Sound

Eccho'd alarm'd, 'And hide ye here your Heads,

'Base

The LAST-DAY. Book X. Base Mortals? Sleep ye at an Hour like this? When fiery Fate hangs o're Us? stamp on Fear! · Off-shake pale Terrour! has Revenge no Charms? ' And shall we let our Masters bridle Us. ' Nor show we can refent? This fatal Day ' Has prov'd our Arms inferiour to the Foe's, But Oh! Our Souls are equal. Furies rouse! 'Leap up, ye Damn'd! There was a Time, and · Ye would as foon have tore your Hearts as brook'd 'Any Superiour, when ye chac'd the Spears 'Of flying Michael, and superiour Force

"Conquer'd by Brav'ry. Are we not the fame? 'The fame bold Spirits and undaunted Hearts?

'Heav'n's Curse was then bestow'd, We then

' Febovab, and a Pow'r Almighty brav'd.

' Has adverse Fortune chang'd your Courage? No

" It ne're may be; Your Limbs are still the same,

'Form'd to grafp Dangers and bright Fame to

Rise then! at least molest we Heav'n, and take

Our last Revenge, our last Farewel of War,

And rowling Blood. While Michael and his Pow'rs

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Are yonder distant, Flame and fiery Brands

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'Dispersing o're the Earth, let Us unite

'And opportune affault the' Etherial Tow'rs;

'There such a Shock we'll dauntless give, as Time

'Shall scarce retrieve: We can but suffer, Fiends,

'Suff'rings are fourest when they're undeserv'd;

'But sweet Revenge can smooth the Face of Woe.

Thus Satan said; and gaz'd around remote,

Expeding Approbation of his Speech

Or Contradiction. Then with furly Frowns,

And Indignation in his vengeful Eyes,

Gogmagog, Fiend superiour in his Bulk,

Reply prepar'd; To Mortal Souls accurst,

And Earth's Ill-Genij, he directed Speech.

'Th' Advice of Satan I approve; the Time

For its immediate Execution calls;

There's now no dallying. Sure I hear the Tread

'Of heav'nly Troops! You, Mortals, see your

Resistless and inevitable; Arm!

Arm then with Us! is this a Time for Sloath,

For idle Fear? The Pow'rs of Earth and Hell

Unite We; and by this intrepid Heart!

What's then too big for Expectation? Ne'er

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- Rose we so strong before; Iscariot aids,
- ' Julian and Faux will shake destructive Spears,
- 'And potent Feroboam; Thelos too
- Will shine in foremost Rank; Acule, and Nelm,
- 'And hold Lenoros: One thing damps my Breaft,
- · I hop'd for Cafar, Nassaw, and the Soul
- Of brave Aëudus; curst Mistake! Oh then
- ' Our Aims had ripe arose, and what could stem
- 'Their mighty Courage? but they'll aid our
- Well, fear we not, nor let Despair have Place;
- ' Despair, the basest Plant a Coward Mind
- 'Can e're produce! Behold, remote the Globes
- ' Shine with Destructive Flame; the Earth appears
- 'A burning Ball rear'd blazing in the Void
- ' By Arm Almighty; now's th' important Hour,
- 'The Time of noblest Action, fnatch your Spears!
- 'In a black Tempest drive upon the Foe!
- 'Glory augment, tho' Woes at once encrease.

Gogmagog spoke, as turgid on his Head

Broke Tempests, and the Smoak fierce wav'd his

End of the Tenth Book.

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LAST-DAY.

BOOK XI.

The ARGUMENT.

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This Book contains the Conflagration. The Trinity from a gorgeous Apartment gaze on Earth; While the Angels thrust their Arms into the Bowels of the Sun, and break it into Pieces; Each loads himself with a fiery Mass: Earth smiles with fairer Charms when Mortals and Sin are removed; The Angels approach it, and dash their Fiery Loads against the Surface: The Behaviour of the Tyger and Lion amidst the Flames. Forests fall blazing from the Tops of lofty Hills. Hazazel stalks up to his the Waste in Fire, and roots up the Cities and Towers into the Flame. The Conflagration-Angel Arikes the Earth with his Trident, Earth opens

The ARGUMENT.

opens, Its Bowels kindle, and the Conflagration is there compleated. Ocean changes to Spirits, and is lighted up. Then Michael grasps a Come by its blazinous Tail, and proceeds to fire the Planets and Constellations; The Inferious Angels aid him, having fetch'd the blazing Waves from Chaos. The Time is now, when the Dæmons resolv'd to try their last Effort; their Powers are joyn'd; The Old-Dragon's Speech before they break from their Ambuscade.



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Liviers off .earufto V painers thing Lovie Orbs IGH o're the Realms of Light, where Rowl in cælestial Fulgence, opes a With livelieft Morning Blushadorn'd, and charm'd With heav'nly Airlings; O're th' Apartment copes A Canopy august, of filver Light Form'd, and the Hues that in the Rainbow glow, By twice fev'n Columns of emblaz'nous Gems Sustain'd aerial; The enamel'd Floor Was Amethyst with shining Glories starr'd. Almighty Elobim to this Scene retires Frequent, and traverses th' illustrious Dome, Deep musing; Round unnumber'd Cherubs wait, Holy of Holies not allow'd to tread With subject Foot. The Trinity conven'd Here, when the mighty Purpose was to form Inferiour Worlds; Here meet the Sacred Three Now Nature for its Diffolution calls. Messiah from the fatal Throne arose, With Hallelujahs and harmonious Voice Of Cherubin and Seraphs. O're the Skies He trode Majestick, and the gaudy Light

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Parted with waving Vestures. He arriv'd
Where in Retirement was Jehovah, where
The Sacred Spirit walk'd. The Triple-One
Hence view'd the Progress of Dissolving Earth.

herv'nly fallment Ore the apprenent cours

Mean time, Hazazel, Zophiel, and the Force Of potent Michael to the Sun descend, And o're the blazing Globe hang big with Aims Tremendous. Michael with intrepid Palm Grafp'd the huge Mass, his Arms in ragged Flame Deep; from its Center the emblaz nous Orb Groan'd conscious: Then Jehovah's Agent tore The mighty Globe in twain, th' Internal Parts Glow'd with uncommon Fires, till then conceal'd From Eyes created, blueish Streams of Flame Sulphureous, might appall the stoutest Soul, And Entrails honrid red with tenfold Heat. Michael, with Mail etherial arm'd august, Breaks into num'rous Fragments, dire to fight, This fiery Substance of the conquer'd Sun High-blazing, with terrifick solemn Noise, That rowl'd fonorous thro' the vast Devoid;

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Book XI. The LAST-DAT. 339

As when a lofty Turret o're the Sea
Far-hanging, from its Grandeur sudden falls
Horrendous, sierce the roaring Main to Waves
Big-swelling breaks, here opes an awful Chasm,
Yonder a liquid Mountain wrap'd in Foam
Rises; More dreadful was the riven Sun,
Its Bowels red display'd to open Sky.

Now the cælestial Pow'rs in spacious Hands Huge Loads assum'd, and tow'rd the destin'd Earth March'd: Zophiel and Hazazel potent bore Superiour Burdens, high above their Heads Blazing remote. Unnumber'd Angels rais'd Their Shares, and distant, to th' Infernal-Host Behind Creation, show'd like thousand Fires Fierce waving to and fro, but Fires as huge As if Olympus, Ida, Apennine
Were joyn'd, and by Almighty Arm august Kindled to Flames severest, then alost Rear'd in the beating Winds, and thro' the Skies Drove horrible amain: Such mighty Loads Sustain'd each Angel of Inferiour Form.
But Michael, warlike Cherub, huge in Pow'r,

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On his Right-Hand, expanded wide, fustain'd A Mass not less in Magnitude than Earth Bisected; O're the spacious Void he strode, And made to distant Earth with dreadful Aim.

[fook When Mortals and their Crimes the Globe for-Caught into th' Clouds, (their fragil Natures And pale Corruption to Perfection turn'd) Then Earth serener shone, by Sin unstain'd, Shone in its natural Charms adorn'd compleat And elegant; its State was as before Accurs'd by Adam's Folly, or when reign'd Messiab in his loveliest Glories crown'd. The Soil no favage Thickets wild or rude Produc'd, but Trees of Paradise arose In ev'ry Vale, that with falubrious Balm Dropt, while around the Honey-Nectar showr'd. No longer poif nous Weeds defac'd the Fields, Or tainted with the fickly Dew the Ground; But Hyacinth, Narcissus, and the Sweets Of Violets, breath'd Odours thro' the Groves, Their

warile Oherab haze in Pow'r.

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Book XI. The LAST-DAY. 341

Their lovely Bosoms to the Morning-Drops Expanding, pleas'd with young Aurora's Blush.

Now, unalarm'd by Men, the gentle Voice
Of Airlings charms the Shades; the Linnet prides
In gaudy Colours, to the golden Light
Op'ning her Plumes; foft Philomel her Plaints
Forgets, and to alacrious Tunes of Joy
Shapes her melodious Accents, in the Beams
Of liquid Eve she bays and courts the Night.
No more the Tiger bloody thro' the Woods
Runs roaring slaught'rous: Panthers low'r no
[Fangs]
Their Jaws with Gore distain'd, or stretch their
Wet with the Blood of Panthers: Tender Peace
Up-rears her Head o're Earth, and Quiet spreads
Her balmy Wings abroad; The Lyon plays
Fair with the Lamb, and on the flowery Mead
Rowls his pleas'd Limbs. All Nature seem'd to

Thus bleft was Earth, of mortal Crimes bereft, When Michael and the potent Legions stear'd Fire-arm'd to Realms Terrestrial: E're they reach'd The beauteous Meadows, or appear'd the Globe,

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342 The LAST-DAY. Book XI.

A flout Battallion was employ'd the Clouds
Quick to repulse; no more they may engirt
[Waves The shrouded Globe; swift Gabriel grasp'd the Vapry and dragg'd aside, on rising Heaps
Rowl'd veh'ment; as a Giant from the Ground Would take a loosen'd Mountain, so the Pow'r Of Gabriel conquer'd on the yielding Clouds,
And drove from Orb Terrestrial; in the Void He hid the Liquids, where the Tempest-Lake Of Chaos in Consusion rudely roars.

Now Michael to the Globe of Earth, with Fires Loaded, approaches; the Celestial Host Pursuing his intrepid Stride, that Leagues Measur'd at once. As near the Pow'rs advanc'd, Earth distant glow'd with Heat intense; the Meads Sweets Gasp'd parch'd; The Flow'rs resign'd their balmy From beauteous Colours fading; wide the Pines And Cedars crack'd forlorn. The Pow'rs approach, The gentle Birds fall panting on the Grove, And breathe their easy Lives into the Air: The Springs grow hot, and ev'ry River pours

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Book XI. The LAST-DAY.

Its scalding Waves: The Bowels of the Earth, Marble and Gold, with fervid Warmth are touch'd, While mighty Floods, Orontes, and the Force Of western Rhosn, rowl boiling o're the Sands.

Anon, augments the torrid Havock; Wolves Leopards and Tigers thro' the shatter'd Woods Run ruinous avengeful, from the Heat Flying in vain; the cruel Heats encrease, And rive the blafted Forests. Now the Beasts Of rapid spoil alarm the founding Groves Bellowing horrendous; fiery Anguish stings Their mighty Bodies; Fury in their Eyes Rowls, Each his Limbs in Ecstafy of Pain Lashes blood-sprinkled, tears the thirsty Ground, And gnaws the stubborn Rocks; 'tis vain, for Fate Urges augmented; Their emblack'ning Corps Utter horrifick Groans, and on the Earth Sink fatal; their audacious Eyes no more Shoot Light'nings, and their Fangs with flaughter Forget to rend the Glebe: Their Bodies huge The lofty Hills and spacious Champains strow.

Not

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Not yet the Lyon falls, his dauntless Heart Beats fresh, he scorns the Sulphur on his Head Driving enfuriate; Now the Forests flame And kindled Oaks blaze high; the Lordly Beaft Bursts thro' the thickest Fire, the burning Pines In his fwift march o'returns; the Flames furround His Body, but he forces eager Way And fcorns to ftoop to Fate; his mighty Tail Lashes the red Combustion, and the Flames He catches in his Jaws and grates reveng'd The torrid Fuel; At his Stamp the Marl Emparchen Sounds; He drives his welt'ring Limbs Into Hydaspes, with his horrid Plunge The boiling Waves fly featter'd: But in vain Aims he at Cold; the Liquid but augments His Tortures, from the Billows fierce he flees Shaking his ample Sides, the Hills remote Retort his Anguish, and his Voice profuse Sounds thro' the hollow Caverns of the Earth.

Mean time the Conflagration-Angel sate High on the Globe of Saturn, and survey'd st Ten

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Book XI. The LAST-DAT. 345

Earth and th' advancing Legions; To the Host He nodded and intrepid Michael (arm'd With Horrours various) that they should assault Terrestrial Orb, inducing direst Fate. Michael impetuous eager from his Arms Hurl'd the red Fragments 'genst the shaking Earth, Scatt'ring the Flames abroad; each Angel straight Dashes his Burden veh'ment at the Globe. Awak'ning fable Ruin; thro' the Skies The burning Maffes rowl'd, and Tow'rs and Hills Strook: Now the Forests thro' a thousand Trees Take Fire, and to th' etherial Skies fublime Blaze horrible; Hercinian Poplars burn, And fierce thro' Vallumbrofa crackling Sounds Rowl dreadful, fiery Sheets fierce scale the Void Combustible, and vagrant Flames transcend Where Saturn and where Cynthia move; They Th' Expanse wild-flying: Ether golden glow'd. Olympus now and mighty Pindus burn, Appearing distant like two Red-hot Rocks. Hermon and lofty Lebanon, with Pines Crown'd, kindle dreadful; Strait, the fiery Trees Tumble 346 The LAST-DAY. Book XI.

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Tumble from high, and down the spacious Sides Rowl furious, like a thousand Brands thro' Air Hurl'd roaring by Gigantick Arm; So fell The Cedars on the sounding Plains below, Breaking with Fires dispers'd around; ev'n Hell The wild Combustion felt, and ev'ry Realm Sable infernal burnt with redder Flames.

Now Michael and Hazazel to the Globe Descended with tremendous Aim, and high Bearing fulphureous Thunder on their Arms. Hazazel, mighty Cherub, to the Waste Stood, with the Burnings girt, that round his Limbs Beat, like tumultuous Waves upon the Sides Of favage Rocks; but he thro' thickest Flame Stalk'd eminent, majestick, like a God, And smote the rowling Fires. Mean time, the Pow'r Of Michael a tremendous Trident grasp'd, Huge, pondrous; with the fatal Engine fierce The Cherub dug the Tow'rs, and to the Flame Up-rooted ev'ry Mountain; Ida groan'd, And stubborn Pindus, from Foundations deep Torn forceful; High among the blazing Oaks Michael

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Book XI. The LAST-DAY.

Michael the Masses tost, and with his Arm A Compleated Ruin and Destruction grac'd.

The Conflagration-Angel, gorgeous Pow'r, Whose Crown is gem'd with thousand Stars august, And whose intrepid Palm can Light'nings hurl Next to th' Almighty Potence, summon'd now His pompous Chariot that the guilded Sky Cuts swifter than the Rays from Titan's Orb Dart; Rapid on th' effulgent golden Height Leap'd the cælestial Pow'r; and from the Globe Of Saturn (where he fate with Splendours girt) Drove thro' the guilded Ether: High the Steeds Tost their bright Fronts, and o're th' etherial Road Shook the gay glittering Maines: Their eager Hoft Lanch'd thro' the wide Expanse, and trod the Scenes Of Light; the lustrous Vehicle sublime Shone like a Regal Palace, grac'd with Gold, With Chrysolite and Emerald adorn'd.

Now the bright Cherub to the flaming Earth Descended; on his Arm he lofty bore

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The LAST-DAY. Book XI.

An Engine dreadful, 'twas a Thunderbolt, But huge as Millions of aspiring Oaks United, at the flaught'rous End were Teeth Destructive, with a kind of innate Life Seeming to be inspir'd: With this the Pow'r Smote with enormous Blow the groaning Earth; Deep to the gloomy Center pierc'd the Stroak, Thro' Ribs of Marble, Adamant, and Steel; Down thro' the mighty Void the Fires descend, Searching Terrestrial Bowels, and the Womb Of horrid Night up-lighting; Sulphur's Force And fubtil-sprighted Nitre kindling rowl Their spirey blueish Flames, and thro' the Rocks Burn fatal; The Tartarean Dregs, and Winds Profuse, the Flashes meet, and unctuous swell, Veh'ment dilated; thro' the hollow Domes The Whirlwinds roar profound, and boist'rous rush From Void to Cavern: With the Tumult shakes Wall Earth on its folid Axis; high the Marl Heaves panting, in the Surface mighty Gulphs Ope' with horrendous Chasins, and fiery Hills Down swallow furious with their Cedar Crowns.

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The L AST-DAY. Book XI.

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Now strongest Tow'rs, and Palaces, and Piles Of Adamant, no longer brave the Flames; All stoop their proudest Fronts and fink their Pride Obeisant; ev'ry distant Hill and Plain Shakes with the falling Ruins. O're the Domes, Glowing red-hot, Hazazel stalks august, Striding the loftiest Pyramids and Bulk Of each Colossus, with their fiery Shapes Stretch'd o're the Earth expanded. Rude and Rough Th' indecent Surface shows; here yawns a Vale Rugged and favage, There a Hill of Fire Rifes to th' Skies in crackling Blazes cloath'd.

The Romulean Tow'rs Imperial plunge In ghaftly Havock, and confess the Force Of Michael; Fanes, adorn'd with Orient Gems, Illustrious glitter in the Flame, while Gates Of lofty Gold, from Paraguay and Shores h Peruvian brought, augment the Fire; No more Walls circumscribe or point the spacious Bounds; But undigested Heaps of Statues, Thrones, And gorgeous Temples blended mix, and fwell

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The LAST-DAY. Book XI. The dreadful Scene. Thus Orb Terrestrial hung, Blazing tremendous thro' the vacant Skies. Ocean boils horrible with fervid Rage; More rapid than capacious Cauldrons urg'd By tenfold Heat; Each swelling Wave affaults The Ether wrap'd in horrid Spume, from Sea Eöan to Hybernian Main remote; To spirits Michael's Pow'r and sulphry Waves Combustible had turn'd the dampy Waves: High o're th' Hetrurian Seas the turgid Flame Burnt hov ring. Thus no part of Earthly Orb But knew to blaze. When the resplendent Waves, High-light ning fierce, had long their Fires main-They wasted gradual, and where Ocean spread Her Bosom ample, now a mighty Void Yawns vacant on th' aftony'd Sky; The Main Atlantick wants its Waves, and shows profound Its filent Entrails, where the Black-Ey'd Spleen Us'd to refide array'd in gloomy Night. From Caspian Ocean to Egaan Sea A Chasiny Hollow thro' the Womb of Earth Stretch

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Book XI. The LAST-DAT. 351

Stretch'd its enormous Trunk; There, heretofore, Mermen and Syrens from their diff'rent Realms Met focial, and exchang'd Delights, Each brought The Rarities his own Domains produc'd.

Now Earth of Ocean rob'd appear'd; No foul Milhapen Cragg, no barking Scylla, half So ugly show'd; the squallid boist'rous Jaw Of Ætna seem'd more decent: Scarce the Lake Of Chaos such abandon'd Shapes display'd.

While thus Terrestrial Orb in Burnings hung, Jehovah Clory-crown'd from lofty Heav'n Call'd to the Conflagration-Angel; He Attentive paus'd and own'd th' Almighty Voice. O thou, to whose assiduous Care this Day This mighty Day I've trusted, mar not Earth, The Solid leave substantial! 'Tis decreed' That New Jerusalem, in noblest Pomp Array'd, must thither from th' Etherial Gates Descend; the Surface must with fairer Charms' Smile lovely polish'd, than when Mortals rul'd The stoating Orb, and fill'd with Pride and Pow'r

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352 The LAST-DAY. Book XI

'The little Ball, when Crimes and Pray'rs were

'Ascending Heav'n. Each Tow'r and Fane despoil,

' No rugged Mountain leave, but fair and smooth

' Let the Combustion form the Surface, save

Some rifing Hillocks which the pleafur'd Eye

'Sweet Prospect may afford, and leave beneath

' An easy Vale. Where ample Ocean stretch'd

'Its glaffy Bosom I will Champains shape

' Of yielding Crystal soft, affording Paths

' From Libyan Meadows to Americk Groves.

'This the delightful Seat must be of Forms'

'To Man inferiour, who on lucid Moon

'Fair Habitation found, adoring Heav'n.

'Mount thou thy Chariot! From the Plains of

'Drive! To thine Aid th' Etherial Squadrons call,

'And kindle up the Planets! Let no Orb

Within the Grasp of wide Infinity

od

'Escape th' illumin'd Brands; From Venus Orb

'To Galaxie's remotest Globe dispread

'The swoln Combustion; thro' the great Devoid

'Give us to view the fiery Balls display'd

With Fires tempestuous. That Decree fulfill'd,

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Book XI. The LAST-DAY. 353

- ' And ev'ry Saint upon his pompous Throne
- ' Plac'd everlafting, Thou affift the Pow'r
- ' Of Michael down to drag to penal Fire
- ' And Pangs severest the Tartarean Lords,
- 'And Mortals wrapt in Woes. Dread Fl. him His Voice was as the Sound of Thunders, heard High in the Concave of an ample Fane, Retorted from the golden Roof, the Shells Smaragdal, and th' aspiring Columns, proud In Chasms capacious; So the Words august Of dread Jehovah thro' the Azure rowl'd.

Now lo! a vast Angelick Band surmounts
The liquid Ether, their Appearance bright
As twenty thousand Suns in gorgeous Pride
Meridian splendid cloath'd; Battallion swell'd
Behind Battallion, in th' Ambrosial Void
Their beauteous Vestures waving, and their Hues
Revealing, lovely burnish'd: Terrour mix'd
With Lustres, and their Aims were big with Fates

Far in the Ether, where Angelick Eyes Pierce not; behind the Pleiades, sublime

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354 The LAST-DAT. Book XI.

In beauteous Order rang'd, a mighty Curve Circles its ample Orbit round the Frame Of huge Creation: Gay the lucid Zone Shines palpable, a Path of gaudy Light. Here an emblaz'nous Comet pompous rowl'd Its fiery Vengeance, and on diffant Worlds Shook its Effluviums horrible with Fire. Michael the Blaze effulgent fpy'd, and chac'd Thro' Heav'n's wide Champain; swift the Tow'rer More rapid than a Vessel on the Sea Impetuous fevers the obsequious Flood, And wrap'd in favage Foam from Borneo wins The Cyclades remote, who Ocean's Breaft Adorn with Meadows starting from the Deep. This flaming Mass intrepid Michael seiz'd, Nerv'd with celestial Potence; On his Arm He bore the fulphrous Burden, that enrag'd Blaz'd with unufual Heat, and livid Sheets Combustible ejected, as the Flame A Burning Mountain spits. The mighty Pow'r Cherubial its horrendous fiery Rage Neglected, and aloft upon his Arm

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Book XI. The LAST-DAY. 355

Bore it thro' Heav'n's high Waste; From Orb to (Aries, Orion, Ophiuchus,) walk'd Michael, and black Destruction on his Steps Attended; the sulphureous Comet's Tail, (Fire vapry and dilatant) smote the Globes, And kindled in th' Expanse. Th' Angelick Pow'r Wide traverses th' Etherial Plains, and sweats Beneath the grand Affair; Unnumber'd Orbs Remain unlighted; Michael Aid requires.

Mean time, th' Attendant-Angels to the Coast
Of Chaos travell'd, where in Slumbers lye
Millions of siery Globes and Comets rude
Mishapen; in the siery Waves they rowl,
Till Voice Almighty calls 'em from the Deep.
These seize th' Inferiour Angels, from the Gulph
Of boiling Sulphur dragging up to Light,
And the gay Face of Heav'n: Loud groan'd the
Those mighty Masses from its Entrails torn.

The Forms Calestial, num'rous Legions, bear The Burdens thro' the Ether, and arrive Where potent Michael lab'ring stood; his Nod They disobey'd not; All at once thro' Heav'n

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356 The LAST-DAT. Book XI.

Various dispers'd, and siery Havock spread
O're ev'ry Constellation; Dire appear'd
The Azure Champain, like a siery Plain,
Blaze above Blaze ascending; In their Spheres
The burning Masses rowl, and ringlet Flame
Circles describes emblaz'nous curv'd; Here glows
Aquarius, Taurus there: To th' solid Moon
Michael his Course directs, and on the Globe
Stands vaunting Emiment; with nitrous Brands
The Mounts he kindles, and the stormy Seas
Blends with assaulting Fire, that rives the Waves
Hissing, and swift absorps the foamy Surge.

Mean time, th' Infernal Legions rouse to War Mortals accurs'd; then shape to proud Array Their Pow'rs tremendous arm'd. Each swelling Dilates with Hope of Conquest; in their Eyes Sparkles Assurance; ev'ry Sword is hot, With Love of Vengeance sharpen'd; ev'ry Voice Breaths black Desiance, and the Spoils of War Anticipating arrogates. The Damn'd Gogmagog headed, a prodigious Rock

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His Target, from the utmost sablest Womb Of Chaos dragg'd uncomely: Lucifer Conducted the Infernals, and his Spear Felt furly as he walk'd; With bold Defigns Each Damon glow'd, and Heav'n's Imperial Throne Threat'ned avengeful: Dreadful was the Noise Of Furies Hoofs, upon the torrid Marl Sounding to th' Clash of Jav'lins and the Din Of shaking Crests tumultuous; as when strides A Whirlwind with Destruction fraught o're Plains Cyclopian, from the cedar'd Woods remote, The hollow Caverns and cavernous Domes, His Roars at once retorted eccho, big With deathful Omens: Such tumultuous Sound Publish'd the marching Squadrons, tho' compell'd To wrap in Silence their jejung Attempts.

Before the Host, far distant, vaunting high,
Baalzebub stalk'd impetuous, and the Pow'rs
Provok'd to swifter Stride; Enormous Rage
Beat haughty in his sable Bosom, swoln
With Pride, and barren Schemes, th' imperial
Of Heav'n to gain, and (o're the ruin'd World

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Striding)

Striding) to gaze upon the conquer'd Mass.

Each time he thought on Heav'n, reviving Wrath Wak'd in his Soul; each time he ken'd the Pow'rs Calestial from surrounding Glooms, Revenge

And Thirst of eager Battle warm'd his Nerves
To tenfold Force, exciting in his Looks

Severer Horrour and augmented Fate.

When to the Borders of their gloomy Scene Arriv'd the Forces, e're into the Day They broke, and started on th' Etherial Host, (Michael and Zophiel busy to compleat The Constagration as by Heav'n ordain'd) Old-Dragon stopt the furious Bands, and spoke;

'Oh Damons nat'ral! Furies in the Shape

'Of Mortals, hear my Voice! who ne'er shall

'Speak, or encourage Ye, if from the Foe

This fatal Day beholds Ye fly. --- Yet why

Suspect I Fate so black, where Brav'ry shines?

No; We will prostrate on the Plains project

The proud Battallions, Guards of Heav'n, then

To golden Throne were girt with Spirits sits

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Book XI. The LAST-DAY. 359

- 'The Tyrant; Let but Brav'ry rule your Arms,
- ' We there will Passage force, and rock the Throne,
- ' And shake th' Imperial Ruler from his Pomp
- 'Of Sov'rainty august. Experience crowns
- 'My Years with Knowledge; I have known a
- 'More daring acted; Oft I've feen ye shrink,
- 'Yet your brave Souls as oft recover; Fear
- 'Is fometimes advantageous, as it arms
- 'Courage with Conduct; You (bold Genij) then
- 'Despair not at the pallid Mien of some;
- 'The more your Terrour now, when warm with
- 'The greater will your Eagerness appear.
- ' Consider, Furies, Heav'n's severe Decree!
- ' Should Souls like yours be fentenc'd to abide
- 'In never-dying Flames? Oh partial Doom!
- 'Austere! Unjust! It grieves my Soul to think
- 'Your Pangs are undeferv'd ---- and by the
- 'Of Hell and this warm Heart, I'll risque my
- 'To pluck back Vengeance on the Tort'rer's
- 'That puny little whining Emmet Man

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- '(Who his whole Life can chace the yawling
- 'Or with a simp'ring idle Delia toy)

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Confider

360 The LAST-DAY. Book XI.

- "Confider! Is it fitting he should share
- 'The Realms of Joy, and under golden Crowns
- 'His idle fretful Body shade? Oh Thought
- That stings my Soul! With boundless Rage my
- 'Swells! Is there no Requital? No Return?
- 'Oh, yes! We'll in a Tempest of Revenge
- ' Drive our poor destin'd Strength! Our Injuries
- 'Shall fatal overwhelm the Judge!---'Tis well---
- 'Ye're mov'd - But vain's Resentment, if not
- By correspondent Actions; This old Arm
- 'Is impotent with yours compar'd, the Nerves
- With torrid Light'ning fcorch'd, which Unre-
- 'On these bare Limbs I took; Yet I, ev'n I
- Will foremost to the Scene of slaughter rush.
- 'What Angel boafts a loftier Shield, an Arm
- More finewy nervous? Can th' Etherials shake
- 'The World with bolder Strides? Oh Fellow-
- But that I fear too rash ye'd drive to War,
- Or I could whisper what would fire your Souls,
- And prove it suits not Spirits brave as yours
- 6 To gnaw the Sulphur, chain'd in Lakes of Fire!
- Oh! let us wake the Soul of Brav'ry! fall

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Book XI. The LAST-DAY. 361

'Perhaps we must, but then by Heav'n we'll fall

With falling Worlds around Us! Rouze, my

'No longer dream! Among the thickest Orbs

Blazing We'll rush, and toss from side to side

'The flaming Globes; Methinks each turgid Arm

' May fnatch a burning World, Mercurius huge,

'Or Saturn, then th' horrendous Load fublime

Rearing, hurl bellowing thro' the cloven Skies,

Smiting th' Angelick Hoft: Blest Thought! No

' Will stem the rapid Force, but Squadrons rowl

'Prostrate o'rewhelm'd upon the groaning Plain.

'You, stout Baalzebub, can such Jav'lins weild

' And hurl destructive; let th' affrighted Sky

'Blaze with fulphureous Streams by flying Worlds

'Left in the tainted Ether: I will grafp

'Yon lesser Orb of Earth, down Caspian Sea

'Thrusting this dauntless Arm, which shall arise

'Forth at th' Egean Void! Oh, lucky Thought!

'That wins the glorious Day! How judge ye,

'When flaming Earth I rear, terrifick Shield,

' And you up-fnatch and hurl the burning Orbs,

'Can our Attempts miscarry? No; We'll spread

362 The LAST-DAY. Book XI.

- You Throne in Heaps upon the Sky, and stride
- 'Proud o're the gaudy Ruins! --- I detain
- 'Your Fervour! Rush to War! I pant for War!
- 'The Time is ripe for Conquest! Earnest spoke Old-Dragon; Pleasure with insatiate Rage Mixt in his Looks; his Brow was lowry plough'd With careful Furrows, and his Bosom swell'd With innate Love of Vengeance; As the Winds, Bury'd beneath Chaosian Lake, at times Up-heave the boiling Liquid, and the Waves Swell siery, so the Furies Bosom beat.

End of the Eleventh Book?





LAST-DAY.

BOOK XII.

The ARGUMENT.

The Subject of this Book is the Consummation. While the Angels are employ'd in firing the Globes, the Damons rush from their secret Gloom and attack them. Gabriel repairs to the Etherial Mansions, and, relating to Jehovah the furious Assault of the Damons, implores the Almighty Aid: Jehovah promises to dispatch Augustus-Wallia; for whom the Glory of this Conquest was reserved by Fate. Jehovah's Speech to Augustus-Wallia; He makes toward the Hostile Champain. Mean time, the Battle rages: Moloch and Baalzebub, with Speeches, excite the Legions. The mighty Rage of Ashtaroth and Chemosh. Ida and Olympus are blazing torn from Earth; when Augustus-Wallia arrives;

The ARGUMENT.

rives; He exposes the Sword of State; The Confusion of the Damons; They fly; the Angels pursue. Cherubim (fetching Combustion from Chaos) heat Hell tenfold bot, and root up the Sulphur that smouldring glow'd in the Glebe of the Infernal Domains. The Behaviour of Gogmagog on the Brink of the siery Lake: The Fiends hurl'd plunging into the Deluge, and chain'd to eternal Tortures. Jehovah remarks the Victory of Wallia with the Empire of New Jerusalem: The Glory of that Structure; The Saints and Martyrs are seated on their proper illustrious Thrones.



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TIERCE as a Whirlwind, with audacious From Hyperborean Zembla rapid leaps Tow'r-shaking, and affaults th' Hibernian Sea, Scoping the Liquid Bed, and to the Clouds Hurling huge Billows cloath'd in spumey White; Such rising Ferment thro' th' Infernal Host Appear'd, fome shook their Arms in Wrath, fome Huge Rocks for Shields, and some their horrid Brandish'd aloof and cut the folid Night. Thus favage Tumult thro' th' unsteady Pow'rs Satanian rowl'd, preparing all for Proof Of horrid Battle. Lucifer the Nod Gave fatal; instant they from Darkness leap, Impetuous as the Lightning scow'rs amain, And launch into the Void, amidst the Blaze Of burning Worlds. Their fable Ebon Forms Tremendous show'd, engirt with blaz'nous Light, As gloomy Clouds of Sulphur, griezly, black, High hover o're the fiery Waves, that flame Thro' Chaos, and the Realms of Night empierce.

The LAST-DAY. Book XII, Book

Th' Angelick Spirits, (each with blazing Brand) Smiles Wander'd the wide Expanse, and fir'd the Globes And H Distant, where scarce Infinity surveys. Baalzebub lead the Front, his fiery Eyes Darted revengeful Fire, while back he toft His fable fquallid Locks; as from the Gloom Of Clouds furrounding fulphrous, Titan looks, Emblaz'nous, Fiery-Ey'd, and thro' the Dusk Shoots Flame emetick featt'ring torrid Streams.

While thus insatiate War from iron'd Couch Was rouz'd, terrifick in his bloody Plumes: Gabriel, from Orient Lustrous Star, survey'd The Prospect of tumultuous Discord; Wide He stretch'd his lovely Wings unfolding Hues Cælestial, and dispersing o're the Waste Ambrofial Odours: Thro' the guilded Air Soft and ferene he pois'd his beauteous Shape, To Heav'ns Imperial Dome, where Cherubs chant, And burnish'd Thrones adorn perpetual Day.

Now Gabriel thro' th' effulgent golden Gates, Where gallant Rubies blush, and Crystal carv'd

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Book XII. The LAST-DAT. 367

Smiles jocund on reviving Morn (for Morn
And Ev'ning paint with beauteous Change the Face
Of Heav'n's august Domains, the drowzy Night
Grim Aspest ne'er exposes) Gabriel here

Addrest him to Jehovah, where he walk'd

With Logos and the Sacred Essence: Then

The Cherub to th' Almighty Thund'rer thus.

Oh thou, whose Arm can curb the Rage of

And fiery Chaos into Atoms shake!

'Nature's effulgent God! Omnific Pow'r!

'Behold the Forces of th' Infernal Prince!

'Melt to Compassion! Thou the deep Designs

Seest from their inmost Bosoms: Sure ev'n now

'The horrid Preparation into War

'Ripens; Nor can the Pow'r of Zophiel stem

'This fatal Tumult: While I speak the Plains

' Sound with the Noise of Battle; molten Rocks

Fly dreadful thro' the Skies, and flaming Spears

Alarm the spacious Universal; High

Gogmagog rears his Shield, not less the Bulk

Than Earth's whole Orb contiguous: Dagon's

His Limbs behind huge Sagittarius plants,

Owning

368 The LAST-DAT. Book XII.

- 'Owning the scorch'd Defence: Baalzebub stands
- Behind the burning Venus, in his Breast
- ' Secure from Michael's Jav'lins: Uproar stalks
- 'High on th' Etherial Plains and black Revenge
- Darts from the Furies Eyes.
- 'O Sire Omnipotent, th' Almighty Sword
- ' Dispatch, whose sight with Horrour and Amaze
- Th' Infernal's strikes! Auspicious balmy Love
- ' Has ever smooth'd thy Majesty august,
- ' And gentle Pity has th' Almighty Breast
- 'Soften'd; Then let not the calestial Bands
- Sweat on the Plain and in the Battle broil.

 [Mount from his golden
- ' Gabriel, my darling Cherub, no Attempts
- 'Infernal scape my View; I gaze profound
- 'Thro' Chaos and the dark Domains of Night:
- Needless Inquietudes thy Soul alarm,
- And empty Fears; The Infernal's stand con-
- ' And vain their Pow'r; These Efforts are the last,
- 'The poor Refults of desp'rate Souls, alone
- By fatal Vengeance spur'd; They ne're can
- 'The Force of Michael or th' Etherial Host;

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Book XII. The LAST-DAY. 369

'Thy faint Suspicions those.

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But I their Fury have allow'd to march

Thus far, that by their Conquest I might heap

Glory upon a Fav'rite Mortal; High

' His Honour rose on Earth; but Fate reserves

'A brighter Crown: His balmy Arm on Earth

Peace cultivated fair, his Arm in Heav'h

'Shall rule the Realms of Peace; for ev'ry Grace

'That bloom'd on Earth, shall to Perfection here

'Ripen. I'll crown him with majestick Rays

From mine own Crest, and with the Thunder's

'Load his intrepid Arm. Haste, Gabriel, Haste!

. Summon the Prince! For on his Brow shall shine

'The Glorious Conquest of this mighty Day.

Jehovah, girded with a starry Zone,

To Gabriel spoke august. The Cherub swift,

As the vext Thunder cleaves the groaning Clouds,

Shot thro' the golden Ether; From his looks

The breaking Smiles awoke, and Rubies blush'd

His Cheeks with roseat Pleasance, Soft his Locks

Wav'd in the balmy Breeze, and from his Neck

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370 The LAST-DAY. Book XII.

In sportive Ringlets play'd; Above his Head A lovely Rainbow bent its beauteous Hues. He reach'd Augustus Wallia, Heav'n's Decree Unfolding, and the high Commands of God.

Heav'n's Fav'rite Hero leapt his gorgeous Carr, Effulgent, proud in Splendours; rofy Light In gaudy Circles curv'd its liveliest Rays, Varying Calestial Colours; On the Front, The Blush of Gold and Blaze of pompous Gems Gay lighten'd on the Morn, and brav'd the Day, Proud in superiour Fulgence: Angels high Sustain'd the glorious Load, and, pleas'd with Toil, Serene and Easy wasted thro' the Air.

* Augustus Wallia, with majestick Mien,
The Prince of Heav'n approaches; in his Looks
Courage and Mercy mix, and Fire Divine
Speaks from the Seat of Peace: As He advanc'd,
[Arm
Th' Almighty Thund'rer smil'd. 'Oh thou, whose

- 'On Earth Compassion soft with Justice stern
- ' Blended agreeable, the same in Realms
- 'Cælestial execute! Accept my Darts

Wrap'd

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Book XII. The LAST-DAY. 371

Wrap'd in severest Light'nings! From mine Arm

The bolted Thunder take, and wear the Force

'Of this unconquer'd Sword! Haste, vengeful

' Assault th' Infernals! Thine intrepid Aid

. Michael invokes; With warmest Fury drive -

'Their bold Ambition from the Plains of War!

This Conquest I reserv'd for thee; Behold,

'The desp'rate Damons scatter wild Dismay

Thro'yon huge Champain; Moloch fnatches now

A flaming Globe, not less than Earth, and Worlds

'Fly flaming thro' the cloven Void. Remount

Thy heav'nly Chariot! On the Wings of War

Drive rapid and the favage Storm allay.

Th' Eternal spoke; the Heav'nly Champion

Signal of Gratitude; and as to Earth

The glitterant Light'ning darts, inducing Death

And horrid Havock, yet it self serene

Lucid and fair; So Wallia's eager Drive

Sable Destruction carry'd, yet Himself

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Calm and Compos'd. Th' Embattled Plains He

Mean time, proceeded the tremendous War

On the bright Champain, midst the flaming Worlds.

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372 The LAST-DAT. Book XII.

Th' Infernals from the torrid Globes of Fire Snatch'd mighty Handfuls of Combustion high Blazing thro' Ether, at th' etherial Foe Th' horrisick Fasces hurling; scatter'd Fires Nature affright, and sulphrous slying Brands A fervid blaz'nous Path describe across The wild Immense. Now heats the turgid War, And siery Comets, by intrepid Arms Torn vengeful from their Axes, groan; The Stars Retain'd their Seats no more, such Tumult black Rag'd thro' th' Etherial Void. This Heav'n or-For Ends prudential; but the Dæmons hop'd Their own stout Arms had forc'd th' insatiate War.

- · Proceed, my Fellow-Conq'rours! (Moloch cry'd)
- · The Field's our own; Oh, Spirits born to sway
- Domains cælestial, one undaunted Push
- Drives the pale Foe! We'll now regain the Fame
- We idly lost! The Glory that has grac'd
- * Those coward Fronts we'll crop, and on our Brows
- Wear unoppos'd: 'Tis Fame and Empire calls!
- Drive thro' black Dangers, court the thickest

Book XII. The LAST-DAY. 373

Moloch spoke furious; like the Rapid Blaze Of Light'ning shone his Eyes, and from his Arms Thunder he dauntless shook; As o're a Realm The Hyperborean Whirlwind fatal stalks, Prostrating Forests and capacious Tow'rs, And bellowing black Destruction to the World; So Moloch left his Friends, and midst the Foe Burst his tremendous Course, where blazing Globes The dreadful Scene augmented; in his Hand He fwung a mighty red-hot Trident, huge As Ætna seiz'd by fiery Jaw, and pluck'd Fierce from fulphureous Roots, then rais'd in Air With flaming Entrails ghaftly; So appear'd The craggy Trident, that in Moloch's Hand Glow'd, and Destruction scatter'd o're the Plain. Baalzebub, raising his enormous Bulk, Gaz'd o're the Legions, and exclaim'd aloud.

^{&#}x27;Oh Fiends, deserving Empire! dauntless drive!

^{&#}x27; Empires and Crowns shall glitter at your Feet.

^{&#}x27;Thus far advanc'd, ne'er shrink in Glory's Cause!

[·] The Foe from Brav'ry fades, his proudest Plumes

^{&#}x27; Before your Valour fall; This noble Day

374 The LAST-DAY. Book XII,

' Sets us supream in Glory as in Worth.

We'll scale th' Etherial Walls, and on the Throne

'That bears the Hostile Emp'rour stamp, and hurl

'Its Splendours scatter'd o're the crystal Floor,

Drive on the Foe! Fresh Vigour wake! Alarm

Your boldest Spirits! Now is Brav'ry's Hour

To conquer Usurpation. Eager thus

Th' Arch-Fury spoke; and as a Comet high, Cloath'd in emblaz'nous Redness, o're the World

Shakes his effulgent Terrours, So the Prince

Of Demons show'd; He breath'd substantial Fire,

And livid Wrath fierce sparkled from his Eyes.

Nought but a God could stem his Rage; a Rock

Of burning Adamant, before his Breast

Brandish'd, repuls'd black Danger, in the Winds

Rearing ten thousand Horrours. Chemosh stalk'd

Undaunted by his Side; his Arms distain'd

With Havock, and his fable Locks profuse

Proping black Blood that dy'd th' Etherial Plains,

Mean time no Damon slept, but sierce repuls'd

Ignoble Sloath. Intrepid Ashtaroth

Stalk'd

Book XII. The LAST-DAY. 375

Stalk'd like a Whirlwind o're the Realms of Light, And won the Globe of Earth; Olympus burnt, And Ida fcorch'd the Skies; the Damon grasp'd Both the high-blazing Hills, and in the Air Rear'd them Undaunted; To the Plains of War He bore the burning Masses; One fustain'd His Right-Hand, One his Left; with foftest Ease The fiery Mounts he carry'd, no Fatigue No Pain their Weight; As when Febovab dragg'd The Moon and Earth, huge Globes, from fiery Of Chaos, high th' Almighty thro' the Winds Bore the prodigious Orbs to Spheres affign'd By Fate, there bad them rove in ample Curves; So easy Ashtaroth Olympus bore, And blazing Ida, Cedars on the Tops Crackling with torrid Rage, and o're the Skies Dispersing Sheets of Flame. At length he won The chauffen Plains, where vengeful War her Bloody distraught, and Tumult fatal spread Her founding Pennons. Remote, before the Champain wild he reach'd, The Clash of Adamantine Helms, the Roar

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Of blazing Brands fierce flying thro' the Air,
And Yells and Shouts of Warriours in his Ear
Rowl'd, Dreadful Musick! At the Noise his Soul
Wak'd to keen Ardour, with uncommon Fire
His Eye-Balls flash'd, while with the panting Thirst
Of Battle beat his Heart and sprung to War.
Thus with impetuous Aim undaunted march'd
Ashtaroth, sable Fury, at the Mounts
Oft looking, pleas'd at his Invention dire;
With Pride of Conquest heav'd his mighty Breast.

But high Jehovah from th' Etherial Domes Survey'd th' Infernals vain Attempts: Behold! Augustus Wallia from the Ports of Heav'n Majestick hostile march'd; his godlike Front Was blaz'd with Light'nings and in nervous Pahn Unnumber'd Bolts he grasp'd, by Thunders forg'd. Distant the Heavenly Legions spy'd the King, And shook with Shouts th' Empy real Plains remote, He warlike eminent advanc'd, with Pow'r From high Jehovah cloath'd. Calestial Host He headed, and the num'rous Legions lead,

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Book XII. The LAST-DAT. 377

Bearing on Pow'rs Infernal: Dauntless then
The Sword of Heav'n he bright expos'd, and high
Brandish'd the golden Blade, effulgent, proud,
Gorgeous as Titan in his Rays adorn'd.

The Damons, Thunder-struck, from loftiest Sink, their gay Crests are deaden'd, and from Pomp Of Conquest fall: What Avenue remains,

What Chasm for swift Escape? They prostrate And hide the Plain, concealing fearful Eyes

From dreadful Splendours of th' Almighty Sword.

Thrice eighty thousand Angels from the Realms
Cælestial march, and at Febovah's Nod
Enter the Void of Chaos; From the Gulph
Of Fire deep-boiling num'rous broken Suns
Mishapen, and as many blazing Loads
Of Comets they from groaning Entrails drag
Of black Profundities; the torrid Bulks
Glow slaming on their mighty Arms, array'd
In blaz'nous gorgeous Splendours. Some the Waves
Burning with unctuous Sulphur in the Sky
Rear'd portable, and from Chaosian Lake

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Mov'd

The LAST-DAY. Book XII. Mov'd their tremendous Course; their Aim, to Hell tenfold hot, and Satan's horrid Court Far more dire than Worlds in Flames Still hotter. Show'd the unnumber'd Angels o're the Wilds And Champains marching swift, a furious Fire High-blazing carrying on their Arms aloft; Hell howl'dat their approach. Mean time appear'd The Angel of the Light'nings, from the Globe Terrestrial steering; High among the Winds He bore ten thousand Light'nings; Blaze o're Blaze Ascending dreadful, direr each than wakes A fleeping Village at the folemn Hour Of Midnight; o're their Heads they fancy Flame Tumbling horrendous, while around 'em Barns And Piles of Hay blaze fir'd; From filver Couch Downy the Nymph, her filken airy Vest On-sliping, rifes; plain her paly Cheeks Confess the Fright, and from her bloomy Lips The Rubies dye; while lofty Heav'n appears Open, forth darting Flash succeeding Flash. These with impetuous Rush the Coasts of Won; and with tenfold Heat the squallid Gulph Kindled

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Book XII. The LAST-DAT.

Kindled; their Arms were red with pendant Flame. Now like a Cauldron with tremendous Rage Boils the Tartarean Lake; with horrid Roar The Yell of Furies and the Groans of Fiends Augment the favage Discord, and remote Is heard the Rattle of their clashing Chains, Fatal Combustion! On the burning Marl Of Hell an Angel stood, and with a Spear Of Adamant and Steel the Floor of Hell Up-rooted, and the Sulphur and Bitume Rous'd to the Fire. Far underneath the Gulph Tartarick, in the Womb profound and black, Mountains of Nitre swell; To these Domains The Angels travell'd and the Caverns huge, Where nought resides but melancholy Spleen, Here the fulphureous Particles adust The Pow'r Etherial to emblaz'nous Rage Kindled, while Blazes thro' the high Domains Rowl roaring, fed with Winds; the uncluous Glebe Of Hell they hoisted oft, it seem'd to boil, Hel And the Dominions of th' Infernal King Shook wide around: What but a God would quake? ph Anon, led

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380 The LAST-DAY. Book XII.

Anon, behold in dire impetuous Tides The Damons rowling come; The glorious Arm Of Wallia cloath'd with Vict'ry drove the Throng, And Michael with imbitter'd Scorpions urg'd The bellowing Multitude, Fiend drives o're Fiend Tumbling tumultuous thro' accel'rate speed, While Yells distract the Void: His baleful Eyes Baalzebub rowls in vain, and distant views The Realms of Fire expectant. Satan tears His blazing Hair, and Zophiel's lashing Rod Roars at with horrid Curfes; While the Stride Of huge Gogmagog measures Realms, and steps O're the Battallions of tumultuous Damn'd: He scapes Hazazel's Scourge, but hastes to th' sting Of deeper Pangs; Upon the lofty Brim Of Hell he stops, and the envenom'd Lake Below furveys; into the horrid Gulph He dreads to leap, yet more Hazazel's Rod Fears; on the mighty Shore he stands, now views The boiling Storm, then turns and on the Foe Advancing gazes, then again the Gulph Surveys

Book XII. The LAST-DAY. 381

Surveys; Ambiguous still which Woe to chuse. Sudden he beats his Breast, and horrid roars, So horrid, Heav'n, Hell, Chaos, and the Plains Etherial trembl'd; Like a Burning Mount Pine-Top'd he show'd, his Locks in fatal Rage Shaking; that Moment so accurs his Looks, The Sight would Mortals slay.

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Now the tempestuous Throng arrives, impell'd Upon the satal Banks; The Victor Pow'rs Down drive'em tumbling, with horrendous Plunge They bruize the burning Surge, high sly the Waves, Billows dash veh'ment, and th' impetuous Storm Beats on remotest Shores; The cloven Flood, Op'ning horrendous Chasm, the bellowing Croud Receives into its squallid Bosom, quick Closing red Jaws, and to perpetual Pangs Binding the ghastly Furies; 'Mong the Waves Of Fire they swim, of Fire that like the Sun Grows hotter by Continuance; warm they burst The torrid Billows: Hell tempested groans.

Then

382 The LAST-DAY. Book XII.

Then from the golden Tow'rs of Heav'n, adorn'd With smiling Sapphir and the lively Blaze Of Emerald and Rubies, gaz'd the Pow'r Almighty. Thus th' Etherial Emp'rour spoke.

- Oh Wallia! Fav'rite Son! Whose Arm has won
- 'Th' embattled Field, and hurl'd Apostate Pow'rs
- * To Lakes of swelling Anguish; Heav'n's Supream
- Approves thy Conduct; th' Everlasting Seal
- · Accept, and barricade th' Infernal Host,
- Chain'd to revolving Series of Distress:
- 'Thine be the Glory of th' important Deed.
- 6 That finish'd, to the Realms of radiant Bliss
- Return; For New Jerusalem awaits
- Thy pompous Entrance; Even now the Seats
- " Shine with cælestial Glories, and the Pride
- " Of circling Stars; Thee Emp'rour of the Pomp V
- 'I constitute; thine honourable Reign
- 'On Earth I well remember, and thy Soul
- ' Evincing Brav'ry on th' Etherial Plains.
- High o're the Saints, and virtuous Kings of
- 'Thy Throne in Honour's everlasting rear'd,

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. And New Jerusalem proclaims thee Lord. Febovah spoke; Unnumber'd Cherubs bright Chanted Hosamabs, and the Voice of Praise Flow'd in melodious Accents; Nature smil'd, And melting Musick charm'd the Plains of Bliss. Now Wallia on the fiery Mouth of Hell The ever-during Seals affixt; his Arm Heav'n nerv'd with Potence godlike, and the Bands Calestial (shining with effulgent Glow Of Shields emblaz'nous) his undaunted Force Aided. The Damons at the fatal Mouth Bellow, accurse their Fate, and rowl their Eyes In Ecstafy of Wrath; Revenge and Fear And Anguish in their baleful Looks unite. But most upon Eternity they howl, Into th' black Gulph of Ages far they gaze,

The Conflagration now was finish'd; Mars, Saturn and Venus, like an Ashy Load Earth Of Cinders show'd, the blazing Fires extinct. Strait, a Battallion of cælestial Shapes Appear, and to Chaosian Lake profound

When weary'd Time runs groaning thro' his Curve.

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Bear the rude Masses; Deep into the Gulph They dash them useless with tumultuous Plunge.

Now Heav'n's aërial Champain, clear and free, Its Breast uninterrupted wide dilates, Expanding spacious Vacance: Earth alone Remain'd; Orion, Sagittarius, funk; Aries and Ophiuchus were no more; The Galaxie, with num'rous Worlds adorn'd, Glitt'ring to distant Earth, its Splendour lost; Leo, Mars, Urfus fled, and Scorpio dropt. Anon, a mighty Angel from the Gates Of Heav'n forth-iffu'd; deep, ten thousand Beneath the Globe of Earth, his Feet were plac'd; High o're the Orb as far his Frontlets rofe: Earth on his Bosom prest. By Albion's Isle, Deep rooted in the Bowels of the Ball, He grasp'd the Globe, and thro' the mighty Void Rowl'd it to th' Center of the Universe; (If huge Infinity a Center knows:) The Cherub bore it on his mighty Palmi With Ease more soft than o're the flowery Plain

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A Shepherd bears a May-Bough, big with Blooms, Pride of the Vernal Grove, his Sylvia's Charms To heighten, and her amient Breast to grace; Thus easy th' Angel swung the Ball of Earth.

Firm in the Center stood the Fav'rite Orb, Where once Superiour *Titan* vaunting rose, And from his siery Locks dispers'd the Show'rs Of golden Light, and wak'd the Face of Day.

From Heav'n's Empyreal Portals, high aumail'd With Gems that lighten on th' eternal Day, And arch'd aërial with the Concave Pearl, Magnificent, capacious, iffu'd fwift The New Jerusalem, effulgent Court. Huge as twice eighty Earths the City swell'd, And Cherubs num'rous as its pompous Gates The glorious Pile sustain'd: The Blush of Gold Was as the rising Dawn, when dewy Veil Aurora from her rosy Face diverts: The Jasper, Pearl, and Crystal, from the Throne Almighty taken, with calestial Charms Smil'd on the rapt'rous Gazet, and inspir'd

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A fost Complaisance and a soothing Bliss.

An Angel o're th' Illustrious Structures spread

His Wings Ambrosial, fraught with rich Persumes,
And wav'd his beauteous Shap from side to side,

Productive of cælestial Odours; Myrrh,
Aloes and Casia their Persumes serene,

To Vales Arabian strange or Orient Hills,

Wasted in gentle Spices; Thro' the Domes

Thus Zephyr balmy-breath'd disported fair.

Silent, as o're a Meadow Unctuous Fires

Walk with diffusive Light, yet swift as flames
The Sulphur thro' the Sky, a falling Star
Resembling, These Cælestial Pow'rs the Town
Bore thro' the yielding Ether; in the Breeze
Their golden Vestures slutter'd, and display'd
Hues beauteous as the Evening humid Cloud,
Or Showery-Arch that glows with sickle Light.
Anon, the Center of the World they reach'd,
Where (despicable Orb minute!) was sixt
Earth sirm. The Cherubs on this Basis set
The New Jerusalem, a Plain compleat
Upon a perfect Globe, alone it touch'd

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In one Point Geometrick: Earth sustain'd This City, like a little Ball beneath A spacious Champain Meadow; So display'd The golden Bottom its resplendent Breast. Here the late Habitants of Luna (rais'd To worthier Seat, Inferiour still to Man) Sport in the guilded Rays, and wave their Wings In easy Dalliance o're the Realms of Joy.

Now high appear in noblest Order rang'd
Souls Crown'd; Each Aspect gayer than the Morn
Illustrious shone, around their Temples fair
Curves of serenest Light adorning bent,
With glorious Radiance: O're the silver Plains
They walk'd alacrious, to the gorgeous Gates,
And Walls gay shining proud in blaz'nous Gold.

High in the City Thrones and Seats arose
Essulgent, smiling with proportion'd Pomp,
Adequate to the Virtues of the Saints,
Over each Throne a Canopy dispread
Its Beauties lively, with enamel'd Gems
Thrice-polish'd, such as heav'nly Soils produce,

Cc 2 Aumail'd

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Aumail'd: The Colours that adorn the Sky Play'd twinkling in the Texture, and display'd Soft Pleasance to the Sight; while o're their Heads Calestial Rainbows curv'd their Shapes august.

Lofty aërial in the Center, bright As heav'nly Glories, rofe a Nobler Throne Supream, and wide th' Inferiour Seats furvey'd: This was adjudg'd, by Heav'n's august Decree, Salem's high Emp'rour godlike to contain. With Pomp imperial and majestick Mien Augustus Wallia to the Throne repair'd, Seating his ample Greatness: Then around. Unnumber'd Saints their due Precedence took. And fill'd the gorgeous City. As they fate, Harmonious Cherubs chanted lively Hymns, Waking the Soul of Melody. The Floor Was glitterant Gold, but yielding to the Sight Transparent, Crystal-like, where bloomy Flow'rs Seem'd to expand their Beauties, foftest Shapes Portrait'ring lovely. In the midst arose The Tree of Life, and shone with golden Fruit Pendant in Leaves that smiling breath'd Perfumes. High

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High on the four main Corners of the Town
Were hung as many blazing Suns, alone
The Structure to adorn; for Heav'n display'd
Sufficient Splendours, Night forgot to shrowd
The sprightly Face of Day: Yet Cherubs high
Waving their Wings at times obscur'd the Domes
Delightful, and a pleasing Variance form'd,
Like Morning Twylight and the Blush of Eve.
What crown'd the Satisfaction was the Sight
Perpetual of Messiah; O're their Heads
The God display'd his Glory; Ev'ry Throne
Shar'd the cælestial Prospect, and in Joys
Of melting Rapture own'd th' ecstatick Bliss.

End of the Twelfth Book.



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